The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 1-5

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—
R. Austin Freeman. By Professor Adams 6

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 8

THE READER—
George Frederick Watts. By M. H. Spielmann 11
G. F. Watts at Compton. By Chas. T. Bateman 18
The Masters of Dante. By Dr. William Barry 20
Prize Competitions .. 23

NEW BOOKS—
Elton's English Literature. By Thomas Seccombe .. 27
Ibsen's Masterpiece. By Robert Lynd 30
Life's Many-Coloured Twist. By Katharine Tynan .. 30
The Juvenilia of Mr. George Moore. By G. S. Layard .. 31
A Great Bible Catalogue. By James Moffatt, D.D., Litt.D. 32
George Eliot. By R. Brimley Johnson 33
E. F. Benson's New Novel. By C. E. Lawrence 34
The Baudelairian Spirit. By Holbrook Jackson .. 34
Call a Spade a Spade. By John H. Ingram 35
The People's Books. By Arthur Burrell 36
Many Inventions. By H. A. H. 38
Philippe Égalité's Egeria. By A. W. Evans 39
A Dweller in Glass. By W. H. Helm 40
Mr. Benson as Wayfarer .. 41
Of Dancers and Dancing. By George Sampson 41
The White, White North. By J. E. Patterson 42
Episodes in English Catholic History. By Dr. William Barry 43
Studies in Love and Terror .. 44
Some Victorian Giants. By David Hodge 44
Truth and Glamour of Dartmoor. By Keighley Snowden 46
More Georgian Poetry. By Edward Thomas 46
A Critic's Liqueurs .. 48
Tyrconnel. By W. P. R. 48
The Baconian Heresy. By A. St. John Adcock 48

NOVEL NOTES—
The Amateur Gentleman—The Second-Sighter's Daughter—The Hippodrome—Mrs. Pratt of Paradise Farm—Doctor Whitty—Monte Carlo—The Chain of Ob—Daisy Darley—Lot Barrow—The Finger of Mr. Blee—The Lady of the Canaries, &c. 49-54

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE
My Friend's Book—Our Village Homes—Sir Roger L'Estrange .. 54

(Uffizi Gallery.)

G. F. Watts.
Painted by himself.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The May Bookman will be an Austin Dobson Number, and will be illustrated with portraits and photographs, and with many of the drawings by Hugh Thomson that illustrate Mr. Dobson's poems.

We deeply regret to hear of the death, in his eighty-third year, of Mr. W. Hale White, better known to the world at large as "Mark Rutherford." Since the appearance of "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford" in 1881, and "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance" some four years later, he has held a sure place, in the esteem of sound judgments, among the greater novelists of the second half of last century. His two first novels, and two of his four later, "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane" and "Catharine Furze," have been the more popular of his works, but in the wide sense of the word he never achieved popularity—he certainly never sought it. He had a boundless sympathy with the democracy, and a sensitive understanding of the hard lives that the poor and struggling artisans have to live; there are no better pictures of certain aspects of English social, industrial and religious life in and about the '40's—the great days of the Chartist movement—than he has given in his quietly but powerfully realistic stories. That his fame will increase with the passing of years there can be no question. We are proud to have numbered "Mark Rutherford"

Photo by Sarony, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watson.

among the early contributors to THE BOOKMAN, and in an early issue hope to pay a more adequate tribute to his memory.

One of the cleverest and most popular of this season's novels is "The Lure of Crooning Water," by Mrs. Marion Hill—Mr. John Long, its publisher, describes it as "the most popular book I have recently published." Mrs. Hill is a very retiring author and shrinks from personal publicity. No portrait of her is available, and so far we have failed to learn more of her than that she is engaged on another book, which Mr. John Long has already made arrangements to publish.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing in the autumn a new novel by Mr. Frederick Watson, the son of "Ian Maclaren." It is a story of Highland life, and will be called "Shallows."

"The House of Spies," a new novel by Mr. Warwick Deeping, is to be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Deeping is a Cambridge man; he studied at the Middlesex Hospital and practised as a physician, but abandoned medicine for literature on the appearance of his successful novel, that fine idyllic romance "Uther and Igraine."

Mr. William Watson nowadays leads the quietest of lives in rural England; he has, since his marriage three and a half years ago, spent a good deal of his time in Ireland and America. "The Muse in Exile," his new volume of poems, will be published this month by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

"The Arnold Lip," a new novel by Mr. C. E. Lawrence, will be published this month by Mr. John Murray.

In the course of a long article on Mr. Wilfrid M. Short's admirably compiled "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker" (Longmans), which we reviewed recently in THE BOOKMAN, the New York *Sun* pays a high compliment to Mr. Balfour, and draws interesting comparisons between him and certain American statesmen. After speaking of the range of his intellectual interests and the way in which he "sinks the shop of Parliament as soon as he leaves its precincts," the *Sun* remarks that "to find a precedent for this temper, combined with this avidity, we shall almost have to go back to Burke," and adds, "we should be quite at a loss to name any American politician who had so much

Photo by John Trevor, 82, High Street, Hampstead.

Miss May Sinclair,

whose new novel, "The Combined Maze" (Hutchinson), is reviewed on page 30.

to say about subjects not political. Compare the intellectual output of this British politician with that of an American politician whose position is most nearly analogous with his own in point of success and acceptability to his Party; with that of the Speaker of the House of Representatives—compare it with that of Uncle Joe, or of Champ Clark. The result of such a comparison cannot flatter one's national self-love." And men of every shade of political opinion in this country will fully agree with the *Sun* that "if the tendency of British politics be toward banishing Britons of Mr. Balfour's intellectual equipment and intellectual detachment from public life, that will be a distinct loss, whatever gains may compensate for it."

Mr. Henry Frowde, the distinguished publisher to the University of Oxford, retired at the end of last month, after thirty-nine years of active work as manager of the London business of the Oxford University Press. Mr. Humphrey Milford, who has for some years been associated with Mr. Frowde, has been appointed to succeed him. Mr. Frowde has well earned the greater leisure he has resolved to give himself, but though he is relinquishing the active supervision of business at Amen Corner, he will, we understand, be still available for consultation, so that happily his invaluable knowledge and experience will not be lost to the Press.

Mr. A. C. Benson,
whose new book of essays, "Along the Road," has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet.

Mrs. Ellen Key,
whose new book, "The Woman Movement," Messrs. Putnam are publishing.

Little is known of the placid love affair that gave a touch of romance to the later widowed years of the poet Crabbe. A number of letters written by him to the lady of his mature affections are in existence, and will for the first time be printed, and the story connected with them told, in "The Romance of an Elderly Poet," by Mr. A. M. Broadley and Mr. Walter Jerrold, which Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are publishing shortly.

A book that is sure of a warm welcome from all Dickensians is "Phiz and the Early Victorians," by one of Phiz's sons, which Messrs. Nisbet are publishing shortly. The book will contain a number of hitherto unpublished letters from Dickens to the most popular of his illustrators, and several hitherto unpublished drawings illustrating the novelist's work, as well as "Phiz's" personal reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, and other of the great Victorian writers.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing shortly "General John Regan," by George A. Birmingham, a story founded on that author's delightfully humorous and very successful play of the same name.

Miss Viola Meynell, whose novel

Mr. Humphrey Milford.

Mr. Henry Frowde.

Photo by Lena Connell, St. John's Wood.

Miss Annie V. Dutton.

"Lot Barrow" (Secker) we review on another page, is the third daughter of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell. She published, in 1910, "Martha Vine," and in 1911 "Cross-in-Hand Farm," and has written introductions to George Eliot's work, for the Regent Library and the Oxford University Press. The first appearance of Miss Meynell's name in literature happened when Francis Thompson published his poem "The Making of Viola."

Photo by Chas. B. Willson, Welland, Ontario.

Miss Adeline M. Teskey,

the well known Canadian writer, whose new book, "Candlelight Days," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell.

"Feigning or Folly" is the title of a new novel by Miss Annie V. Dutton that Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Ouseley are publishing. Miss Dutton's last book, "Love without Wings," met with considerable success, various critics comparing her work, for delicacy of characterization and brilliancy of dialogue, to that of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell.

Photo by Mullins, Ryde.

Mrs. Lewis Leeds,

whose clever novel, "Mr. Massiter," was recently published by Messrs. Lynwood & Co.

No living writer knows London better than Mr. Wilfred Whitten, or is more sensitive to its charm. He has written much, both of the London of our own day, and of the days that are no more. Last year he compiled for Messrs. Jack two large volumes of "London Stories," and now in "A Londoner's London," which Messrs. Methuen are publishing, he has written a book that deals with London as he has known it, and with those of its associations that have appealed especially to himself. The Londoner's London, as he remarks in his preface, is not the measureless town of the guide-books; it is much smaller: "it is the sum of his own tracks in the maze, the town in which, by hap, he has most often eaten his bread, and

Photo by E. O Hoppe. **Mr. Wilfred Whitten**

'thought his thoughts." So he gives you chapters on "The Veils of Yesterday"; "The City Man's City"; "A Walk through Everyman's London"; "The Street of the Ready Writer"—which, of course, is Fleet Street—and wherever he takes you you may be sure of finding him the very best of cicerones.

Mr. Frank A. Mumby in his cabbage-patch at Finchley.

Mr. Frank A. Mumby's new book, "The Youth of Henry VIII." (Constable), is a companion volume to "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," which he published last year. Mr. Mumby is one of the ablest and most successful writers of popular history; his work is the result of first-hand research, and is distinguished by literary qualities to which the average popular history makes little or no claim. His earlier books include an admirable and curiously interesting "Romance of Bookselling" from the earliest times to the present century; and an

Mr. J. E. Patterson on tramp with his Labrador dog, "Bosun."

"Anthology of Letters of Literary Men," containing some five hundred letters illustrative of the history of English Literature. In his new book, as in "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," Mr. Mumby draws largely on contemporary letters, always the best, most intimate and most interesting sources of history.

Mr. J. E. Patterson has recently been on a tramp across Wales to Cardiff, and is writing a book on this and earlier pilgrimages he has made in Essex, Suffolk, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and elsewhere.

For much valuable assistance with the illustrations to our article on G. F. Watts we are greatly indebted to the kindness of Mrs. M. S. Watts and Messrs. Macmillan.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MR. R. AUSTIN FREEMAN.

SIXTEEN years ago I sent to Dr. A. Conan Doyle a copy of a little book in which I had used some of his Sherlock Holmes matter to illustrate certain points in psychology. In acknowledging the volume he told me that I took the stories too seriously, and that all he aimed at in writing them was to present his readers with "plausible yarns." It is possible for the general public, and perhaps even for the critic, to take detective stories too seriously, but with the writer of such stories it is different. He cannot be too serious in his work. However low his *genre* may rank in the public estimation it is not for him to take a light view of his work. Nothing alienates the public more readily than a suspicion that an author is writing with his tongue in his cheek. He may have as modest an opinion of his merits as he pleases, and he may even admit that he does not regard his kind of writing as the highest class of literature; but in the actual doing of his work he must make his readers feel that he at any rate thinks it worth while.

In his preface to one of his detective books, "The Red Thumb Mark," Mr. R. Austin Freeman adopts quite the attitude of the maker of "plausible yarns." It was written, he tells us, with "no purpose other than that of affording entertainment to such readers as are interested in problems of crime and their solutions; and the story itself differs in no respect from others of its class, excepting in that an effort has been made to keep within the probabilities of ordinary life, both in the characters and in the incidents." Few readers realise how much is implied in the apparently simple ideal of a "plausible yarn." There must be, to begin with, a vast background of accurate knowledge, but the knowledge must not be obtruded upon the attention of the reader. It is not sufficient that a certain incident is possible, or even that it actually happened, it must be such as to appear probable to the reader. Aristotle's view of the relative merits of the possible and the probable is as true to-day as it was when the "Poetics" was the book of the Year. Mr. Freeman obviously realises all this. He gives evidence of an unusually well-stored mind, he is master of many subjects, has read deeply and travelled widely. His is evidently a mind with a bias towards accuracy. To suit his purpose he sometimes takes certain liberties with facts, but his conscience is tender on the subject. If it is necessary to assume "a screw-pile lighthouse on the Girdler Sand in place of the light vessel," he is careful to note this, elsewhere than in the story itself, "to forestall criticism and save readers the trouble of writing to point out the error."

It appears that Mr. Freeman's critics do not all appreciate this love of accuracy and this endeavour to secure probability. In the preface to his recently published "The Mystery of 31 New Inn," he tells us that one of his critics maintained that these things were "of no consequence so long as the story was amusing." Mr. Freeman's illustrative defence is not very happy, consisting as it does in showing that a particularly complicated method of orientation described in the story was actually used by himself in Ashanti. The critic would probably reply that the reader is not at all concerned about the actual use of the method, so long as it is intelligible and does not carry an obvious contradiction. The whole principle of the "plausible yarn," is here in question, the issue being practically the same as that raised in the various current discussions on artistic realism. The laws of perspective may show that a particular circular window that is open in a picture could never fit into the circular casement to which it belongs. What does it matter? ask critics of a certain school. The blunder is an offence to those who know perspective, but to the great majority of spectators it makes no difference. It would appear then that the degree of accuracy exacted from an artist, whether graphic or literary, must be determined by the knowledge of the persons to whom the artist appeals. Thus in stories of this class nothing must be introduced that is inconsistent with the ordinary experience of the average reader, or that is inconsistent with anything that appears in the story itself. This may be regarded as the minimum of accuracy necessary for successful work. On the other hand there cannot be an excess of accuracy, though there may well be an excessive display of accuracy. The author must not protest too much, but must, by successfully standing the criticism based on the reader's actual experience, win his confidence and thus let the question of accuracy drop out of consciousness altogether. It is here that Mr. Freeman is conspicuously successful. The ordinary reader is made to feel that he is in the hands of a man who is an authority on the subjects he is dealing with, and has a great deal of knowledge in reserve. Even the critical reader sees few traces of that shameless use of commonplace books of reference that marks journeyman work in mystery stories. Mr. Freeman draws from his store of knowledge, he does not usually hunt up knowledge *ad hoc*. It is true that one can sometimes reconstruct the origin of the plot. For example it is easy to imagine Mr. Freeman turning up some of his old biological notebooks or text-books, and glancing at a diagram of the unique oval-shaped bloodcorpuscle of the camel—obviously an infallible guide in a maze of evidence from blood stains. But his use of this basal fact is so skilful that the mechanical nature of the construction is completely hidden. While we follow the story of "The Old Lag," we feel that we are reading of real men and women, though a cold-blooded critic might point out that they are all set in motion by the memory of a note or a drawing in an old college book.

As to narration, Mr. Freeman has, in three out of the four Thorndyke volumes, adopted the first personal presentation in that "second-fiddle" form typified in Dr. Watson of the Sherlock Holmes memoirs; in "The Eye of Osiris," indeed, the narrator has to play even third

fiddle. The purpose of this intermediary between the public and the really great man is no doubt to interpolate that amount of obscuration that is necessary to prevent the reader getting too soon on the right scent. The method necessarily condemns the intermediary to a somewhat humiliating grade of stupidity. The Dr. Jervis of these volumes is certainly not so dull as Dr. Watson, for his creator has had the advantage of Sir Conan Doyle's experience, and makes his secondary character much more of an active partner in the detection of crime. But, after all, Jervis is as inferior to Thorndyke as Watson was to Holmes. It must be acknowledged, however, that Jervis stands out more as an individual than does Watson. Indeed, one of the strong points of Mr. Freeman is the power he has of drawing real characters; by no means a common mark of writers of such ingenuity in plot construction.

Mr. R. Austin Freeman.

Three of the four books in which Dr. John Thorndyke is the central character are written in the orthodox way. They are intrinsically of very great interest, and, indeed, stand out as conspicuously above the ordinary story of this type. They are the work of a master in this somewhat difficult craft. The fourth volume, however, "The Singing Bone," has all the attractions of an experiment in literary form. It is apparent that Mr. Freeman has been worried in his other books, as his readers must necessarily be, by the necessity of continually keeping back certain bits of information that might precipitate the *dénouement*, so he put to himself the question whether it would not be possible to write a detective story in which author and reader could play with the cards on the table. Accordingly, he set about writing the same story twice over—first from the point of view of the criminal, and then from the point of view of the detective. A by-product of this method is the elimination of the first personal form. The volume contains five such duplicated stories, and the result cannot be regarded as altogether successful. Were it not for Mr. Freeman's extraordinary power of telling a story the volume might have been a dismal failure. As it is, the author by a *tour de force* carries the reader right through the book, partly from sheer interest in the incidents, and partly from the interest in Thorndyke's methods. The objection to this duplicate method, which Mr. Freeman claims to have been justified by its success, is that it emphasises the purely logical aspects of the different cases. It is not so much a series of stories as a set of exercises. A teacher might be tempted to use them as problems in applied logic. This logical interest is no doubt prominent in the other books, notably in the summing up at the symposium at the end of "The Eye of Osiris," but in the short stories it is deliberately brought forward as the chief matter. Nothing but the author's remarkable skill in character delineation and graphic narrative could save the stories from being regarded as technical studies, such as find a suitable place in a course on forensic medicine.

Indeed, the whole position of Mr. Freeman depends upon the class of readers to whom he appeals. His work is certainly beyond the range of the ordinary devourer of "sleuth" novels. He makes very great demands on the attention of his readers. To read these books intelligently implies a definite exercise in the use of Mill's Canons of Inductive Logic, and the books might form a very practical means of testing the student's mastery of these canons. A very obvious and natural criticism of the stories is that they are too clever: they ask too much of the reader. But, unlike some clever writers, Mr. Freeman is clever enough to carry off his cleverness. His exposition is so clear, his arrangement of events so methodical, that the reader is led along with the minimum amount of effort consistent with a very definite exercise of the reason. Stupid and lazy readers may be warned off, but the ordinary intelligent reader may rely upon having from Mr. Freeman a course in mental gymnastics conducted under the pleasantest conditions.

I have carefully avoided even suggesting the plot of these stories, for in work of this kind it is manifestly unfair to stale the interest by suggesting the development. But it is not giving away any secret to say that one marked characteristic of Mr. Freeman's plots is that they justify themselves. In most mystery stories there is little difficulty in stating the mystery. As a rule, books of this kind have quite a piquant beginning. The failure comes later, when the mystery has to be unravelled. A great deal is usually left to the imagination of the reader, and not a little is entirely unexplained. Mr. Freeman leaves no such tangled threads. Everything is worked out with the greatest clearness and thoroughness. Where occasional obscurity occurs, as in the exposition of the principles of detection by finger-marks, the blame is thrown upon one of the characters: the author in his own person is eminently lucid. I have been so much interested in Mr. Freeman's method that I am acting a little against my own inclination when I urge upon him in his future work to subordinate his logical demonstrations to the human interest that he has been so successful in maintaining in his longer books.

John Adams.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1st to May 1st, 1913.

Messrs. George Allen & Co., Ltd.

CABET, J.—L'Abbé Gustave Morel. Translated by Rev. E. Dredge. 5s. net.
ENDENDIJK, PROFESSOR J.—Third Dutch Reader and Writer. "Parallel Grammar" Series. 2s.
GAULTIER, PAUL.—The Meaning of Art. Translated by H. and E. Baldwin. With 32 full-page Illustrations. 5s. net.
HARRIS, MISS S. M.—Dust of the World: A Novel. 6s.
MACKENZIE, COL. R. H.—The Trafalgar Roll. 5s. net.
WYLLY, COL. H. (Editor).—Sherwood Foresters' Annual, 1913. Illustrated. 1s. net, paper; 2s. net, cloth.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd.

BARNES-GRUNDY, MRS. MABEL.—Two in a Tent—and Jane. (Originally published under the title of "A Thames Camp.") 1s. net.
BETHAM-EDWARDS, MISS.—Pearla. 1s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

ADAMS, MRS. HUGH, and BROWNE, EDITH A. (Editors).—The Social Guide for 1913. 2s. 6d. net.
BROWNE, EDITH A.—Panama (Peeps at Many Lands). 1s. 6d. net.
HALL, REV. CHARLES A.—Pond Life (Peeps at Nature). 1s. 6d. net.
HERBERT, DR. S.—First Principles of Evolution. 7s. 6d. net.
HOME, GORDON.—The Great Western Railway. 1s. 6d. net.
JOHNSON, A. E. (Editor).—Heath Robinson (Brush, Pen and Pencil Series). 3s. 6d. net.
JOHNSTONE, R. W., M.D.—Text-Book of Midwifery. 10s. 6d. net.
LIBERTY, SIR A. L.—A Day in Tangier. 7s. 6d. net.
MACDONELL, LADY.—Reminescences of Diplomatic Life. 7s. 6d. net.
MALCOLMSON, A. M., M.D.—The Laws of Health for Schools. 1s. 6d.
NISBET, JOHN.—Glasgow (Artist's Sketch Book Series). 1s. net.
SOMMERVILLE, FRANKFORT.—The Spirit of Paris. 7s. 6d. net.
SYM, WILLIAM GEORGE, M.D.—Diseases and Injuries of the Eye. 7s. 6d. net.

Prize photograph by Miss E. A. Pearson, illustrating "The Lure of Crooning Water" (John Long).

See Prize Competition pages.

Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

CRAWFORD, ALEXANDER.—The Alias. 6s.
DIVER, MAUD.—Sunia, and other Stories. 6s.
DURAND, THE RIGHT HON. SIR MORTIMER, G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.—Life of the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., G.C.I.E. 16s. net.
KYNNERSLEY, E. M. SNEYD.—Tom Vron: A Novel. 6s.
MAIR, VERY REV. WILLIAM, D.D.—The Confession of Faith, the Catechisms, the Directory for Publick Worship and the Form of Presbyterial Church Government. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

BUSHELL, N. KEITH.—Australia for the Emigrant. 1s. net.
Cassell's Complete Shakespeare. 5s. net.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—House of Spies. 6s.
DWYER, J. F.—The White Waterfall. 6s.
EDGE, SPENCER.—Maker of Ware. 6s.
HOCKING, SILAS K.—A Woman's Love. 3s. 6d.
NUTTALL and CORKE.—Wild Flowers as They Grow 5s. net.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—Red Morn. 1s. net.
TESKEY, A. M.—Candlelight Days. 6s.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

BROWN, VINCENT.—Consider This Man. 6s.
CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The Brooding Wild. 2s. net.
EYRE, A. MONTGOMERY.—A History of St. John's Wood. 12s. 6d. net.
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Tragedy of Isabella II. 15s. net.
HOWARD, KEBLE.—London Voices. 6s.
HOWARD, KEBLE.—The Smiths of Surbiton. 2s. net.
JAMES, WINIFRED.—The Mulberry Tree. 7s. 6d. net.
PUGH, EDWIN.—Punch and Judy. 6s.
THOMAS, GILBERT.—The Wayside Altar. 2s. 6d. net.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Open Window. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

JONES, CECIL DUNCAN.—The Everlasting Search: A Novel. 6s.
WOOD, T. MARTIN.—George Du Maurier, the Satirist of the Victorians. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. James Clarke & Co.

GIBBERD, VERNON.—Life's Little Lessons: Addresses to Children. 1s. 6d. net.
HOLBORN, REV. ALFRED.—Led by a Child: and other Sermons. 2s. 6d. net.
JONES, REV. J. PULESTON, M.A.—Until the Day Dawn: The New Testament Basis for a Doctrine of Inspiration. 3s. 6d. net.
MARK, THISELTON, D.Lit., B.Sc.—For Childhood and Youth: Ideals of the Modern Sunday School. 1s. 6d. net.
McEVOY, REV. CUTHBERT, M.A.—The Great Embassy: Studies in the Growth of Christianity. 1s. net.
M'INTYRE, REV. D. M.—Spirit and Power. 2s. 6d. net.
WARSCHAUER, REV. J., M.A., D.Phil.—The Way of Understanding: Studies in the Book of Proverbs. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

ALLCROFT.—Horace, Odes II. and IV. 2s. 6d.
BARLOW, C. W. C., M.A., B.Sc.—Mathematical Physics, Vol. 1. Magnetism and Electricity.
BARRACLOUGH A., M.A.—Preliminary Arithmetic. 1s. 6d. (With Answers, 6s. 9d.).
FRY, G. C., M.Sc.—Junior Geography of North America. 8d.
FRY, G. C., M.Sc.—Senior Geography of Asia. 1s.
FRY, G. C., M.Sc.—Senior Geography of North America. 1s.
WALKER, T., M.A., and RICHARDS, J. F., M.A.—St. Luke's Gospel. 1s. 6d.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

BABBITT, IRVING.—The Masters of Modern French Criticism. 7s. 6d. net.
BELLOC, HILAIRE.—The Stone Street. Illustrated by William Hyde. 7s. 6d. net.
CALLAGHAN, STELLA (Author of "The Little Green Gate")—Vision. 6s.
"CARADOC."—A City of the Plain. 6s.
CORNFORD, L. COPE.—W. E. Henley. (In Constable's Series of Modern Biographies.) 1s. net.
ELLIOTT, SIMON B.—The Important Timber Trees of the United States; A Manual of Practical Forestry. 10s. 6d. net.
ELLIOTT, SIMON B.—The Laurensons. 6s.
FOX, JOHN (Author of "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," etc.).—The Heart of the Hills. 6s.
HARGRAVE, JNO.—Lonecraft. Fully Illustrated. (A Book for the Boy Scouts). Paper, 1s. net; Cloth gilt, 2s. net.
LOWELL, AMY.—A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass. Poems. About 3s. 6d. net.
MUMFORD, JAS.G., M.D. (Lecturer on Surgery in Harvard University.)—A Doctor's Table Talk. 5s. net.

Prize photograph by F. C. Davis, illustrating "Gutter Babies" (Heinemann)

See Prize Competition pages.

POLLARD, HUGH B. C.—A Busy Time in Mexico. Full Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net.
PHILLIPS, LADY (Author of "South African Recollections.")—A Friendly Germany: Why Not? 2s. 6d. net.
SOULIE, GEORGE.—Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures. Translated from the Chinese. 3s. 6d. net.
STEEGMANN, MARY G.—Branca Capella. 10s. 6d. net.
THOMAS, EDWARD.—The Icknield Way. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Headley Bros.

CROSFIELD, HELEN G.—Margaret Fox of Swarthmoor Hall. 3s. 6d. net.
JONES, RUFUS M., M.A., LL.D.—A Dynamic Faith. New Edition. 1s. net.
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GEORGE FREDERIC WATTS, R.A.*

By M. H. Spielmann.

"THERE is no heroic poem in the world," said Carlyle—whom Watts painted thrice and knew so well—"but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man." I know of no biography, written in our day, which comes nearer to being an heroic poem than this biography of G. F. Watts, R.A., composed by Mrs. Watts. As a rule, we resent biographies by the wives of the departed. They commonly give us no more than half the man—usually, though not always, the better half—through either bias or ignorance. But there are noteworthy exceptions. Mrs. Watts is endowed with a highly-cultivated mind, an intellect of no common order, controlled by judgment, tact and taste, and capable of rising to a spirituality that placed her in communion with that of her husband, and enabled her to appreciate to the full the rather ethereal and rarified atmosphere in which moved Watts and the great figures of the world with whom he commingled. And withal there is a tenderness and womanly sympathy pervading her pages that touch an exquisite note—a note vibrating in curious harmony with what there was (and that was a good deal) of the womanly in Watts's nature.

I may say at once that for twenty years and more I was honoured with the friendship of the artist; by word and by correspondence he frequently enlarged to me on his views of Life and Art, and many a time unconsciously revealed to me the beauty not only of his opinions and his acts, but of his inner character. I was, therefore, ready to proceed on the understanding that I should write a biography. But I recognized that none so well as Mrs. Watts could draw for the world the spiritual side of him who was a thinker even more, perhaps, than he was a painter, and depict the heart and mind and soul that inspired his Art. Her decision has been triumphantly justified, for she has given us such a portrait of him as he would have wished to be painted; and as I look upon it I recognize in it the man whose gentle yet forceful personality impressed itself on all who came into intelligent contact with himself or with his Art; who hated publicity and yet could not avoid challenging it; and whose dominating principles of patriotism, love, and progress, made painful assault on his native modesty. A Crusader with a sensitively retiring disposition has not an easy life.

Mrs. Watts, herself an artist, has the literary gift. So, too, had Watts, though he would often deplore that he was inarticulate. It was not that; it was merely that from want of practice, and still more from a high sense of literary nicety and exigency, he was not as fluent as he would have liked to be. On one occasion he wrote to me suggesting that I should persuade artists to write at length on their own Art, and not leave the duty wholly to the critics. "When Mr. Knowles," he said, "urged me formerly to give him something for the *Nineteenth*, I replied: 'You can get anything I would say much better put by any number of men'; to which he answered: 'I want in my magazine to have men speaking who know practically what they are talking about, no matter what the literary style may be.' And he was quite right." It reminded me of what Millais told me, that when, in answer to Thackeray's invitation for a contribution to the *Cornhill* he replied that he couldn't even write English, the great Titmarsh drily retorted: "I've half-a-dozen damn

Photo by Emery Walker.

G. F. Watts (1862-64).
(Painted by himself.)
(Tate Gallery.)

* "George Frederic Watts," Vols. I and II., "The Annals of an Artist's Life." By M. S. Watts. Vol. III., "His Writings." 31s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

fools in my office who can write English!" Whether in his aphorisms on Art, his views on artistic methods and procedure, his essay on Benjamin Robert Haydon, in his articles on the Art of to-day (which, at my entreaty, he wrote for the *Magazine of Art*), and contributions to one or two other publications—all here republished in the third volume—we have proof in Watts of a true literary style allied to clearness of vision, and trenchant, yet subtle, expression. This is a side of his talent of special interest, I imagine, to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. It has, too, the psychological interest that Watts declined to dissociate Painting from Literature; with Michael Angelo and Alfred Stevens he would say: "I know only ONE Art."

T. M. Rooke, R.W.S., pinx.

The Studio at Little Holland House, Melbury Road.

From "The Life of G. F. Watts," by Mrs. M. S. Watts (Macmillan).

I could not but dissent from his assumption of literary inability when he wrote: "My only wish is to be of use, not to be a scribbler for the pleasure of seeing myself in print. I think I have something to say, but know very well that I lack the gift to say it with any effect or credit. Therefore you may always use or reject anything I write without risk of my feeling vexed."

Now Mrs. Watts, of set purpose, stops short after giving her picture of the man, complete as far as it goes, perfect and fascinating. She intentionally, and with innate good taste, refrains from criticising him as an artist: that she leaves to others—and others' criticisms she practically passes over in silence. But she tells us of his life and adventure, of his struggles and efforts, of his health that so hampered his efforts, of his career, his friends, of his prodigious social success and of the great who admired and adulated and petted him, and of the small whom he helped, encouraged, and stimulated. She puts down his opinions, elaborates them, embroiders them with anecdote, and makes us sigh that the ideal and intellectual world that he inhabited, in a sense created for himself, is denied to the likes of us who must be content to grope our way on a far lower plane. Watts used to say that the mark of a great poet was that he infused something of himself into

Frederick L. Griggs, del.

Old Little Holland House from the North-east.

From "The Life of G. F. Watts," by Mrs. M. S. Watts (Macmillan).

his readers, and raised them, for a time, to his own level at his side. Even so this book makes us feel the relative earthiness of our surroundings and our life, and reveals the secret of the impression made by his Art upon the people, even upon the lowliest.

Although his early education had severely suffered through lack of health, Watts became an exceptionally well-read man who absorbed all the best literature and wisely neglected the indifferent. To thoughtful authors he devoted his attention; pure letters, history, philosophy, criticism, poetry and the like — these formed his main reading. It followed, therefore, that the noble scheme he had planned from the beginning of his career—to paint England's greatest men for a gift to the nation—should embrace a score and more of writers. One of the earliest of his literary portraits was a posthumous representation of Jeremy Bentham, done, curiously enough, from a wax portrait and the jurist's garments. He painted no fewer than six portraits of Tennyson, and Swinburne, William Morris, and Browning. When the last named died Watts wrote to me: "He had a most artistic sensibility, and was an accomplished musician. That, I think, always implies, when found with other intellectual faculties, a fine sense in Art. I always found him very appreciative of my own aspirations and intentions; but I think his views of Art will be clearly seen in his writings. His death is a sad blow to us who knew him, being unexpected. Although so well on in years, he was so strong and vigorous. 'A life too short for friendship, not for fame!'" [This reminds me of a curious view, then widely held, but which I was surprised to find entertained by Mr. William Rossetti, when I met him about that time. "It must be a great loss," he said, "to the Jewish community." It appears that he, and, indeed, the whole circle, had believed that Browning was a Jew, and that his name had been Brüning! and I had difficulty in divesting him of his notion.]

Photo by Christopher Turner.

G. F. Watts at work on the statue of Lord Tennyson, August, 1903.

From "The Life of G. F. Watts," by Mrs M. S. Watts (Macmillan).

Among Watts's other literary sitters were Carlyle, Lecky, Max Müller, and John Stuart Mill; George Meredith, and the other "Meredith" — "Owen" (Lord Lytton, 1884); Dante Rossetti and Matthew Arnold; Motley and Leslie Stephen; Jowett and Sir Richard Burton; Milman and Sir Henry Taylor; in his early days, Guizot and Thiers; and in his later life, Mr. Austin Dobson. Strangely enough, he never painted Ruskin, whom, in a letter I have seen, he addressed with warm affection as "Dear old friend, Master, and best teacher." He had told me that, such had been their relations all his life long, so profoundly did he venerate the Seer of

Photo by George Andrews.

"Limnerslease" on the South side.

From "The Life of G. F. Watts," by Mrs. M. S. Watts (Macmillan).

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

The Wounded Heron.
By G. F. Watts.

Coniston, that he would have felt paralyzed as soon as he had taken brush in hand. Yet not long afterwards he arranged to paint a portrait; then Ruskin became ill and could not come to town, and when at last Watts had engaged a railway carriage to travel to Coniston "an attack of the old enemy" baulked him in his intention, and the two men met never again. Watts had written to Mrs. Severn, at the time of Ruskin's illness: "Tell him, with my most real affection, that no day passes on which I do not think of him . . . tell him that the more I read him, and I do this often, the more I feel how great a teacher he is, not only in Art, but many other questions. . . . My wife and I read him constantly, always with renewed enjoyment, and, I hope and believe, with profit. I shall never see him again, I fear. If ever he is well enough to care for what I may say, tell him that no one is more deeply grateful to him for his teaching and for his splendid contribution to the National honour."

What a portrait he might have made! For it was the thought that there was in a man, in greater measure even than the character in the face, that inspired him to his most brilliant efforts. "Brilliant" is, perhaps, hardly the word, for Watts disliked mere brilliancy; he aimed at and valued only the higher quality that tells with quiet insistence, and which reasserts itself with gentle force and compulsion long after the admiration that brilliancy inspires has died away or has wearied the spectator. "In each case," he wrote to me, now seven and twenty years ago, "I desire to avoid sudden appeal by sensational interest or surprising dexterity. I should wish the influence to be quiet and lasting, and you can understand how much I wish to avoid the slightest appearance of swagger or dogmatism in what I say."

Yet with all his passion for literature, Watts rarely painted illustrations of literary pages, as was a common practice in his day. In his earlier years he produced a few, no doubt—in "Britomart" (from the "Faërie Queen"), "Fata Morgana" (from Bojardo's "Orlando Innamorato"), "Paolo and Francesca" (in some respects his masterpiece), and, illustrative in a measure only, "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Ariadne in Naxos," and a few others. But these did not exactly illustrate the stories; rather were they painted commentaries inspired by the poetic idea. So, too, the beautiful "Endymion," of which the artist wrote to me: "My picture means more than the subject implies. I am not always painting parables, though I like doing that best, and was pleased the other day by someone saying to my wife that I had my finger on the pulse of the age. I love the old poetry and myths, but in my work use them only as vehicles by which to suggest 'the thoughts that arise in me'—excepting, as in the present instance, for the purpose of experiment in colour or practice of some change of method. The picture is not a new design, and is worked out rather as a recreation than for any other purpose."

So in his "parables" and didactic pictures, the literary element is evident (and to some critics, therefore, an offence), but they are, at least, literature worked out in colour, composition, and rhythm, and based upon true art principles. Mrs. Watts illustrates this admirably in her tale of how the second version of "Love and Death" was brought to fruition. "If the impression to be conveyed by his picture was of greater importance than usual, every line, and the character of every line, of the various parts was pondered over, sometimes during many years." She tells how "owing to

Eng.: H. Bourne.

King Alfred inciting the Anglo-Saxons to repel the Invasion of the Danes, A.D. 876.
From the picture by G. F. Watts in the New Palace of Westminster.

some subtle changes in line and tone, the figure of Death had neither the weight nor the slow movement he desired to give it. So day after day he thought and toiled, and I saw each fold of the garment deliberately reconsidered, a hair's-breadth of line or a breath of colour making the difference that a pause or an accentuated word would make in speaking. For instance, by raising the hand and outstretched arm a less judicial and severe impression was conveyed, and by this slight alteration the action changed from 'I shall' to the more tender 'I am compelled.'" She then proceeds to give technical details of supreme interest and value to a painter, but unnecessary to be recounted here.

Unlike many artists of less calibre, Watts resented neither criticism nor fault-finding, though he doubted the value of any that was not deliberately considered. He would beg me to "pick holes" in his work, and would brook no compliments, in spite of their sincerity, unless he felt them justified. When his first picture of Eve ("And she shall be called Woman"—a work of symbolical import) was exhibited, he wrote: "My Academy picture, of course, cannot be more of a success than the Book of Job would be if published in modern times as the work of a modern writer. I beg you will not consider yourself bound, if you notice it, to praise. It is wholly out of place on the Academy walls. I should like to have it criticised in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, while the two first books of 'Paradise Lost' were read and Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' played meanwhile. Some remarks in the *Pall Mall*, not ill-natured, but not intended to be particularly complimentary, are very flattering. They imply that it is visionary—and this I would have." The personification of dignity and of generosity (which, allied to his charm of personality constituted him one of the most engaging and delightful of men), Watts was not naturally disposed, sensitive as he was, to take offence; far from being impatient, even of direct attack, he would weigh carefully any condemnation in order to discover what solid ground might exist in it.

"A critic," he wrote to me on another occasion, "has called me 'a belated Old Master,' and I think that explains my work very well. I never studied the old masters or made a copy in my life, but I *am* conscious of seeing with eyes constituted in the same manner, so I am not a representative of modern Art."

Yet Watts was intensely modern in his fight for progress and reform in Art and Literature, and even the Poet-Impressionists might find aphorisms in his "Thoughts on Art" that might be misused as mottoes to excuse their misconceptions, if not their antics. He desired constant advance in both Art and Religion: it was inevitable, he said, that they should follow the hands of the clock.

But it was not his liberalism that led "Signor" (as his intimates invariably called him) to decline on two occasions the dignity of baronetcy which was offered to him. Indeed, he approved of well-deserved distinctions. Especially was he delighted when Tennyson was raised to the peerage. "The best head of Lord Tennyson," he said, in a letter written in 1890, "I have been asked to lend to the Society of British Artists. It is the one in the peer's robes, and is for my National series. The robes I think important, as marking a distinctly historical event, the first

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Life's Illusions.
By G. F. Watts.

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Fata Morgana.
By G. F. Watts.

in which a man was ever raised to that dignity for literary eminence *alone*. I do not profess to judge whether the distinction is one most applicable to the kind of eminence achieved, but while it is held to be the highest that can be bestowed I should like to see given for what is best, even for personal character, '*life peerages*.' I think there is some idea that I object to distinctions of the kind. That is a mistake; I think them fine things if worthily achieved or worthily borne. '*Noblesse oblige*' is a splendid motto." Therefore, while he refused an hereditary honour which, indeed, he had no son to inherit, he accepted, amid the plaudits of the world, the Order of Merit when that highest distinction of all was first instituted.

Photo by A. Rischgitz. (Liverpool Gallery.)

Cupid Asleep.
By G. F. Watts.

Watts's religious thought forms one of the most engaging expositions of the book. His ideas, Mrs. Watts informs us, were found to be identical with those of Tennyson, as he discovered during his conversations with the poet. His breadth of view hardly admitted of further expansion; for him passive religion that begins and ends in "simple Faith" was of little worth, just as for him "Art for Art's sake" was a barren doctrine. Purposeful Reverence, active Love, and self-sacrifice for others and for the cause of Humanity, were the only tenets, and indispensable. "You must not speak to me of my 'theology,'" he said to me once, when I had let fall the word; "it should rather be called religious philosophy. I do not admit that Reason can be banished at the behest of Belief. I might illustrate my meaning, when such a contention is advanced, by holding up one hand and ticking off on my fingers 'Faith,' 'Veneration,' and so on; but those fingers cannot effectively grasp till the thumb, 'Reason,' completes the grip." He believed that there is something mysterious—the spirit of a great Creator—in all living things: and most of all in man as the greatest, dowered with the highest brain-power and intellect. "It may shock you," he said, in words he afterwards modified, "but I feel that one creed is as good

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The Childhood of Zeus.
By G. F. Watts.

Orpheus and Euridyce.
By G. F. Watts.

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as another, and that Nature—Divinity—Humanity are to me almost convertible terms." I printed these words in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, and a few days later he wrote to me:

"I am surprised to find myself speaking so loosely as entirely to misrepresent my attitude of mind, which is one of great reverence for the general opinion in serious matters; and though not rigidly orthodox, I cannot possibly confound the brutal creed of the Carthaginians, the worship of Moloch, or the fierce cult of Odin, with the creed of modern times, which, in its purity, inculcates Love and Universal Brotherhood (however little acted upon), or even with the mild self-effacement of the creed enforced by Buddha. Neither Darwin nor Huxley would have done so. . . . The majority of people believing me to be entirely indifferent to religious principles (not at all true) would consider my efforts even in ethical suggestion hypocritical, and many of my friends—for example, Mr. Gladstone—will be much pained. . . . I think you will understand that in addition to the unpleasant impression many of my friends will have, I feel grieved, if for no other reason than that I used expressions that imply so little consideration for the general conviction of the age." This letter is characteristic of that almost womanly tenderness and kindness on which Mrs. Watts insists as one of the distinctive traits of a singularly beautiful nature.

So, setting aside dogmas and doctrine, he painted not Religion but Righteousness; not the Devil, but Sin; and except in an early fresco ("Christ in Glory"), he never sought to represent the Creator or the Holy Trinity. Even Death itself was not the skeleton of Albert Dürer or the dancing bones of Holbein—not Death the Destroyer of Everyman; but Death the Kindly Messenger, the Angel of Rest. Watts seems to have painted, as it were, the words of Michael Angelo: "If life be a pleasure so death should be, for it is given to us by the same Master"; wherefore he figures almost as a sort of Fra Angelico without the profession of implicit dogmatic faith—as a painter not of religion, but of profoundly reverent emotion and ethical passion.

His ethical compositions were, in Watts's opinion, by far the most valuable part of his life's work; it is a theme Mrs. Watts develops very beautifully in this fascinating book. Nearly thirty years since the artist wrote to me: "I wonder whether you have perceived the distinctions I have spoken of as made by me in my designs—where I have taken *Reality*, as in the portraits; where *Types*, as in 'Orpheus and Eurydice'; and where *Symbols*, as in the abstractions. I do not care about remarks or criticisms on my works *as pictures*, but I care a good deal about the mental and intellectual qualities, because these are not much considered in modern art." Historical pictures were for him but costume-pictures, "highly interesting archæologically," he wrote, "but hardly capable of awakening in the spectator any intellectual activity." [Which is exactly what the wicked critics have been saying lately about the art of Alma-Tadema, to the infuriation of Sir William Richmond.] "The gist of the whole is," he added, in reference to his own work, "that these efforts of mine arise from a desire to supply what I feel to be much wanted; not didactic Art but Art suggestive of considerations belonging to our higher natures. The pictures may be no more than hieroglyphics, but I want them to stimulate young artists to conscious effort in noble directions." And his contention is repeated that Art should stand beside Literature on the intellectual plane:

"I do not deny that beautiful technique is sufficient to constitute an extremely valuable achievement, but it can never alone place a work of Art on the level of the highest effort in Poetry, and by that it should stand." And again: "I cannot subscribe to the opinion uttered by Sir Coutts Lindsay at the dinner given to him, that Art is not a religious cult and has nothing to do with it! This opinion, which seems to have been received with complete approbation, if widely shared by artists and lovers of Art, would make any approach to the greatness of former production impossible. The claim of Art to an equal place with Poetry must be upheld by some, and I hope a band of artists will always be found to fight for this with pencil or with pen." "My object, as you know, is to suggest the character of the thought of the age, not the material conditions." These extracts from private letters, a few among very many, illustrate the current of the Master's thought, maintained with tenacity from the earliest years of his career to the latest—the fount of his inspiration and of his achievement.

My space is filled; but I have, I hope, conveyed some idea of the great artist's attitude towards Literature, and in these supplemental notes added just a little to the fine tribute which Mrs. Watts has raised to her husband's immortal memory. No one endowed with any imagination and love of Art should miss this book. It is thoroughly well done, and the plates, it should be added, though too few in number, are of singular technical excellence.

G. F. WATTS AT COMPTON.

By Charles T. Bateman (Author of "G. F. Watts, R.A.")

MR. ANDREW HITCHENS, a friend for many years both of Mr. G. F. Watts and Lord Tennyson, introduced the artist to the locality where he afterwards made his home and where he spent some of his happiest years. "Limnerslease"—that is the apt name he gave his house—is situated just below the southern side of the Hog's Back, a well known ridge of the North Downs rising sharply from the town of Guildford, and is delightful for situation, being on the borders of Compton, one of the most charming villages in Surrey. Not a

stone's throw from the gates is the shady, sandy track frequented by Chaucer's pilgrims in their journey from Winchester to Canterbury and close by is one of the finest specimens of an Elizabethan manor house in Loseley Park which has remained in the family of the More-Molyneux for several generations.

The charm of the home, however, consists in the fact that it was designed for the work of two artistic souls who were one in their appreciation of the gospel that art can be applied as a teacher of great truths. Both the artist and his wife carried out this principle at Compton. The visitor found Mrs. Watts busy with her village classes in which she trained the men and women of Compton in artistic expression, whilst the "Signor," as all his friends called him, undertook day by day the completion of great symbolical studies for presentation to the nation. During the last fifteen years of his life he only accepted one commission for a fee and this amounted to one thousand guineas which he placed entirely at the disposal of the Home Arts and Industries Association. Mrs. Watts was practically the founder of this society which originated with the idea of bringing art within the surroundings of the common people, and he was keenly interested in its welfare.

His studio at "Limnerslease" was large and lofty, and opened out, at the distance of only a few steps, from the living rooms, and here you usually discovered Mr. Watts, busy even when he had passed his eightieth year with the large canvases that yet remained unfinished. He told me on one occasion that for many years he found the early morning a good time for painting. In the summer he usually occupied his studio at five o'clock and worked throughout the hours before noon except for a brief rest. I once asked him how he accommodated himself to these early hours, and he confessed that by sleeping on a plank bed when a young man he had triumphed over nature. There was a Spartan simplicity of manner and habit throughout his closing life that gave point to his determination to utilize the morning.

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer. **Love and Death.**
By G. F. Watts.

Though he discussed his pictures with some reticence—more from temperament than dislike to talk—he was at times most illuminating in commenting on his subjects. Death presented to him no terrors. That fact supplies the reason for its constant introduction into his pictures. From his conversations one realised that whilst regarding it as inevitable he looked beyond its portals into a brighter and happier sphere. "I want to teach people to think of Death," he used to say, "as the nurse who comes to put the children to bed in the joyful anticipation that they will awake to the sunshine and the flowers." Now and again he received letters from sorrowing people, mourning the loss of friends, who had derived comfort from these studies, and the fact gave him great encouragement. His mention of such incidents showed keen delight in the knowledge that his artistic interpretations had appealed to the hearts of those in distress.

At his Compton studio he possessed a large number of portraits of celebrities in all ranks of life. Thus, for instance, hanging close together were Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Burns and Mr. Cecil Rhodes. These had all given him sittings and spent several hours in his studio. With each he had been on terms of intimacy and like all true artists had endeavoured to discover the real man behind the outward presentation. Two of these sitters are now living, whilst Mr. Watts has himself passed away, and it would not be fair to recall his telling comments, but he had estimated both their qualities and their weaknesses. Yet with all his keen discrimination of character and the high standard he set for himself, he never uttered a bitter or unfair criticism of anyone.

Pursuing his work day by day at "Limnerslease" he yet found time, with his wife, to enter into the life of the village. They enjoyed the society of a wide circle of friends in the neighbourhood, but probably one of his greatest pleasures was the creation of a

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer. **Love and Life.**
By G. F. Watts.

colony of art workers in Compton who gave their leisure to prepare the decorations and fittings for the graveyard chapel. On winter evenings Mrs. Watts held classes at "Limnerslease" where the villagers of all ranks, from the squire to the blacksmith, were taught to mould and bake the bricks and symbolic reliefs. Mr. Watts used to disclaim any credit for the excellent work that was effected, but whilst it is true that he did not take an active share in the building, he contributed the whole of the cost. Those who have visited the village burial ground will appreciate the genius that fostered Mrs. Watts's altruistic purpose.

Grave and dignified as the "Signor" always appeared in public life, you could not, even with a stretch of imagination, associate him with a suspicion of Bohemianism. But he possessed a quiet fund of humour which enabled him to enter into the spirit of the pastimes of the young people of the neighbourhood. On such occasions he unbended, and one recognized a man who delighted in clean and healthy sport.

Many pilgrims to-day journey to Compton to visit the beautiful resting place of the great artist and to inspect the Watts' gallery that he established in the picturesque Surrey village. He has many memorials elsewhere, but his gracious manners and kindly ways endeared him to his neighbours, who will cherish his memory on account of these associations for many years.

THE MASTERS OF DANTE.*

By Dr. William Barry.

I TURN on a brilliant March morning from these pages of Mr. Gardner's with reluctance, and would sooner read than write about them; for they hold a great charm in their blending of many deep, ancient thoughts with our Tuscan's incomparable style, here quoted abundantly. We, who have tasted the pleasure that lies in other volumes by this English commentator on Dante, may look for the exact learning, the clear Italian

* "Dante and the Mystics." By Edmund G. Gardner, Barlow Lecturer on Dante in the University of London, etc. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

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Endymion.
By G. F. Watts.

air, the pieties and courtesies which give his work its distinction, with a sure hope to find them again. And so we do. But he has taken up a bold enterprise. It is nothing else than to transpose into a northern key, and thus make intelligible to audiences like those at the London University, that "inarticulate music" of the Paradiso which Carlyle, for instance, could not follow. The music enchants all ears capable of apprehending Italian rhythms, but its meaning has, with only rare exceptions, escaped English minds. Oxford, even, which prided itself on its acquaintance with dead Greek poets who were very hard to construe, as Pindar and Æschylus, knew little until of late that was religiously akin to the "Divina Commedia." Dr. Moore has thrown a ray upon these dark places for Oxonians; and for London Mr. Wicksteed, Mr. Warren Vernon, Mr. Gardner himself, are serving as light-bearers. *Prosit* to all of them!

Still, as I count the names of those whom I designate "masters of Dante"—and that in religion—I cannot but feel curious touching the fate which will attend on lectures so foreign to our Puritan, Agnostic, indifferent, idle literary public as these. How many, I wonder, not having the fear of examination before their eyes, will bravely feed their spirits on St. Augustine, Denis the Areopagite, Plotinus, the Victorines, St. Thomas Aquinas, Joachim of Flora, the two Mechthilds of Magdeburg and Hackeborn—all for the sake of understanding the Dantean philosophy? Let me not be mistaken. Most of this I did myself in old and delightful days; like other students of the English College in Rome, I have my pleasant associations there and elsewhere, among, the Latin Hills and wandering over the Campagna with Dante the mystic, the disciple of Aquinas, who sang to heavenly cadences the fair and terrible things which we believed. But, then, St. Augustine, the Areopagite, and the "Angelic Doctor," from whom we were learning our creed took us beyond literature. It was not for the sole worship of beautiful or vivid expression, not to gain some æsthetic thrill, that we lingered on the slopes of Tusculum and Monte Albano, the divine poem in our hands. Perhaps I shall fail to make my meaning clear; in substance, however, it has been violently uttered by Carlyle, when he hurled from him with scorn the mere "literary idea" that Dante composed "fiction," and that his angels,

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Paolo and Francesca.
By G. F. Watts.

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The Rider on the White Horse
By G. F. Watts.

saints, demons—nay, his whole supernatural world—had served him only as "machinery." To him the world that he pictured was real, "bodied in fixed certainty of scientific shape," as our Catholic dogma to us. Hence, in Carlyle's judgment, the vision which Dante saw has proved to be "the most remarkable of modern books." Do not, I say, forget this verdict, spoken by a Scottish Cameronian, who adored Goethe, hated Catholicism, and was the foremost man of letters in Britain during his long life. Carlyle's bolt, truly delivered, hits the mark.

No fiction, but the sincerest of poems, deep from the heart. We must call its ground reality—seen, grasped, loved, brooded over, until Florence and Italy, with such eternal lights showing through them, appeared as what to a believer they in fact are, gates of Heaven and Hell. This, their transcendant significance, Dante caught, or, rather, it was burnt into him by dolorous trials, by sin, remorse, exile, poverty, loneliness, as the spirit made it known, with the high teachers from of old to expound it in their tongues of fire. Did he learn it by hearsay only—not by experience? He has left a word in prose, the "Letter" to Can Grande of Verona, which, if genuine—and I think it so—claims that, as our commentator affirms, "for the crowning vision or ecstasy of the Paradiso," this Tuscan poet had more than hearsay and invention to stay him up. Under some form, be it what it might, Dante had passed through an ineffable spiritual crisis, resembling the exaltation of which mystic writers—Richard of St. Victor, St. Bernard, and St. Augustine, whom he quoted in his own defence—had given an account. He, too, like St. Paul, had been caught up to the Third Heaven, and heard secret words which it is not lawful (because not truly possible) for man to utter. Of these words the Paradiso furnishes a reminiscence and an echo. The whole poem leads up to them; its many stages, along the abyss of eternal hatred, by the ascents of the Mount of Purification, from star to star, until the Empyrean is attained, the vision fulfilled, are preparations as in a noviciate for the life now to be dedicated to the Highest.

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Death Crowning Innocence.
By G. F. Watts.

His master, indeed, whom he chose before all others, was Virgil, as in the line which Milton translates, "Thou art my father, thou my author, thou." From Virgil he took, but wrought over again in the flame of his Tuscan genius, the style which brought him renown. Yet he chose the poet of the "Æneid" for reasons other than his stately and most moving hexameters. The Sixth Book of an epic, at once Italian, Roman, hieratic, sang of a pilgrimage from this world to the next, across the River of Death, down into Hades, and onward to Elysium. Here the Florentine found, as in prophecy, the whole scheme on which he spent his years—the imperial vicegerent of God, Rome's mission from the hidden powers, Italy's greatness—a subject embracing religion and history, which had the secret significance we term mystical, and without it never would it have entitled Virgil to be called "magician" as well as the bard of Cæsar. These things are not dwelt on in our schools, where the literary values of grammar and form outweigh the religious. And it is far from easy for an English Puritan, nay, for anyone who is not a Catholic born and bred, to enter into the soul of that devout Paganism. Dante could pierce through these veils; hence the mingling in his creation of old myths and strange classic monsters—of Furies, Minotaurs, Geryons, and their like—with Christian imagery. On an endless theme I will but say now so much as this: we Catholics, inheriting from the South a keen sense of antiquity, not dead and gone, but possessed by us in living traditions, in ceremonial of great beauty, and in the very words we use from day to day, feel at home with Virgil not otherwise than the poet felt who both imitated and surpassed him.

Virgil the magician, Aristotle the philosopher: to-

these Alighieri looked for inspiration to his chanting, for wisdom or the light of life when he meditated on the volume of God's works. All this, indeed, Mr. Gardner supposes well known to his listening circle. They are not, however, likely to have explored the vast fields of St. Augustine, or the "Sum of Theology" by Aquinas, who himself quotes the so-called Areopagite with a deference on which falls no shadow of doubt. Help must be given them, and with a deft manipulation of passages which will strike their minds as things rare, exquisite, profound, always lighting up some swift procession of verse where the terza rima has hitherto swept by in a cloud. Two points may be noted. The vision that is first shown by means of symbols and corresponding situations along the nine spheres, to be made perfect at last in the highest Heaven, is due to a divine supernatural radiance, known to mystics as the "light of glory." We do not refuse to say with our author, who founds himself on Augustine, that it is the "vision of the intelligible world" figured by "that great Platonist" of Alexandria, Plotinus. It is, even more importantly for our present aim, the vision which St. Paul has touched with a master's pencil in his Second to the Corinthians. Readers now will not expect of me to discourse about such hidden things amid the dust and street-cries of journalism. And my other point is yet more delicate. If, with Mr. Gardner, we define mystic knowledge to be the "science of love," its mere name cannot but daunt us. Either we must speak to the initiate—who will smile at our conceit and ignorance—or to the crowd—which, as a crowd, is always profane except when kindled by enthusiasm. Even the mystic, writing that which adepts will read, is constantly falling into the allusive allegorical manner that screens the too ardent blaze. Our present volume, addressing the intellect rather than the "deep heart," is restrained; one might go so far as to call it a discourse to the passer-by, who will never cross the temple doorstone. Perhaps it becomes more intimate when the life and death of St. Francis, which Dante has versified from Bonaventura—not from Celano, nor from Brother Leo—gives an historical setting to the doctrine of love and poverty. That is a fine chapter.

Staying thus outside the veil, we might talk a little of books and authors—how the Greek Plotinus, the Roman African Augustine, the Irish Richard of St. Victor, the German Mechthild, agree with Francis, Aquinas, Dante, in the science of divine things; and how the unique poem has drawn them all into its sphere

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

Time, Death and Judgment.
By G. F. Watts.

of light, music and harmonious movement round the source of their desire. Commentary on the Paradiso from this point is rather beginning than exhausted. Mr. Gardner promises a long wished-for monograph on Joachim of Flora and the "Eternal Gospel." I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing it in good time. He is rightly careful of Dante's orthodox relation to Joachim, which has been misconstrued. I will signal another task for the brave scholar yet to come. These Christian mystics were not monists. But how shall we distinguish their philosophy, as it stands crystal-clear in the Paradiso, from that of which Persian poets like Jelal-el-Rumi and Ferid Ud-din Attar have been the ecstatic singers? Resemblances, differences, contrasts, invite the labours of an age destined probably to behold the religious invasion, growing steadily to a crisis, of the West by the East.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt. Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best original ballad in not more than forty-eight lines.

II.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original drawing, humorous or otherwise, illustrating the title of any book mentioned on any page of this number of THE BOOKMAN.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original Lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 2nd June next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st July if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN *for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original Ballad is divided, and HALF A GUINEA has been sent to Miss Violet D. Chapman, of Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset, and HALF A GUINEA to Mr. B. R. M. Hetherington, of Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle, for the following:

A BALLAD OF COLOURS.

"Oh give me my girdle of milk-white pearls,
And robe me in purest white,
And set a white rose in my golden curls,
For I am to wed to-night—
And white is the colour that best beseems
The heart of a maid in her bridal dreams!

"Oh give me my girdle like sapphire seas,
And my robe of the azure sheen,
For I shall dandle his babe on my knees,
Ere ever the Spring be green—
And blue was the colour that Mary wore
When she on her bosom the Christ-Child bore!

"Oh give me my girdle of ruby flame,
And my gown of the crimson bright,
Lest my wan white face put my heart to shame,
For my Lord is gone forth to fight—
Oh red is the colour of fire and strife,
And red is the hue for a warrior's wife!

"Oh give me my girdle of deepest jet,
And my robe of the sable dark,
For the arrow that deep in his heart is set
In my spirit hath found its mark—
Oh black is the shade of the funeral bier,
And black is the sorrow that knows no tear!

"Oh give me my girdle of amethyst stone,
And my robe of the purple hue,
For the babe's sweet sake I will hush my moan,
As my Lord would have me do—
For purple is royalty's signet-ring,
And my little son is the son of a King!"

VIOLET D. CHAPMAN.

IN THE DAY OF THE EAST WIND.

(THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.)

They looked across the level lands
At daybreak as the sun arose;
They wrung their bony, fleshless hands
Distraught with watching for their foes.
"O God of Hosts," the burghers said,
"Send us help for we are sped,
For we are starving, dying, dead."
And still the east wind blew.

Said one, "The dykes are cut in vain,
This east wind blows the water back.
Yet were we dolts to yield to Spain,
To face the thumb-screw and the rack.
The east wind rakes the bitter sky,
The fields that should be swamped are dry,
And we are left indeed to die."
And still the east wind blew.

Said one, "What profits all this moan?
Though we should die we trust in Him.
A space, and ye shall yet be shown
How He will teach our foes to swim!
He holds the waters in His hand,
And eke the winds at His command:
Lo, He shall save the faithful land."
And still the east wind blew.

By permission of Fredk Hollyer.

The Seamstress.
By G. F. Watts.

Photo by A. Rischgitz.

At the Window.
By G. F. Watts.
(Lowndes Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum.)

They climbed once more the city wall
With dragging feet, with listless feet;
The pestilence was like a pall
That hung above each silent street.
They scanned once more the Spanish line
That ringed them like a serpent's spine,
But out of Heaven there came no sign.
And still the east wind blew.

Photo by A Rischgitz.

Prayer.
By G. F. Watts.
(Manchester Gallery.)

Yet lo, at eve, when hope was gone,
The wind to westward veered around,
It blew the salt sea-water on
And swamped the Spaniard's camping-ground.
At morn where trees and fields had been
And meadows with their trampled green
A tossing flood of brown was seen.
And lo, the west wind blew.

With loaves and victuals weighted down,
O the blessed wind and sea!
The ships sailed into Leyden town
And cast their loads upon the quay.
O ye winds and waters praise
God the Ancient of all Days,
He who Leyden siege did raise.
While the west wind blew.

B. R. M. HETHERINGTON.

We also select for printing:

BALLAD OF NIGHT.

Behind the sunset's dying scorn
I marshal my array;
I fling my lamps aloft to warn
The sentinels of day;
Then on I creep to kiss the blue
That hangs 'twixt earth and sky:
For few can woo as I can woo,
And none can kill as I!

I spread the hamlet with my pall,
I cloak the twilit down;
I ride upon the sea, I crawl
Into the aching town;
I watch with sorrow, sin and strife,
I see proud virtue fly:
For few know life as I know life
And none knows death as I!

I hide the childless mother's grief;
The drunkard's sordid crime;
The stricken Christian's unbelief,
The ravages of Time.
I pluck each mask in devilry,
And heap them mountains high!
For few dare see what I dare see
Yet none so blind as I!

I shudder down the silent street—
Across the ghostly lawn,
And out along the hills to greet
My cold, pale lover, Dawn.
And as he gazes on my soul
He lives that I may die:
For few pay toll as I pay toll
And none exacts as I!

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

LORO.

A BALLAD.

Where the bubbling moorland stream
Smoothed the top of every boulder,
Loro sat, in pensive dream;
Mists of noon-day, to enfold her,
Wove a web of rosy brightness;
In the water cool,
Hung one foot of snowy whiteness,
Loro of the pool.

Softly, wrapt in sunny mist,
Gurth, a knight, rode through the heather;
Rode to keep his marriage tryst,
In the drowsy summer weather.
Sad he rode, with brow o'er-laden,
Not as lovers ride;
For he did not love the maiden
Pledged to be his bride.

Loro, woken from her dream,
Saw his shadow on the boulders,
Turned, and saw his trappings gleam,
Shook the hair from her bare shoulders,
Drew the small foot back and hid it
'Neath her cotton gown:
Would he harm her? God forbid it!
Loro slim and brown.

When he spied her, shy, afraid,
Gurth forgot his tryst the morrow;
He had never seen a maid
Half so fair as timid Loro.
Swiftly her slim form he lifted
To his saddle-bow;
On his cheek her black hair drifted,
Soft as midnight snow.

"Swift, o'er heathered hillocks ride!
By the songful lark above me,
Loro, you shall be my bride,
Moorland maiden, you shall love me!"
Spell of dreamy magic bound her,
Soft her black eyes grew,
All her rich hair fell around her,
Child of sun and dew.

(M. D. Baynes, Edgehill, Teignmouth.)

We hesitated over giving the second half of the prize to Mr. Cyril G. Taylor—the false rhyme in his first verse deciding us against doing so. Good ballads, some of equal merit with the two last we have printed, have been received from E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Winifred A. Cook (Birkenhead), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), E. Irene Seaton (Boxmoor), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), John D. Smith (Milngavie), Edith Furniss (Birkenhead), Marjorie W. Crosbie (Wolverhampton), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Dorothy Seward (Cambridge), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), Stanley Simpson (Birkenhead), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood), Headley V. Storey (Brighton), Lorna Fane (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), A. W. Jay (Devonport), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Verne D. Rowell (Ontario), Malcom G. Campbell (Glasgow), Jack Blanstein (Bloomsbury), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Maud Marion Burnell (Ashford), G. Vivian, Violet E. Harley (Harrow), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Gwendolen D. Harold (High Barnet), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), Agnes Lack (Margate), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), A. J. Killoran (Forest Gate), Laura M. Mills (Lismore), Josephine M. Lumley (Newcastle-on-Tyne), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), B. M. Morris (Bath), Frances A. Mantes (Halifax), Mrs. W. Glazier (Streatham), C. W. Martin (Plumstead), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Louis Golding (Manchester), Eva Martin (Golder's Green), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), S. B. Irene Bull (London, W.C.), Betty F. Kirby (Hoylake), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), Edward Gleave (St. Helens), James McClay (Bangor), A. Eastwood (Southampton), Doris Dean (Bromley), Miss C. M. Walkerdine (London, S.W.), Emily F. Ife (Plumstead Common), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Mrs. M. E. George (Lewes), E. W. Taylor (Newport), Ivan Julius Collins (Northampton), Doris Smith (Burton-on-Trent), C. R. Price (Wellington), Doris Rochefort (London, N.), Rodney Bennett (Isleworth).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Quotation is awarded to Miss A. M. Strickland, *care of* Miss Church, Hale, Farnham, Surrey, for the following:

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

G. F. Watts.
October, 1889.

THE CHINESE REPUBLIC AND ITS FUTURE.
REVIEW BY PHILIP D. SERGEANT.

"It cannot be—it is—it is,
A hat is going round"
O. W. HOLMES—*The Music Grinders.*

We also select for printing:

HOBSON'S CHOICE.
By G. G. CHATTERTON. (John Long.)

"Only this, and nothing more."
EDGAR ALLAN POE—*The Raven.*

(Edward Ward, 112, Chichester Road, South Shields).

HOW TO LISTEN TO AN ORCHESTRA.
BY ANNIE W. PATTERSON.

"I was all ear."
MILTON—*Comus.*

(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

"BECAUSE OF JANE."
BY J. E. BUCKROSE.

"I am a man who is preoccupied."
WALT WHITMAN.

(M. Cornish, 5, Essenden Road, Belvedere.)

THE BURNING QUESTION.
BY G D. LICHFIELD. (Putnam.)

"I hope the poor man is insured."
HOOD—*Don't You Smell Fire?*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

III.—The Prize for the best original Photograph illustrating the title of any recent book is divided, and we are sending TWO NEW BOOKS to Miss E. A. Pearson, of Fleet, Hants, and TWO NEW BOOKS to Mr. F. C. Davis, of 46, Hill Road, Weston-super-Mare, for the two Photographs we reproduce on page 8. Several other good Photographs have been sent in, the best and aptest being the one by Mr. Ernest S. Heron, of 13, Grange Road, Chester, which we also reproduce on page 9.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Carr, of Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, for the following:

WHEN I WAS A CHILD. BY YOSHIO MARKINO. (Constable.)

This story of the author's youth, serious and touching, despite its quaint English, is in one respect unique. The mission scholar is generally too plastic and uncritical. Mr. Markino, who in his eager boyhood starved to attend an American mission college at Nagoya, is a Samurai, trained in *bushido* from infancy. His pages show the impact of Western ideas and Christian theology upon an Oriental mind of fine type—sensitive, just, independent, and philosophic. The failure of his teachers to impress their ideals upon this earnest nature should teach our proselytisers the need of greater knowledge, wisdom, and modesty.

We also select for printing:

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE.
BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Williams & Norgate.)

Mr. Chesterton has condensed his wide knowledge of Victorian literature into a concise, critical survey which should enlighten and stimulate public literary taste. Commencing from Cobbett, he marshals the great writers of the period through his pages, focussing their salient qualities and significance on to our attention, linking them up in a chain of criticism that brings us finally to the Shaw-Wells-Kipling finger-post pointing through present-day letters. The author's intimacy with his subject, his peculiar powers of criticism, and the compelling style that stamps his

work with individuality, together give this little book real value and interest.

(Alan C. Fraser, Highlands, Dodington, Bridgwater.)

HELEN REDEEMED AND OTHER POEMS. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan & Co.)

One feels that Mr. Hewlett is not altogether successful when he essays poetry; in "Helen Redeemed," he has chosen an ambitious theme and at times his ideas are fine, but the expression of them is often rugged and uncouth. The lines are unmusical and fall unpleasantly on the ear. In his determination to rise above the mediocre his verse has become laboured and strained; it appeals to our intellect, but it fails to charm us; it is passionate but it leaves us cold. It appears as if the author feared to be tender lest he should cease to be robust.

(Sybil Waller, 27, St. George's Road, London, S.W.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Rev. L. Green (Bootle, Liverpool), Miss Richey (Belfast), Emily Gisby (Newbury), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), A. Compton Ellis (Stoke-on-Trent), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Eva M. Martin (Golder's Green, N.W.), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), R. J. Pocock (Oxford), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington, N.), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs), James A. Richards (Tenby), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss Bradshaw Ishergood (Colchester), Frank Haigh (Halifax), Norah Hemdryk (Woolton, Lancs), Frances D. Watson, (Heaton Moor, Lancs), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), Bernard C. Gillott (Alfreton), Ivan Adair (Rathmines, Dublin), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), Miss A. N. Strickland (Farnham, Surrey), C. H. Keith Hebblethwaite (Nottingham), John W. N. Sullivan (Highbury New Park, N.), W. H. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Susan Jesse (Salisbury), John J. Gurnett (Shoeburyness), Mrs. E. K. Marshall (Merton Park, S.W.), W. Maurice Wilson (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to "The Bookman" is awarded to Mr. E. F. Thomas, of 3, Rangemore, Prestwich, Manchester.

New Books.

ELTON'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

Professor Elton's book on our literature of the great romantic era, from 1780 to 1830, is a survey on a great scale of the master and minor specimens of literary art during the whole of this period. The epigraph from Hazlitt—"I have endeavoured to feel what is good, and to give reason for the faith that was in me, when necessary, and when in my power"—is justified by the result. To comment adequately upon a commentary so saturated and so erudite would be the work of about ten years. Upon every production of the period that came up in turn for review, the author's last word has been: "How has he got at this?—what does it mean for me?—how does it wear?—is it well done?" Applying this to the author's "survey," the answer must be with monotonous iteration: "By unflagging study—the work penetrates and suggests, rarely dogmatises—it is bound to appreciate in value (rare though this is in a work of criticism)—it is admirably done, not only as a whole, but in every part." It is, in short, one of those books which, in a period of depression about literature, when books about books are felt to drag a lengthening chain of insincerity and "tosh" (as a much admired critic once described to me all books about Shakespeare and Shelley), makes one feel that after all the literary endeavour is worth while; that there is such a thing as deep feeling and high-class brain work upon the thought and expression of past ages; that books about books may be engendered in some other fashion than by being thrown at the heads of impecunious authors by ravening editors or jaded literary advisers in their annual circumnavigation of the cyclopædias. There are none of these mechanical aids to production here. The book tingles with life and spontaneity. One can almost see the sap rising as one proceeds. The book is charged, as a whole, with the secret of life which is the secret of power, and this spirit of enthusiasm pervades every artery and penetrates to every leaf. The preliminary chapter of transition, of foreshadowing and first stirrings of romantic renaissance, at once strikes the note and shows the hand of a master, though it is, perhaps, the least masterly in the book, in the sense that it is not quite so perfectly subordinated in scale and perspective to the main design of the book as the long score of its fellows. Crabbe and Cowper are excellent, and the discussions such as those on the anti-revolution satire, scientific poetry, and the dispute about the harp of Pope, prepare us for the thoroughness and complete mastery of controversial detail which receives the fullest confirmation in the notes associated with each chapter at the end of the volume by way of appendix. The author's full power flashes out for the first time, I think, in his description, in chapter four, of Burns in relation to his landscape. Here there was a gleam of good guidance from Angellier; but Mr. Elton has made a new exposure and developed the whole plate anew for himself and for us with exquisite results:

"Burns lived nearer to the brown earth, upturned for sowing and crowded with life, than any other of our poets. But he does not, in general, portray scenery for its own sake, though he can do so brilliantly. It is a habitation for men and dumb creatures, a background, a chorus, a thing subordinate to the life that swarms in it. It is alive itself, not in any pantheistic way after the manner of Wordsworth or Shelley, and it offers to Burns no religion and no instruction. Sometimes, certainly, it is an occasion for something a little declamatory or half-sincere, as in some of his most famous pieces, like those to the mouse or the daisy. In the latter poem Burns is not free, save for half-a-dozen admirable stanzas, from a suspicion of strain, any more than Chaucer, in his treatment of the same flower, is free from a suspicion of exquisite convention. The comparison of the plough-torn daisy to the artless victim of misplaced confidence and to the simple bard himself is a piece of rhetorical emotion. He is best when he describes without such afterthoughts (quoting 'The Brig of Ayr'); and Burns is equally sensitive to the happiness of rapid, and yet peaceful, water. But he does not speak of mountains or of solitudes, which he does not visit. His country is low, and rolling, and flat—Ayrshire and thereabouts. It is not thickly peopled, except with wild creatures, and of those he knows all the sounds. He hears the curlews call, and the paitricks whir, and the bitterns roar, and the corncrakes clamour. He also knows the colour of the holiday

Photo by A. Rischgitz. **Tennyson (1859).**
By G. F. Watts.
From the original in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset.

* "A Survey of English Literature, 1780–1830." By Oliver Elton, D.Litt., Professor of English Literature in the University of Liverpool. 2 Vols. (Arnold.)

Photo by A. Rischgitz.

Carlyle (1877).
By G. F. Watts.
(National Portrait Gallery.)

dresses, and catches the glitter of the silks and scarlets on the women 'skelping barefoot' to the Holy Fair. Transient lights do not escape him; the greedy glower of the elder at his twopence in the plate, or the moonbeams glancing through every chink in Alloway Kirk. Everything is seen in movement; he has comparatively few pictures of 'still life.' Things flash by, or the wind sweeps the voices along."

There is a long chapter on Blake, full of perception and, to my mind, intuition, but without extravagance, and a delightfully cool estimate and criticism of Miss Austen. The minor novelists are touched in with the rarest grasp of detail, the result, doubtless, of assiduous piece-work, but giving the impression of almost superhuman memory. A very honourable space is allotted to my favourite, J. J. Morier—possibly too much, for he is essentially a *homo unius libri*, the first instalment of *Hajji Baba*. The chapter on Sir Walter of Waverley, to my mind, occupies the summit of the book; and although I am fairly read in the general literature of the subject, including the notable appreciations by W. P. Ker and Charles Alexander Young, I do not think that any one of them in sweep, rapidity and range quite comes up to the wonderful survey here given of the great mountain chain of romance.

The second volume, taken as a whole, strengthens—more than sustains—the first. Mr. Elton is a little hard on Southey, the bent of whose genius he seems to think (as Henry James, senr., thought of Carlyle), might have been for comedy. Surely, but for the long tyrannous epics, "Southey might have done more in the low-lying forms of poetry, which have a scent of the autumnal earth." The cardinal chapters on Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley are solid, original, magistral. But Mr. Elton is nothing if not catholic and judicial, qualities most incumbent upon a surveyor upon this scale. He startles not a little when he buds the least expected of epigrams—"*Ear*less on high stood unabash'd Byron"—but in the end he is fair, even to *Lara*. Over De Quincey and Landor he is more apt to rhapsodise than I should be. Lamb and Hazlitt are excellent. Coming straight from the ripe accumulations of Mr. Gooch, I do not appreciate his chapter on "The Historians" quite so highly. Once more the ensemble is very remarkable, and confers to my mind upon Elton as a critic the breadth and interestingness of a Brandes.

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George Meredith.
By G. F. Watts.

A caution may be administered to readers of this very advanced and concentrated critic, who enjoys also the distinction of being one of the very few prose-masters of his craft. Like Acton's book on the "French Revolution," or Lang's on the "Border Ballads," it postulates a considerable knowledge of the subject-matter and, the nearer the reader is to his originals and first impressions, the more will he appreciate the subtle artistry and unerring taste of his guide. Even then the critical paste is so highly concentrated that it will be to his advantage to consume but small quantities at a time. Mr. Elton does not care very much for colourless and scentless prose, the prose that merely says things, the prose that M. Jourdain found that he had been talking all his life—prose without an atmosphere, and *a fortiori* without magic or enchantment. It is vibratory or associational prose that he aims at, pretty continuously. Every adjective that he uses is charged with echoes and associations; there is always a hinterland of suggestion back

and beyond of the straightforward and superficial meaning. The medium of the critic is in a very high degree figurative, and this makes the full volume of his meaning often very hard to be quite sure of. Well though the present work deserves translation, one recognizes at once that it would be a very hard book to translate.

Most historians, whether political or literary, experience the fatigue of continuously originating new ideas, new epithets, the incommodity imposed upon the *litterateur* alone among artists, of at all times and all costs meaning something. The boon of a background of a mechanical kind which an apprentice may fill in, the breathing space of cheers, "laughter and applause," or the legitimate relief of a "da capo" are denied to the writer who must go on perpetually varying the pattern. As a rule, however, the historian finds a good deal of ease in paraphrasing the conclusions of other writers, quoting at ample and sometimes superfluous length, using conventional epithets and summing up exhausted and more or less superannuated verdicts.

All "sugaring" of this kind appears to be held by Mr. Elton in unequivocal detestation and contempt. He revels in new collocations, in new epithets—in one random page, for instance, I find applied to the work of Hazlitt such unusual adjectives as "clayey" and "rodent," while the impress of life upon the writer is compared to "surf-bathing," which takes the breath away—he hates a flat, time-worn phrase, as Sir Andrew hates a Puritan; these delicate implications shake off the mob that scours the rutted highway, and our author is felt often when he is at his best to be emphatically addressing a select audience of ticket-holders within closed doors. Mr. Elton talks a little contemptuously at times, it must be confessed, of the "bookman." Southey, says he, is a dead poet, a bookman, a journeyman in verse; and yet he is emphatically, I incline to think, a bookman himself. He gets his results unsparingly by the distillation of innumerable tomes. Such distillations, however exquisite, are not for the taste of all. As a fifth essence or *suprême* of the literature of a whole epoch, they are, of course, pretty rich food these twenty-six chapters; and one goes dogging back after them pretty contentedly to a fare of biscuit and water—for a time. But, as the generations wheel round, and we approximate once more to a more bookish age, I can imagine that these select audiences will grow out of all knowledge, and that there will be a vogue, as compelling as that of the moment for the dialect of the "Western World" (in other words the western slope of Ireland), for the Eltonian epithet. These epithets, these figures, are *recherché*, no doubt; they have not the cryptic power of such catchwords as "Glory be!"; but they are also far less monotonous. They require, it may be said, that the audience should not merely hear, but should overhear them. And I can imagine our professor in blue and buttons, like the good antiquary, lifting the latch of some superb bard of the past age, hearing a tremulous voice chanting some mystic rune, instinctively grasping his pencil and memorandum book, and refusing to budge backward or forward until he has got the trick of the thing, and pinned it down with its solitary adjective.

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Swinburne.
By G. F. Watts.

"'Hush, hush!' said the antiquary, 'she has gotten the thread of the story again.' And as he spoke she sang:

"'They hae saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.'

"'Chafron!' exclaimed the antiquary, 'equivalent, perhaps, to *cheveron*—the word's worth a dollar'—and down it went in his red book."

Where the antiquary, who was a close man and looked narrowly at spot silver, said "worth a dollar," we, in the slang of the day, say "priceless." Well, there are many dollars'-worth of such words in these two volumes—beautiful words that vibrate, of which romantic prose-writers with a turn for poetry, whose names end in "ton," have a monopoly. But these two volumes are worth many dollars to the student who loves good books and their authors. As a faithful, minute and highly competent survey of the salients and re-entrants of a whole literary epoch, they have no equal, and hardly a distant rival.

Professor Schelling has, I believe, attempted something of the kind for the Elizabethan era. But, in the first place, the apparatus was not to be compared to that accumulated, by Mr. Elton. In the second place Schelling is incomparably inferior as a writer to Elton. The *materia critica*, too, is all in favour of the later period. Finally, in variety and profundity of literary genius, the period 1780–1830 is, taken as a whole, decidedly more opulent than the Elizabethan.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

IBSEN'S MASTERPIECE.*

It is possible that those who know "Peer Gynt" in the original will find a hundred faults in Mr. Roberts's translation. Those of us who are not acquainted with the original will be amazed rather by his virtues. Mr. Yeats once said, in a fine sentence, that "in vital translation . . . a work of art does not go upon its travels; it is re-born in a strange land." In the present volume "Peer Gynt" is re-born into the English-speaking world. In other words, the soul of the play is saved alive, and "Peer Gynt" sweeps along in its new dress with the joyous ease of a masterpiece. It is Mr. Roberts's mastery of the play as a whole that makes it hardly worth while to pause to denounce the occasional outrage of a bad rhyme, or the occasional collapse of a rhythm into prose. In sitting down to translate "Peer Gynt" into English rhyme, while preserving the metres of the original, Mr. Roberts obviously undertook a work calling for great skill as well as understanding. Rhymed translations are, as a rule, the accursed thing. It is only in the hands of an exceptional man that a rhymed translation is more than a lifeless paraphrase. Mr. Roberts's is never that. He seems to me to have caught far more of what might be described as the fantastic and tragic humour of the play than did Mr. William Archer and his brother in the only other translation that has been published in English. Mr. Roberts has, of course, used the Archer translation freely, as he acknowledges. But he has made his borrowings his own. There is not a trace of the poverty of the second-hand about his work.

If we may judge by the reception given to "The Pretenders" by the dramatic critics when it was produced the other day at the Haymarket Theatre—since I wrote this, alas! the play has failed—England is at last getting ready to welcome Ibsen into its domestic circles. So determined a realist, so daring a moralist, so contemptuous a smasher of public idols, could hardly have expected to be tolerated by respectable people until he was dead—dead and pedestalled, and himself a fit object for the idol-smashers of a later generation. Now that Nietzsche and Strindberg have assailed the public ear, however, quiet people may well ask themselves whether after all Ibsen was not a good deal of a Christian. He glorified self-realisation, indeed, but—and this is true of "Peer Gynt" especially—he interpreted self-realisation, not as a shrill Imperialism of the soul, but as a losing of the self and a re-discovery of it in love. When Mr. Roberts, in his recent book on Ibsen, tried to assimilate the moral idea running through Ibsen's work to the Christian theory of the Atonement, I was inclined to disagree violently with him. But as I read "Peer Gynt" again, I feel much more open-minded on the point. On the other hand, is Mr. Roberts on such warrantable ground when he argues that in the end Peer is saved from the Button-moulder, not by Solveig's love for him, but by his love for Solveig? It is one of those points in regard to which one might easily fall into quibbling. But surely the answer Solveig gives to Peer, when he asks her where his real self has been all his life:—

"In my faith in my hope, in my love wast thou"—

is against Mr. Roberts's contention. It is one of the many virtues of his introduction, however, that it provokes the reader into a running fire of argument. On the other hand, it must not be thought that his sole concern with "Peer Gynt" is with its moral ideas. "Peer Gynt" may, in one aspect, be a many-coloured and delightful statement of the idea that self-sufficiency is merely a form of self-slaughter. Most essentially of all, however, it is the riotously brilliant comedy of a man. Peer Gynt can hardly be denied a place beside Don Quixote, and Falstaff, and the other great comic characters in literature. He is the self-seeker, with day-dreams taking the place of ideals, as he has never been portrayed in literature before or since. He is undoubtedly the self-seeker portrayed by the critical intellect no less than by the imaginative intellect. But what a wealth of fancy, of laughter, of humanity has gone to his making! Even Ibsen never gave us such another portrait again.

ROBERT LYND.

* "Peer Gynt." By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by R. Ellis Roberts. 5s. net. (Secker.)

LIFE'S MANY-COLOURED TWIST.*

Miss Sinclair has reached the height of her achievement in this book. Since "The Divine Fire" she has had inequalities. One was not sure of her grip on life. "The Creators" had pauses, *longueurs*. The ground work of it was artificial. With "The Combined Maze" she has justified the very highest expectations her greatest admirers can have had of her; and she has been extravagantly advised.

"One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it."

The word, the glorious word, so often cheaply and easily used, genius, is in the mind of the present reviewer entirely in place concerning "The Combined Maze." Once before, in "The Divine Fire," Miss Sinclair gave us a hero out of that stratum of London life which lies midway between the middle-class and the people. I am not sure now that Ricky persuaded. In my secret heart even a woman of genius could not altogether make me believe that Ricky would have been loved by the exquisite Lucia. One demurred, hesitated. With Ranny of "The Combined Maze" there are no doubts, but full and warm and delighted acceptance. I doubt very much that any modern novelist of the creators, among whom Miss Sinclair takes her place, could give us finer than Ranny. He is an absolute triumph. Ranny is the son of a Wandsworth chemist, a clerk in a furnishing shop. He is of his world. He talks in cockney slang; he is something of a *gamin*. He is neither above nor below his class. But for sanity, for honesty, for sweetness, Ranny is an immortal creation. He flashes through the book, white and shining like a Greek god. He is adorable, the very flower of honest and lovely youth. Ranny is made, or at least, finished and polished at the Poly-Gym. He is an athlete as thousands of young fellows like him are. The thing that he most loathed and abhorred was Flabbiness, and after Flabbiness, Weediness. Ranny as an athlete is splendid, morally and physically. There is not an ounce of Flabbiness about him. He is immortally and for ever, Fit.

The odd title of the book is taken from the figure in which all the competitors at the Poly-Gym. displays take part. There is a glorious description of this figure in an early chapter which ought to find its place in an anthology of English prose. In the "Combined Maze" Ranny and his little destined mate, Winnie Dymond, a very strong and tender creation, meet for the first time. Winnie is as Fit, as far removed from Flabbiness as Ranny himself, though she is less splendid, the little brown true mate of the beautiful male.

For a time Ranny and Winnie lose their way. The figure goes dreadfully wrong. Ranny, led away by a momentary passion, marries the wrong woman; and Violet,

* "The Combined Maze." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.).

who was much more than the average sensual woman, is as much almost of an artistic triumph as our white and beautiful Ranny himself. The book ends on a tragic note, but tragedy so uplifted that it is better than commonplace happiness. One has a feeling after one has read the book that it is a very secondary matter whether Ranny and Winnie were happy at last. The thing that matters is that two so Fit, so utterly un-Flabby and un-Weedy as Ranny and Winnie should be shining down there like jewels among the little clerks of London. We take off our hat to Miss Sinclair; she has done a big thing this time. This book has something akin with the great French masterpieces of fiction. But it is to be doubted whether any Frenchman could produce a thing so clean, so radiant as Ranny. There would be the sensual stain which is the uglier when it is sentimental. Our Ranny has his passions like other men, but they are honest passions even when they betray him. The whole drama, unfolded with minute care and detail, is a fragment of life and profoundly moving. Every character is touched in deftly. There is no slovenliness in this art. As for the writing, one does not need to be told at this time of day that Miss Sinclair writes like an artist. The book has humour, which helps one to read the story of Ranny and Winnie to the conclusion with a light heart. It is packed full with wisdom. The thread of life runs out as fast and free, as many-coloured as the human thread in the Combined Maze of the Poly-Gym. Henceforth we shall look with a new interest at the crowds of little clerks and shop-assistants who pour all over London by the early morning trains, wondering if there may be among the steadily rushing mass a Ranny—a Winnie. This is a London novel, and like London, it is packed full with life. There are things Dickensian in it—the group of Ranny's relatives and Ranny's comrades for example. But at times there was a certain quality in the Master—shall we dare to call it Flabbiness?—from which this clean-cut book remains absolutely free. It is a Dickensian quality which made an imaginative child cry out sharply over Martha Peggoty and her bursting bodice: "Oh, I don't like it: I can't bear it. It's *thick*," as though the clear air had suddenly become asphyxiating. The story of Ranny is Fit; it has neither Flabbiness nor Weediness. Ranny is clean as a sword.

Katharine Tynan.

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The Happy Warrior.
By G. F. Watts.

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Sir Galahad.
By G. F. Watts.

THE JUVENILIA OF MR. GEORGE MOORE.*

If you were a vintner would you put new wine into old bottles? If you were a tailor would you put a patch of new cloth into an old garment? If you were the Director of the Louvre, would you hang Manet's brutal and powerful Olympia amongst the tender saints and pale Christs of the cinquecentists? Of course not, and, if you were anyone but Mr. George Moore you would not intrude into a volume of generous and enthusiastic "Impressions and Opinions" written in comparative youth, and now republished, an article entitled "Une Rencontre au Salon" written only yesterday with a pen dipped in cynicism and as out of place and bizarre in its present surroundings as a bull in a china shop. In a Preface written with the becoming weariness of an Old Master, Mr. Moore vouchsafes his reasons:—

"Three weeks ago," he writes, "it had seemed to us that all the beauty spots might be accepted without demur, but on looking into the book again, the article entitled 'Art for the Villa' seemed to us such a ravelled skein that we could not do else than strive to knit it together, and as this proved to be a task beyond our skill, a new article has been substituted, written, we admit, in our later style."

Now, now, Mr. Moore, are you quite frank with us? Are you not a tiny wee bit ashamed of having been once

* "Impressions and Opinions." By George Moore. 6s. T. Werner Laurie.)

young and enthusiastic, once an undisguised hero-worshipper of Balzac, Verlaine, Turgenieff, Zola, Degas, Rimbaud, Lafargue, Shakespeare, Villon, Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, all of whose names adorn these charming pages, and have you not yielded to the temptation to intrude your later rather soured and cynical self into this matter of generous feeling and sentiment? Or can it be that——? But No! Perish the thought that Mr. Moore could not abide to let this volume of "Juvenilia" go forth without just giving a taste of what "we could do an we would, in our later style," lest the chance reader who had never read "Esther Waters" should judge that Mr. Moore had more heart than head.

But a truce to fault-finding. After all the matters written about in these early Impressions are of far greater importance than this or that motive of the author in editing them. It is, for example, well to be reminded that Balzac was not only the creator of the Modern School of Fiction, in which literature set out to compete with painting on its own ground, but that none has surpassed or even approached him in the realistic and pictorial representation of living, breathing, sinning, praying, complex humanity. And it is particularly interesting to recall this earlier storming of the prerogative strongholds of one art by another in these days when we see painting bent on making reprisals, determinately competing with the most subtle form of literary expression. True, we may be bewildered by, we may even deride the Post-Impressionists and Futurists, but we cannot deny—at least I for one cannot—and it seems to me here is the vital point—that these great departures in the Art of Painting fill all of us who give them a chance, with a divine discontent with the art that we have learned to consider consummate, and so remind us that the world is alive, that there is no finality, that we must not sit down, but we must still run if we are to obtain. But here we are going off at a tangent, embroidering when we should be praising. And yet it is a sort of praise, too. For surely in matters of taste we do not want always to acquiesce. We are stimulated to contradict, stimulated to enlarge, stimulated, in a word, to think, to realise.

Take for example the concluding sentences of the Essay on Balzac:

"As God is said to have created Adam from a handful of clay, so did Balzac create the French novel. Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, Goncourt, Bourget and Maupassant have only taken and developed that part of Balzac which individually they superficially represent. In conclusion I will say that as I understand criticism more as the story of the critic's soul than as an exact science, I confess that I would willingly give up *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, etc., for the yellow books."

Well, we are not all going to agree with that, and yet the position is arguable and there is much of the like stimulation in this book. Here is an example of Mr. Moore's hero-worship. Of Zola he writes:

"The man is greater than his books, and that is a great deal for he has written some very fine ones."

Not the finest, for "his genius is but the triumph and apotheosis of commonsense. Wingless, it never rises towards the stars." Here is an example of Mr. Moore's optimism:

"The one invincible thing is a good book. It may be doubted if the world contains a single good unknown poem. If a man were to write a good sonnet and drop it in the middle of the Sahara, the fate that has watched over good poetry through so many centuries would catch it up, and carry it somehow into common repute."

Here is an example of Mr. Moore's sympathy:

"I am not aware," he writes with rare insight, "of any other poet, except Verlaine, who has written solely to tell how weak, how helpless and undistinguished he is in all ways and things."

But I have said enough to send the reader to the book itself, which, notwithstanding some crudity of expression, makes for refreshment and delight, makes us, too, like Mr. Moore more than we have liked him before, much as we have always admired his genius.

G. S. LAYARD.

A GREAT BIBLE CATALOGUE.*

It is ten years since the first volume of this monumental work was published, dealing with the English Bibles in the great collection of the Society. The editors have wisely refused to hurry their labours. To catalogue adequately the Bibles in foreign languages proved a still more serious task; English and English dialects numbered 24, whereas the foreign languages enumerated in the three parts of the second volume amount to no fewer than 604. The editors have completed their task with the same careful scholarship with which they began, and the catalogue is a fine contribution to the bibliography of the Bible, with rich materials for scholars and students. To all who have been engaged in its production, and especially to the responsible editors, the heartiest congratulations must be offered on the appearance of the book. It is a great enterprise, carried out with a care and a technical attention worthy of the subject.

What the volumes before us contain is a series of language-headings in alphabetical order, under each of which is grouped in chronological order, with short bibliographical notes, a list of complete Bibles, Testaments, or separate portions of the Bible. As the editors point out:

"This method exhibits the history of Bible translation in any tongue, and has peculiar value as tracing the evolution of those missionary versions which the Bible Society exists specially to promote. In order to make the sequence complete, we have endeavoured to note each vital link in the lineage of a version, enclosing within brackets such editions as are not represented in the Bible House Library."

The time required for the printing of so large a mass of material has naturally thrown some sections a little out of date. That was inevitable, under the circumstances. In the Polyglot section, for example, as in the list of Latin and Greek texts, some editions have appeared during the last few years which have been too late for insertion. But this was inevitable. No editor can wait *dum defluat amnis*. And the outstanding feature of the catalogue is its wealth of material on the earlier history of editions, its copious and exact information upon the highways and byways of the subject.

Apart altogether from the scientific value of the work, there are repeated glimpses into the history and romance of Christianity afforded by these pages. We are reminded, for example, that almost the whole edition of the first Georgian Bible was destroyed in the fire of Moscow in 1812; that the *editio princeps* of the Old Testament in Irish did not include the Apocrypha, as "the Hon. R. Boyle refused to print those books, though they had been translated"; and that the poor Christians of Aneityum paid for their vernacular Bible by raising £1,200, "the result of fifteen years' toil at arrowroot cultivation." This last item recalls the fact that about 1841, also, "the Eskimo of Labrador out of their poverty sent a thank-offering of three gallons of seal-oil," by way of thanking the Society for the Scriptures which had been sent them. These are more pleasant traits than that recorded of the two Welshmen who started the first edition of the Bible in Welsh but broke up their friendship over "the general sense and etymology of one word."

A remarkable story is told of the earliest complete Bible in Malagasy, which was unfinished when the persecution broke out in 1835. The missionaries managed to complete the version, which they distributed among the Christian islanders, burying other copies for safety.

"These books, which passed stealthily from hand to hand, and were read in secret and at the peril of their owners' lives, became the fuel which kept the sacred fire burning during a quarter of a century of ruthless persecution. When the missionaries returned in 1862, they found that the little band of Malagasy Christians had grown from 200 to over 2,000."

* "Historical Catalogue of the Printed Editions of Holy Scripture in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society." Compiled by T. H. Darlow, M.A., and H. F. Meule, M.A. Vol. II.: "Polyglots and Languages other than English." (The Bible House.)

A remarkable fact, in another direction, is noted with regard to Mr. J. E. Moulton's edition of the Tonga New Testament in 1880:

"This edition was published privately by the translator, owing to the fact that he felt himself unable to comply with the rules of B.F.B.S., which, at that time, required that the *Textus Receptus* should form the basis of all translations issued under its auspices. He seems to have had private access—probably through his brother, W. F. Moulton—to the unpublished documents of the New Testament Revisers, and to have based his own revision on them. Thus the Tonga edition of the New Testament, published some months before the English Revised Version (May 17th, 1881), affords the earliest example of a missionary version directly influenced by that revision."

Dean Burgon would have rejoiced to learn, however, that the edition was prohibited in schools by order of the Tongan Government!

The Gospels, especially Matthew, Mark, or Luke, are naturally the most popular parts of the Bible to be issued in separate editions. I observe Jonah is curiously popular, in this connection, among the Old Testament books. And the Kele-speaking inhabitants of the Congo Free State have Nehemiah in addition to Luke as their total scriptures! The first book which happens to have been rendered into Rarotongan was Galatians, but then it was soon followed by others.

There are only casual points, but they may serve to indicate the wealth and width of interesting material which is to be found in nooks and corners of this great work, apart altogether from its unique value as a bibliography.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., Litt.D.

GEORGE ELIOT.*

Although, probably, George Eliot is no longer a household word to us, the literary pre-eminence of her work amply justifies the "conscientious and prolonged labour" which Miss Deakin has devoted to "the detail of her early life."

We are not, indeed, prepared to accept without qualification the theory, said to have been established by M. Emile Legouis, that the "adolescence of genius" is not only "great enough to engage the investigator's concentrated powers," but, "from the standpoint of literary origins, *more important than any other phase of a career*." But no one can question the interest which must always be felt about the parentage, childhood, and education of a favourite author, especially one who seems to identify herself so thoroughly as George Eliot with the dreams and sufferings of her characters. Her personality, in fact, will carry with it an explanation of that strange mingling of intellectual arrogance and aloofness with passionate sympathy which characterises her art. Miss Deakin, in one of her few critical comments, has quoted the "wise and tender words" of Mr. Gilfil:

"God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellowmen do. . . . Our thoughts are often worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are. . . . We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate actions. We don't see each other's whole nature."

Then she says:

"This was one of the things George Eliot longed to say. That way that God has of seeing us is the way the true artist has; it is the way George Eliot herself had."

This emphatic and picturesque statement, however, does not cover the whole matter, and somewhat depreciates the value of the personal insight which Miss Deakin has specially set herself to afford. For much of George Eliot's power comes from that half-knowledge which we derive from our own experience. As we all know, she put much of herself into Maggie Tulliver; she had faced, in her own person, many of the problems confronting Romola and Esther Lyon, Gwendolen, Dorothea and Will Ladislaw. We may learn, from this "Early Life," how faithfully her novels reflect her deepest convictions on men and life.

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For he had great possessions.
By G. F. Watts.

It proves also that, like her own heroines, she seldom depended on her own judgment, however tenaciously, if not dogmatically, she would pronounce upon the convictions she had acquired. At every stage of her intellectual or emotional development she confesses to an "absolute need of some one person who should be all in all to her and to whom she should be all in all." Probably, without George Henry Lewes, she would never have written a novel. Each of the many religious phases through which Miss Deakin has traced her was due directly to the personal influences. As Miss Meynell expresses it, "in each case the apostolic man becomes the woman's conscience."

Such changes, it will be remembered, were at an end before the publication of her first novel—in her thirty-ninth year. She had then settled down into a broad humanitarianism, subscribing to no definite creed, but convinced "of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith and the spiritual blight that comes with no faith."

Miss Meynell, indeed, defines her ethical code as "uncompromisingly Christian" and "very hard," admitting no possibility of "compromise or dispensation"; "the code of a woman who in her own conduct of life has broken all the pledges made and implied for her by her parentage, kin, and education."

On the personal aspect of this question Miss Deakin reveals more sympathetic generosity, greater subtlety, and—in our opinion—more justice. She endeavours to show that George Eliot never put greater value on the restrictions of conventionality than when she broke them. In her opinion only exceptional circumstances, like her own, could make rebellion permissible. She never resented "the quick condemnation" of "public opinion," however much the misunderstanding of friends hurt her. Privately she held herself justified; and never regarded the teaching of her novels as an atonement. They upheld what she had always believed; what, in her own heart, she felt she had practised.

* "The Early Life of George Eliot." By Mary H. Deakin, M.A. With an Introductory Note by Dr. C. H. Herford. (Manchester University Press.)
"George Eliot." By Viola Meynell. The Regent Library. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Miss Deakin has justified her contention by reliable evidence, perhaps the most valuable part of her work. She also tells us how early in life George Eliot was puzzled by finding that "glory was an attendant on luck instead of on goodness"; and that, like Maggie Tulliver, "at a very early age she got the idea into her head that she would become a person of importance in the world." We find her accepting a "compromise" with her father on the trying question of religious observances; and are assured that, however autobiographical or reminiscent, her books contained no actual portraits from real life. There is, too, an interesting passage about the "tidiness" of her writing, which recalls Mrs. Poyser's dairy; a quality evincing self-discipline and conscientiousness, not entirely congenial to the highest art.

Yet surely it is as an artist that George Eliot will live; by her characterization, her insight and her wit; her genius for dialogue, invention, and narrative. She has given us a glorious gallery of full-length portraits; increasing the number of our intimate friends; and, through them, the problems of life which have an endless fascination for all who care to think. In that sense her work remains, as Dr. Herford puts it, "a great and still unexhausted literary and ethical force." Miss Deakin could not give us too much detail in illustration of her personality and her powers, though only the serious student will wish to follow so closely her various incursions into philosophy. It is not as a thinker that we value George Eliot to-day. The quotations, and deductions, from her letters and journals are most welcome: we could willingly have been spared some of her essays and reviews.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

E. F. BENSON'S NEW NOVEL.*

"The Weaker Vessel" is to be numbered among Mr. Benson's more successful novels. Had it been blessed with humour: had the spirit of the first pages, descriptive of the inner decoration of a church, prevailed throughout; had the dragonish Mrs. Ransome, whose mischief-making virtuousness adds thorns and pains to the narrow path which leads to the strait gate, been humorously instead of cruelly depicted, we might have hailed the book as one of his best: as it is, its strength and sincerity make it notable enough. It is entitled to a wide appreciation.

Has Mr. Benson ever depicted a really nice and truly good woman? Clever enough many of his feminine characters have been; several have proved well-intentioned, all are witty; but, so far as this penman's experience goes, not one of his good women is really living. Eleanor Ransome is an attempt at ideal womanly goodness. She is, we are led to believe, charming; her gentle clergyman-father adores her; she has something of dramatic genius, acts well enough to win the applause of London; in her trial shows wonderful strength and patience, and yet does not convince us that she is quite natural. There is an occasional gushiness of speech and demeanour which would hardly have applied in her case. She is, at all events, a conscientious attempt to realise God's Good Woman. The task set to Eleanor's hand is, certainly, one to test a character and make a woman womanly. It is her part to play the guardian angel and wrestle with the enemy for a weak man's soul. Tired of her step-mother's frequent disapproval and ultra-religious exactitude she goes as governess to a house where a tutor is kept. Harry Whittaker is Nellie's destiny. He has a weak mouth, a physical circumstance promising trouble ahead, which Mr. Benson has before now found significant. Harry has also a genius for play-writing; but there is a bee in his honey, as Nellie, after their marriage, comes to realise. The son of a dipsomaniac, he cannot write without the stimulus of alcohol. His muse is merely jog trot without whisky. Here is the horrid dilemma. He must write to live; yet cannot work without drunkenness. What is he to do? He tries to control his necessity; but that, of course, proves futile. The powers of darkness do not dole out iniquity in measured doses, and he is not blessed with a weak mouth for nothing. Harry drinks, struggles, continues to drink, deceives in order to drink. His wife wrestles with his weakness, and for a time is successful; it almost seems as if she may compel him to write well enough without whisky; then a new force enters, and Eleanor is baffled. Marian Anstruther, except that she has too clever a gift for speech (one would almost think, as Zuleika Dobson puts it, she had often sat at dinner beside Mr. Benson), is an actress, obviously intended to play the part of the naughty siren in cultured melodrama. She is beautiful, sensual, a temptress. From sheer wickedness and jealousy, she wantonly spurs the weakling's tendency, and so sends Harry some days' march nearer doom, making the task of the good wife much harder. The two women are rival forces; one inciting to evil, the other inspiring to good. It is the old, old battle, the time-old battle, and an allegory. The result seems inevitable, when fate, driving a motor-car, hurtles in, and the end is not completely conclusive.

Mr. Benson, it will be seen, has found in this story full scope for his particular gifts. The plot is one of the best-constructed he has yet produced, and the changing scene from clerical to theatrical life lends itself to effective contrast. Although it lacks the saving genial grace of humour, "The Weaker Vessel" is strong work.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "The Weaker Vessel." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

THE BAUDELAIRIAN SPIRIT.*

To what extent modern English literature is indebted to the bizarre genius of Charles Baudelaire can never be stated with anything like scientific precision. Yet few will deny that what has been called the decadence in modern literature, not only in England but in France and Germany as well, owes much of its individuality to that curiously aloof and elusive method of introspective exploitation which achieved its culmination in the work of the author of the "Fleurs du Mal" and "Les Paradis Artificiels." But that influence has not always been direct; it has not always been Baudelairian. When the Romantic movement of the first half of the nineteenth century had exhausted itself in heroics and insurrections, the spirit of personal revolt fell back upon itself, and the literary atmosphere became charged with the more subtle element of introspection. It was as though a world-weariness fell upon the human spirit, and everything that had been hitherto normally attractive became monotonous. Victor Hugo had set the young men of France thinking about themselves as heroes; Byron became a hero. Personality was nothing unless it was picturesque, and the need of being picturesque produced the *poseur*. There had been *poseurs* in every age, but it was not until romance ceased to be objective that anyone ever thought of giving the art of attitudinising in real life a philosophic basis. That distinction fell to the lot of Charles Baudelaire. It was he who gave the English idea of dandyism a new meaning. I say "new" because no one had ever thought philosophically about dandyism before; but what Charles Baudelaire actually did was to interpret for the first time the real and underlying idea of the spirit that produced the dandy. It was an accident that the temperament of Baudelaire found its chief exercise in a peculiarly intense form of the eternal battle between the spirit and the flesh. It might just as easily have happened that the first interpreter of dandyism had been one who had already conquered the flesh by denying it. Indeed, long before Baudelaire, mystics of more than one religion and period devoted ardent lives to such probings of the spirit in relation to the flesh which we associate with the genius of the decadent movement in the literature of modern times. The dandyism of Baudelaire only expressed itself incidentally in the

* "The Influence of Baudelaire in France and England." By G. Turquet-Milnes. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

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Hope.
By G. F. Watts.

clothing of the body; it strove tragically enough to achieve soul-sufficiency, not by tasting, as the old mystics did, all the stars and all the heavens in a crust of bread, but by experiencing purgatory in every sensation. He and his followers were dandies of the spirit because acute consciousness of sin bade them resist not evil, in contradistinction to the older mystics who became dandies of the spirit because they resisted evil. The desire of Charles Baudelaire, as of all those who are in any way akin to him, was to discover in life that ecstasy which is eternity.

"One must ever be drunken," he said. "Everything is in that; it is the only question. In order not to feel the horrible burden of Time that is breaking your shoulders, bending you earthwards, you must be ceaselessly drunken. But with what? With wine, poetry, or virtue, as you will—only intoxicate yourself; and if sometimes, on the steps of a palace, or the greensward of a grave, or in the mournful solitude of your room you wake to find the intoxication diminished or vanished, ask of the wind or the wave, or the star, or the bird, or the clock, or all that flies, all that groans, all that rolls on, all that sings, all that speaks, ask what time it is; and the wind, wave, star, bird and clock will tell you: 'It is time to be drunken.' Lest you should be the martyred slave of time, be ceaselessly drunken! With wine, poetry or virtue, as you will."

In such a passage we have the keynote of human aspiration, although it is stated with a symbolical use of a term generally considered to have no associations with virtue. But virtue with the decadents and the symbolists did not necessarily mean moral goodness, it meant the strength to survive, the power of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego to walk unscathed through the flames of a fiery furnace. This spirit is only Baudelairian in the sense that Baudelaire gave it modern significance, and in that sense Mr. G. Turquet-Milnes has contributed a very useful study to modern literary history by tracing its manifestations from Baudelaire and such of his predecessors as, for instance, Edgar Allan Poe, Aloysius Bertrand and Théophile Gautier, who may be said to have had their influence upon him. Few will be inclined to question Mr. Turquet-Milnes' right to include as coming under the Baudelairian influence such writers as Barbé D'Aurevilly, Paul Verlaine, Joris Karl Huysmans, Stéphane Mallarmé and Maurice Rollinat, but they will feel inclined to say that he has overstated his case by insisting upon the influence in "Villiers de L'Isle Adam" and "Jules Laforgue," just as they will question his belief that there is any marked influence of Baudelaire in the paintings of Degas and Forain or in the music of Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss. Mr. Turquet-Milnes has fallen into the error of all specialists in influences by claiming too much for his subject. Granted pertinacity and dialectical ingenuity, one could prove that Baudelaire fathered all that was modern in the writings of all who succeeded him in point of time. But such a method of critical interpretation is valueless because with equal diligence and equal skill, you could come to much the same conclusion about any other outstanding literary and philosophic genius. This is already being done in the case of Friedrich Nietzsche, and it has been done in the sphere of music with more or less elaboration in reference to Richard Wagner. The commonsense of the matter would seem to be that the wakefulness of ideas is due to the perpetual action and re-action of one interpreter upon another. Influences are rarely direct among the powerful, and it would thus be easier to trace, say, the decadent line of descent among minor than among major poets. The author of "The Influence of Baudelaire" follows a more perilous path, and, of course, a more useful path, by tracing an idea from a distinguished exponent through a succession of exponents often of equal distinction and always standing out of the ruck of common writers. He is not an inspired interpreter, but he is workmanlike, and not without insight. His work has the virtue of clarity and abundant reference to fact; these qualities will make it useful to literary students. No one will deny that the subject is a suitable one for painstaking examination, because everyone knows that Charles Baudelaire is one of the supreme influences of the nineteenth century, not alone because he was a great poet, but because he represented the introspective spirit of humanity in a new, a modern expression. But he himself, as manifest in his work, represented not so much a beginning as the finale of a particular outlook upon life, an outlook ripe for expression at the time as is proved by the fact that so close an affinity as Edgar Allan Poe arose in distant America at the same time. Such influence as Baudelaire exercised upon his contemporaries and their successors is almost negligible compared with their own personal contributions to the literary understanding of life. Indeed, the important thing about the writers dealt with in this book as coming under the influence of Baudelaire, is the tremendous extent to which they did not come under that influence.

Holbrook Jackson.

CALL A SPADE A SPADE.*

This volume follows too fast on Mr. MacGill's previous publications for any material change to be looked for in his method of thought or work, but the new poems in it fully sustain the reputation gained by his "Songs of a Navvy.', It is prefaced by some interesting particulars given by "J.N.D." who, in a few concise sentences, states all the facts of the author's career necessary for the public to know; that is to say, the biographical and bibliographical facts, leaving those of the poet's inner life to be sought for in his "Songs." If these verses are to be accepted as genuine chronicles of his story, Mr. MacGill is, indeed, one of those who have had to "learn in suffering what they teach in song." The woes of most young poets are mainly imaginary, but the hardships, mental as well as physical, told of in these lyrics appear to have been due to the stern logic of life, and Mr. MacGill in no way softens his phraseology when telling them. His sermons are enforced by no slight amount of coarse and ugly language, well calculated to shock the hypersensitive; but vigorous speech is needed to give his characters a vraisemblance to life, whether it is desirable or not to rake so much philological garbage out of the gutter. "Call a spade a spade," but why "turn diseases to commodities"? There are things in this volume which

* "Songs of the Dead End." By Patrick MacGill. 3s. 6d. (The Year Book Press.)

cause the burnished lines of Baudelaire and the versified flagrancies of Verlaine to appear emasculate and flaccid.

Mr. MacGill's powerful pictures of "low life," to use a conventional phrase, will not be deemed suitable subjects for poetry by those who would limit its expression to things of beauty only, but they have a meaning and a mission which can be best expounded in rhyme and rhythm. This is the form in which they can best stir the blood of the sluggish and terrify the tyrannical. The themes and treatment of these poems need not "the light that never was on land or sea," as they have enough inherent fire to kindle the wrath, or invoke the pity of their readers, according to their class, without any extraneous illumination. But not all these lyrics are concerned with the chronic sufferings and sorrows of the poor, or the indictment of their wealthy oppressors, and some of Mr. MacGill's "Songs" go to prove that not all is wrong with the world, and that there is a fair amount of happiness even for the homeless and houseless tramp. Under the most untoward circumstances, "despite the hate insensate which the fates have borne to crush *him* low," the singer can find balm in Gilead, and in "The Navvy's Philosophy," tells of his joy in

"The rustle of the wind-swept trees,
The robin's song at early morn,
The lark's above the crimson corn,
What music in the world like this!

"For me the music of the streams,
The tints of gold on heath and furze,
Where wind-blown gorse clumps shake their spurs,
For me the wonder world of dreams."

Nor does he despair of the future, only he declares the millennium is to be attained not by the pen but by that

"Wonderful navvy shovel! The days are near at hand
When you'll rise o'er sword and sceptre a mighty power in the land."

Happily, "the poetry of the earth is never dead," and however low the divine flame may flicker there is always a bard ready to resuscitate the fire; therefore, Mr. MacGill is willing and able to forsake or forget for the while his crusade against those who "grind the faces of the poor," to carry on the quenchless torch. It would be difficult to surpass the pathos of some of his lyrics of home life. There is unaffected beauty in such pieces as "Fate," where he finds a variation from the old, old refrain of "When we were young, ah, woeful *when*!" in the splendid line, "but *we were happy being young*"; and in such poems, as "Going Home," "Home," "The Return," and other kindred songs. The first named, "Going Home to Glenties," has been felicitously set to music by Dr. Charles Wood, and is likely to become a popular piece for singers. The lines "No More," written on the evictions in Gweedore, on the northern coast of Ireland, are replete with natural sadness, and shadow forth one of those miserable tragedies erstwhile so common in Erin, which the dawning of a brighter day should render no longer possible. The last stanza sums up the whole story:

"Sad, sad thy tale, land of my birth,
Bear witness, wild Gweedore,
Thy children banished o'er the earth.
And they return no more."

Mr. MacGill has many sides to his poetic character: he is not only a strong speaker on behalf of the down-trodden and oppressed, a sweet singer of domestic and pathetic incident, a narrator of startling and sensational deeds, but is richly endowed with humour, that rarest of all qualities amongst poets. In his previous volumes were several sarcastic and trenchant touches of this nature, and in the present work are further instances, as in "The Grave Digger," that jocose personage who finds a place for everybody and who levels all distinctions. It must be owned, however, that Mr. MacGill's power is most strongly manifested in those poems wherein he inveighs against tyrannisers of their brother man. A few lines from his grand invective, "Serfs," well represent his strength in this direction:

"In the lands that the leagueless and lonely, where fugitive, funeral-paced,
The day drags askance from the darkness to glower on the destitute waste . . .
Sullen and lowering and livid, furrowless, measureless, vast,
Pregnant with riches unravished, bearing a recordless past,
Conquer the keeps of its splendour, looting the treasure it holds,
Damming its turbulent waters, rifling its forests and wolds,
Bridling its torrents with bridges, its mountain cliffs battering down,
Turning its wastes to a garden, moulding its rocks to a town,
Flouting at famine and failure, sober to suffer and serve,
Staking their faith against danger in limitless daring and nerve. . . .
And where shall you gather to dare it, men who are fearless and fit,
Primed with unquenchable courage, daring with Berserker grit? . . .
Seek for the men of the highway, ragged, untutored and gaunt,
Men who can wrestle with horror, and jeer at the terrors of want.
* * * * *
And there in the primitive fastness, more like brutes than like men,
They're huddled in rat-riddled cabins, stuck in the feculent fen, . . .
Hemmed up like fleas in the fissures, sweated like swine in the silt,
So that your deserts be conquered, so that your mansions be built.
* * * * *
These are our serfs and our bondmen, slighted, forsaken, outcast,
Hewing the path of the future, heirs of the wrongs of the past."

After such a volley of sonorous verse it is difficult to return to a calm consideration of Mr. MacGill's more conventional themes, and it suffices to say, whatever rank his works may eventually obtain for him in the *chorus vatum*, it is certain that he must be included among the singers of the age; therefore, it behoves him to be all the more fastidious over his productions. If, of necessity, his juvenile verse has been occasionally crude, no real critic can now deny the clarity and superb harmony of his poetry.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

THE "PEOPLE'S BOOKS"—ANOTHER HANDFUL.*

The twelve "People's Books" may be held in one hand. Thin, tidy, pocketable and well printed, they are ideal companions for the railway carriage; but they are not all equally suited to while away a passing hour. We take three out of this parcel on which to speak particularly: "Wordsworth," by Miss Masson, "Nietzsche," by Mr. M. A. Mügge, and "The Bible and Criticism," by Drs. Bennett and Adeney.

Miss Masson's "Wordsworth" is a life, a criticism, and a eulogy in one. The book is as breezy as Lakeland and full of those humorous touches which we fail to find in Wordsworth. The poet's biography is traced minutely from unpleasant childhood to self-satisfied youth, and from youth to didactic manhood, until the curtain rings down on the life which even now by means of its descendants controls English poetry. There are, of course, to-day, dissentient voices; and it would be instructive to have a free unconstrained criticism on Wordsworth from, say, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Tennyson was rightly silent on Browning, his friend; but Mr. Swinburne amused the world with Whitmania. Miss Masson will have it that Jeffrey was a persecutor or a fool, or both, and plaintively asks why it was that Wordsworth's reward was so disgracefully delayed. But there is not much evidence that harsh reviewing does great harm; and, as our author admits, it caused the Idiot Boy to become ludicrously popular. If the new poet has always to create his audience, Wordsworthians cannot greatly complain; their late gleaning has become a fine harvest. The probable explanation of the obstinacy of the review is that Wordsworth always preached, as Coleridge did in prose, and that the purple patches did not prevent the eye being caught by (we quote

* "The People's Books." 12 New Vols. 6d. each. (T. and E. Jack.)

Miss Masson) " what might be called flat prosaic moralising, severe, sententious, heavy and dull." There would have been less Jeffrey had Wordsworth been as good a critic of his own work as he was of poetry in general; but these are unhappy, far-off things. Miss Masson tells us Wordsworth was lovable; this surely would be hard to prove. As a writer he scarcely evokes the feeling with which the names of Chaucer, Shelley, Charles Lamb, and even poor Southey are greeted, and, except perhaps in the one congratulatory remark on Tennyson's " Dora," he was impatient of contemporaries. Who can forget his attributing the failure of " Lyrical Ballads " to the insertion of the " Ancient Mariner," or the letter in which Charles Lamb chastised him in a manner as dignified as it was indignant?

Wordsworth's contribution to thought, apart from his splendid contributions to poetry, was twofold; the importance of the common man and the worship of the common flower. But he does not impress us with his love of individual specimens of humanity; his leechgatherers are looked at curiously as in a museum; and his nature worship, notwithstanding his expression of belief that the flower enjoys its life, never rises to the only consistent position which such an expression demands, that is, the sincere belief in the living consciousness of earth, the mother of us all. This belief Fechner, the physicist, held; this belief was surely Shelley's. However fantastic it may appear, it is a working hypothesis which gets rid of unnumbered difficulties, and the fantasy of to-day may be the demonstration of to-morrow.

Miss Masson is unerring in her enumeration of the finest poems. She is militant for Dorothy; and she is feminine in prefixing " little " to all references to infants (we have counted six). The " Ode on the Indications of Immortality " is as bad a printer's error as the well-known " O for the touch of a vărnished hand."

In Mr. Mügge's admirable introduction to " Nietzsche," we have work by one who has on many occasions dealt with the biography and the eugenic philosophy of the unhappy poet; for surely poet better describes the author of " Zarathustra " and " Beyond Good and Evil " than does any other word. The writer follows Nietzsche through his various changes—so prophetic of the final catastrophe. On one page he is a rollicking beer-drinker, on another a morbid pedant; and, as the scenes of his life unfold, he is enthusiastic soldier, military nurse, professor of philosophy, Wagnerite, anti-Wagnerite, Dionysian, Apollonian, professional pessimist and anti-Christian. Throughout all he was the aphorist. Can it be expected that such an one should be always consistent with himself?

There is, however, no doubt as to the wisdom of writing a brief and clear account of Nietzsche in the " People's Books." *Fas est et ab hoste doceri;* and if ever we want to improve, the first step, as Bishop Butler says, is to know what our enemies think of us. Nietzsche is not only, as a gifted writer calls him, a herald of revolt, he is definite, super-aggressive and apparently simple. The people can understand the main lines of his teaching, and can appreciate the issues. We are all too weak; we want the will to Power; of all the things we profess to believe in Christianity is the worst, a slave-religion, mealy-mouthed, unmanly; it is ridiculous to beget the unfit; it is ridiculous to lose the fit in unmeaning wars; it is ridiculous to have no telos, no architectonic millennium for which to strive; man is yet in the making. But unless he believes in and practises far greater repression than he has been willing to practise in the past, there will be no hope of the coming of superman. Thus, he preaches war and no-war; law and destruction of law; religion and irreligion. The interest lies in this, that all the preaching is done with intense earnestness and in poetic form; the despair lies in this, that when the world has done all, it can but look forward to an Eternal Recurrence of the Eternal Past.

Everyone knows—Nietzsche must have known it in all sane moments—that there is nothing new in the revolt. Christianity itself, by implication, is eugenic; and is directly opposed to modern war-developments and to a great deal of modern custom; the doctrine of eternal recurrence eternally recurs; even the word superman is two hundred years old; and Apollo and Dionysus have been enemies from the beginning of the world. Indeed, one of the most interesting particulars in this interesting philosophy is that it harks back to the early pre-Socratic times.

The little book is throughout clear and fair; occasionally it descends into slang, which now-a-days even a People's book should avoid.

A clear statement on " The Bible and Criticism " has long been wanted. Professors Cheyne's and Hastings' Cyclopædias are well known, but they are beyond most people's purses, and in the compass of a hundred pages Dr. Adeney and Dr. Bennett have given us the results of moderate criticism. By this the Bible has nothing to lose; indeed, the young who, temporarily we hope, have grown distrustful, may return to the Bible with eagerness when they find how little its real content has been lessened by the attacks made on it from the time of Geddes to to-day. The present volume deals with general principles, and after giving the results in the case of individual books, speaks very briefly on the Canon of the Old Testament. The second part is occupied with chapters on the Epistles, the Synoptists and the Johannine writings; and a most suggestive paragraph refers us to Gunkel's " Creation and Chaos," and to the influence of Babylonian tradition on the

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Prometheus.
By G. F. Watts.

Apocalypse. The main conclusions we need not set out; but surely it is a pity not to give more space in a popular book to the Babylonian narratives that deal with the Creation of the world and the Flood. Nothing can be more illuminating than a comparison of this sort. Again, very little is said of a working theory of the development of the canon; and we are not reminded of Luther's strange objection to the beautiful letter of St. James. The writer tells us that Protestantism rejects the Old Testament apocrypha; but when and by whose authority, spiritual or lay, were the apocryphal books taken out of our Bibles? They are in the Genevan Bibles, in the A.V. of 1611, and in complete Bibles published by the University Press.

It is to be hoped that this little volume will be the forerunner of a complete annotated Bible in which the results of criticism are not avoided.

The other volumes include a statement of Psychology in both its aspects by Dr. Watt; interesting and careful accounts of Pond Life by Mr. C. E. Ash, and Zoology by Professor MacBride; a survey of the Eastern Question and Turkey by Mr. C. Macdonald; an historical essay on Wellington and Waterloo by Major Redway; a life of the epoch-making Rhodes by Mr. Ian D. Colvin; a simple everyday law by Mr. C. J. Adams, and a stiff book on the nature of mathematics by P. E. Jourdain. An atlas in colours, though vouched for by Mr. Bartholomew, is perhaps an error; the publication of general atlases in covers measuring five inches by four should be avoided. But in this handful, as in the famous vision-tree, there is meat for all.

ARTHUR BURRELL.

MANY INVENTIONS.

"The Porcelain Lady,"[1] by Frederick Niven, is a well-written and curiously attractive story of journalistic life, as it revolves about a London newspaper office. It is possible that there may be such a place as the Weekly, Daily, and Hourly offices, but it may be well to warn Mr. Niven's readers that they are not to be found every day; if they were, all the world would be journalists, if they could. But if the life is somewhat idealised, Mr. Niven has given us a very pleasant picture of the *camaraderie*, the sympathy and the unfailing helpfulness, which exist between the men and women of the ready pen, and the romance of John Brough and Ruth Winter ends as it ought, though "The Porcelain Lady" has very little to do with it. Mr. Niven generally sustains a high level of writing; it is all the more pity that he sometimes lapses into expressions inconsistent with the dignity of his work.

As might have been expected from so good a scholar and so distinguished a journalist as Mr. Harold Spender, "The Call of the Siren"[2] has many excellent qualities, and his pictures of Bath and the hills about it, Combe Down and Lansdowne, the lanes through Kelston and Swainswick, through which the children, Oliver and Elfie Martin, wandered so happily, have the authentic atmosphere. There are many characters and many incidents not closely related, so that the effect is sometimes confusing, and the author at times leaves the reader unsatisfied. How, for instance, did Johnnie Burrows know that Oliver's father was a thief; whence came the rumour, and having come, how did it die out so suddenly? Even Oliver's remarkable success in a cricket-match would hardly have the effect of making schoolboys forget so sinister a rumour; on the contrary, his greater prominence would lend additional zest to their speculation. But leaving apart such minor blemishes there is much that is excellent in the book, though some pruning would have improved it, and the chapter in which Alice Eardley plays the part of Potiphar's wife to her husband's old friend is full of dramatic power. The characters generally are well drawn, with the exception of the Irishman, O'Brien, who speaks no known language and acts like an imbecile. By the way, what possessed Mr. Spender to call an Orange baronet by the name of O'Brien? An Orangeman would no more be called O'Brien than he would kiss the Pope's toe.

The wild justice of revenge is exemplified in "The Burnt House," by Christopher Stone.[3] The widowed Mrs. Tremayne, still young and beautiful, is obsessed with the desire to accumulate such evidence as will convict Blagg, a drunken tradesman, of the malicious burning of her home. To this end she employs a friend of Blagg's to spy upon him and ascertain his whereabouts on the night of the fire. When simple-minded people employ amateur detectives the result is all but inevitable. Hillier, the detective, draws large sums of money from his employer and produces no evidence, until at last Mrs. Tremayne has her eyes opened and angrily dismisses him. One part of the problem is solved by the opportune death of Blagg of a paralytic stroke, the other by the return of Mrs. Tremayne's old lover, John Dethick. Quite a readable book, and the writing above the average.

"The Sword," by C. A. Benton,[4] is evidently a first novel, but it shows considerable promise. The female characters are ably drawn, but that of the hero is not very well realised. Desirée St. Just, young, vivacious, and handsome, under the shadow of a husband serving a term of penal servitude for fraud, is a pathetic figure, and her renunciation of the man she loves at the last moment touches a poignant note. Miss Benton must use her adverbs more sparingly in dialogue. The reader should be allowed to infer the meaning of such expressions as "whimsically," and "quizzically," etc., if they have any meaning, from the context.

Mr. Bernard Capes has the art, rare amongst English writers, no doubt through lack of encouragement, of telling a short story as it ought to be told. In "Bag and Baggage"[5] he does this often enough to justify the reproduction of these stories which have for the most part appeared originally in magazines. But he does not always. "Beneath Dark Wings" began excellently well, and if it had been half the length it would have been an effective piece of work. But the introduction of the dissertation on the spectrum analysis marred the effect by reducing to scientific terms the elements of mystery. The best of a good lot is undoubtedly "The Soft Seraphic Screen," a very terrible story, but told with consummate skill, of the inherited taint of alcoholism, which ends inevitably in a final catastrophe. The stories in lighter vein are good, but none so good as this.

It is a tribute to Mr. Desmond Coke's skill that, although none of his characters are likable and win our sympathy, "Helena Brett's Career"[6] holds one's interest. Hubert Brett, a fourth-rate novelist of proportionate vanity, was in his bachelor days "gey ill to live with," as his sister found to her cost. When he married Helena Hallam he meant her to be a great man's plaything in his leisure moments. Helena soon found that she had a formidable rival in her husband's work, and being left much to herself, she sought other diversions, and as the family pot was with difficulty coaxed to boil, Helena blossomed out into the anonymous author of a work entitled "Confessions of an Author's Wife." If the secret had been kept all might have been well; but it wasn't, for the publisher was a bad man and could not resist the temptation to make more money by breaking the contract of inviolable secrecy, and the fat was then in the fire. Helena apologises to her husband for having written such a bad novel that it had an instant success. But he, remembering his own dwindling circulation, is not to be appeased. But a *deus ex machinâ* arrives to solve the difficulty, and with what success we must leave Mr. Coke's readers to judge for themselves.

"The Ways of Eve," by Roy Meldrum,[7] is a bright and pleasant story, written round the claim to an estate, and the temporary impoverishment of the person in possession. There are, however, no grim tragedies and only enough

[1] 6s. (Martin Secker.)—[2] 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—[3] 6s. (Martin Secker.)—[4] 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—[5] 6s. (Constable.)—[6] 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—[7] 6s. (Melrose.)

trouble to remind one that the world, albeit a pleasant place enough, is not yet quite a Garden of Eden. The book ends with a wedding breakfast and the felicitous compliments generally associated with such an event, and what more can one desire?

H. A. H.

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Physical Energy.
By G. F. Watts.

PHILIPPE-ÉGALITÉ'S EGERIA.*

"The front row of women of letters of the second class" is the place to which M. Émile Faguet assigns Madame de Genlis in the preface he has written for M. Harmand's careful biography; and Sainte-Beuve, who seems to have read but three of her hundred and thirty volumes, pronounced her style to be always good, but never better. Indisputable as are both these criticisms, they say but half the truth about Madame de Genlis. In the days of our grandfathers she disputed with Miss Edgeworth the title of leading literary upbringer of youth. She flirted and flattered in the drawing-rooms of Versailles when Louis XV was king. She ruled the household of Philippe Égalité, and drew up the pattern of the *bonnet rouge* which that discredited prince assumed on spectacular occasions. She saw the red fool fury of the Terror, and congratulated the soldiers of the First Empire on their achievements. Napoleon pensioned her in order that she might be free to write "whatever passed through her head." Chateaubriand complimented her; Tommy Moore warbled to her harp; Lady Morgan visited her with "the high-beating throb of expectation" and parted from her "with admiration and regret." She saw her old pupil, Louis Philippe, seated on the throne of France, and, as we have said, she wrote more than a hundred and thirty volumes.

This is a career well worth recording, and M. Harmand has spared no pains in collecting every scrap of information that is to be found about Madame de Genlis. It was no easy task. This heroine had a genius for telling half-truths, for presenting her own acts in the most favourable light, and the man who judged only from her own bulky "Mémoires" would find himself sadly mistaken. More than half an adventuress, she made a parade of respectability, and something of a Republican, if not a Revolutionary, she was one of the first to acclaim the return of the Comte d'Artois on April 12th, 1814. She claimed that she had "always held" Royalist ideas, and at once set to work to produce her "Histoire de Henri IV," in order to please Louis XVIII, "for it is full of allusions that are flattering to the Bourbons and very damaging to Bonaparte." Fate played her a sorry trick. The work was issued by the publisher on the very day that Napoleon, returning from Elba, made his triumphant entry into Paris.

Perhaps the greatest day in the life of Madame de Genlis was January 6th, 1782. Hardy records in his *Journal* of two days later that the Duke of Orléans—then the Duke of Chartres—had "just dismissed the governors and deputy-governors appointed ten years before for his two sons, the Duke of Valois and the Duke of Montpensier, in order to hand over for the future the entire care of their education to the gentle Comtesse de Genlis, already the instructress of his daughters, the two Princesses." To say that Paris was surprised by this unprecedented step would be to give a faint notion of the amount of discussion it called forth. There was a shower of epigrams, lampoons, and satires. "Here," says a contemporary, "they talk for two or three days about a battle won or lost, and then the success or failure of a comic opera soon makes people forget all about it. It is not so with the adventure of Madame de Genlis. It has now, for more than a month, been the chief subject of conversation, and every day there is a renewed outburst of couplets, sarcasms, and puns."

What were the reasons for this appointment? The most disreputable, though the deciding one, was that she was the Duke's mistress. But she had other and by no means contemptible grounds for feeling that she was suited to the position. It is true that her own upbringing had been deplorable. Her father was a reckless spendthrift, her mother an empty-headed butterfly. In spite of their neglect, the child showed an early thirst for knowledge, and set herself to acquire it by every means in her power. Her mother had her taught the harp as a showy accomplishment, and she was naturally endowed with vivacity, an engaging manner, and a fair share of good looks. These advantages and a not too-scrupulous behaviour enabled her to push her way into society, to capture a husband, intrigue herself into the Orléans household, into the favour of the Duchess, into the Duke's affections. And yet she does not seem to have been really vicious. She was a woman and an *arriviste*. Her ambition was for intellectual distinction, and nothing was allowed to bar her path. "A prolix and insipid blue-stocking," says one of her critics impatiently. She was more than that. She had read more widely than any woman of her time, and if she was superficial, it was a vice of the age, and no human being could have more than a superficial acquaintance with the multitude of subjects which she handled. History, science, philosophy, cookery, theology, hygiene, politics, biography, fiction, pedagogy—she produced books on all these topics, and the list of her works resembles the catalogue of a library rather than the bibliography of a single author. And her method of educating the Orléans children was more enlightened and more in accordance with modern ideas than any of her contemporaries would have been likely to employ. It was Spartan in its severity, yet she won and kept the affection of her pupils. "King Louis Philippe said to me the other day," Victor Hugo relates, "'I was never in love with anyone but once in my life.'" 'And who was it, sire?' 'It was

* "A Keeper of Royal Secrets: Being the Private and Political Life of Madame de Genlis." By Jean Harmand. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Madame de Genlis.' " This love might have been something more than a platonic affection on the Prince's part, did not the governess detect and cure its early symptoms.

Madame de Genlis' two great and enduring passions were not for persons. They were for pedagogy and authorship. A couple of incidents will illustrate how strong and deep-rooted they were. When still a child in Saint-Aubin she was in the habit of escaping to a terrace of the house that overlooked a pond.

" Here it is that the urchins of the village, the sons of watermen and ploughmen, come to cut rushes and loiter about. Félicité calls to them, enticing them with promises of cakes, and from the height of her stone balcony, like a magistrate on the bench, suspended between heaven and earth, she recites to them some of Mlle. Barbier's verses or a passage from the Jesuits' history. The boys stand there submissively, and go through their spelling lessons to their small mistress, who withholds the manna of cakes until the lesson is over."

And so great was her passion for writing, that at the age of nineteen, when she hoped she might soon become a mother, but before her child was born, she wrote and published " Les Réflexions d'une Mère de Vingt Ans " !

Taking her all in all, she is not a sympathetic figure. She was lavish in bestowing the tribute which vice pays to virtue. We see her moving about the Orléans' household, making herself serviceable and agreeable to all, with her prim yet sentimental manner, absorbed in the education of the young people, confidential yet respectful towards the Duchess, now and again throwing arch or languishing glances at the Duke—a woman of brilliant but superficial gifts, vain, theatrical, affected, good-natured, egotistic, sincere as far as she understood sincerity, and uninteresting because she belongs to all that was most ephemeral in her age.

A. W. Evans.

A DWELLER IN GLASS.*

Those least tolerant of criticism on Miss Austen's literary qualities need not fear that any severe remarks in this book could harm her reputation, even had its general tone been less appreciative. It is difficult to pay serious attention to a critic who shows so much disregard for accuracy. " One is all but grieved," he tells us, " to notice many strange lapses and slips through the course of her stories, and much odd and imperfect English. . . . I profess I know not how to account for it." " One " is not merely " all but," but positively amazed to find in a book by a writer who " knows not how to account " for lapses and slips in other books, so many in his own. " And that mystery, Style—what a thing it is ! " writes Mr. FitzGerald. This remark is followed by the question ; " How is it that a gentleman or lady dresses so that one can hardly tell what they wear, while another gets into his finery so awkwardly as to convey the idea that the garb is not part of his entity ? Style, which is the dress of our thoughts, amounts to no more. Jane Austen . . . left the *thing* to do its own work and made no effort. A great painter, or a sculptor like Rodin, never thinks of his method of expression. Inferior men think of nothing else. They must have models, clothes, etc., and these they copy. All the little touches of character that she observed she would set down without any thought of producing an effect by fine or elaborate writing." This passage may be taken as fairly representing Mr. FitzGerald's criticism. It is true that a good many great painters or sculptors (Monsieur Rodin himself among them) have found that, like the " inferior men," they " must have models " ; also, that admirable effects may be produced by the conscious avoidance of " fine or elaborate writing." Surely the author is mistaken if he supposes that Miss Austen gave no thought to style. Her own letters prove that she did think of it.

Mr. FitzGerald is critical about " Pride and Prejudice." He regards the Longbourn family as being of such " an inferior sort " that he describes them as being " ill brought up, ' ill kept, ill fed, ill dressed,' and as bad as bad could be,' like Dr. Johnson's leg of mutton." When he remarks, a page or two later, " It is hard to understand why after Darcy's proposal, Elizabeth did not rush to her mother and father, and call all the family together to announce the happy news of her triumph," he seems to confuse Elizabeth with Lydia, as he evidently confuses her with Jane when he writes : " When the rich Mr. Bingley went off to London it was settled, without any grounds whatever, that he *was* to be Elizabeth's husband, though he had spoken no word."

Mr. FitzGerald calls on us to " admire the judicious tact " shown by Miss Austen " in the choice of names." For examples he writes : " Sir John Bertram is rather melodramatic. Fanny Price, as the name of a quiet, shy-eyed, dependent girl, could not be bettered. Catherine Morland is somewhat romantic, Mr. Woodhouse excellent," and so on, and so on. It were better if he had shown a little more " tact " in preserving the names Miss Austen chose, as a reader familiar with her novels may discover from the quotation just given. His fancy is to give two or even more varieties of a name. Thus we can here choose whether the lover of Elinor (in " Sense and Sensibility ") should be called Edmund Ferrers or Edward Ferrars ; whether Elizabeth's surname (in " Pride and Prejudice ") should be spelt with one or two t's, and if Darcy's aunt should be described as (1) Lady Catherine de Burgh ; (2) Lady Catherine de Bourg ; (3) Lady Charlotte, or (4) Lady de Bourg. Fanny's maternal aunt (in " Mansfield Park ") is called Lady Price. Coming from names of fiction to names of fact, Jane Austen's nephew, who wrote a sketch of her life, is impartially called Mr. Austen Leigh or Mr. Austen Lee. Even on a bust supposed to represent the novelist herself, a photograph of which is given as a frontispiece, her name is incised as " Jane Austin." Remembering Juliet's opinion on the insignificance of names, one might almost suppose, but for a difficulty of dates, that she had acted as Mr. FitzGerald's secretary after her first interview with Romeo.

W. H. Helm.

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Clytie.
By G. F. Watts.

* " Jane Austen : A Criticism and Appreciation." By Percy FitzGerald, M.A., F.S.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Jarrold & Sons.)

MR. BENSON AS WAYFARER.*

It is always a pleasure to take up a volume by Mr. Arthur C. Benson. We remember his coming as though it were but yesterday, and the new note that he struck in the history of English essay-writing. The note was new for the time; to state the fact more truthfully, one should say, perhaps, that Mr. Benson heralded a return to earlier days when the literary note was humanist first and literary in a subordinate if no less actual sense. Here was a gentleman and a scholar, living in the comparative seclusion of a college close, but looking out from his study window upon the young life springing up around him with a certain wistfulness at the old fields and at modern methods, but with clear vision discerning the connecting links between times past, present, and to be. His pages—lacking a little in humour as humour is commonly accepted, but instinct with a deep feeling for humanity—betrayed an emotion refined by culture, but touched by that vital spirit without which no art can live beyond the artist's own little day. Mr. Benson's appeal, testified to by the demand for his books, is accounted for to some extent by his ability to express, from an individual standpoint, peculiar in a subtle way to Cambridge, thoughts which are felt more intimately than they can be expressed by large numbers of his fellows. His acute sensitiveness has its drawbacks. He tells us of the pain caused to his father when the privileges accorded to picnic-parties at Addington were abused. In his own turn he has suffered from the "critical talents and transcendent judgment" of the Puffs of our time, who have picnicked, so to speak, and made holiday in his preserves. But it is in the sensitiveness they express that the charm of his books is felt the more nearly.

There is a threefold interest about his latest volume: personal, journalistic, and literary. The personal interest is to be found not only in those intimate relations which he contrives to create between himself and his readers, but in the fact that the book will have to be taken into account with its predecessors as a continuation of the autobiography of a singularly perceptive mind. The journalistic interest is derived from the circumstance that these sixty-two little essays are taken from a weekly newspaper, and are a sort of testimony to the health of a much-criticised craft. The literary interest belongs rather to the philosophy of letters than to the discussion of books and bookmen as such. It is not so much evidence that life is greater than literature, but that the true concern of literature is the reflection of life; that, if you will, if life is the more important thing, it can hardly exist in a true sense without literature, which preserves for it its models, its impressions, the record of its progress along the road. And when we speak of literature, be it understood that we mean the literature of ideas. As Mr. Benson says, "What we Englishmen often suffer from is a want of interest in ideas." So he asks us to walk along with him whilst he points out to us, primarily, the bearing of certain little problems of life and character, and, secondarily, the common and ordinary things by the wayside—the wonderful treasure of ancient and beautiful associations which have accumulated in our land, but which, ordinarily, we are so apt to miss. It seems to us that there is a more definite aim, if no less literary charm, in this book than in any one Mr. Benson had previously written. He recalls old England's story, how richly dight she is in natural beauty; he takes us around a few storied and specially favoured spots, notably Addington; he talks about some of our great men, as Gladstone and Browning, and Newman and Keats; he discusses preachers and preaching, art and life, peace and war, work and play, publicity and privacy; more often he asks us to look within at the manifold phases of human nature; and he winds up in the study with a delightful little chat about reading, reminding us, in words which should be printed and put up in every library, that "Books, pictures, music, scenery, and people are all difficult things to talk about, because they are not wholly definite and tangible things, but depend so enormously for their value upon something in the mind and heart of the persons who read, see, hear, and observe them." The whole point about a book, he says, is whether it has a real life of its own. "Along the Road" will be found fully to survive the test indicated.

* "Along the Road." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (James Nisbet.)

OF DANCERS AND DANCING.*

Surely there have never been so many inducements as now to sing of "the dancing stars"—"the dædal earth" having withdrawn from competition through agricultural depression; and surely there is no one more fit to raise that song than our dear Ellen Terry, at whose birth, like that of the Beatrice she portrays so winsomely, a star danced! A few years ago there was nothing in the way of terrestrial dancing to inspire her. Ballet was either a pale, feeble survival in the more attenuated operas, or else a rather crude display at the music-halls, depending for its popularity (according to that classic brevity of John Hollingshead's) upon "legs." Now and then a striking mime like Cavalazzi or a little genius like Adeline Genée, flashed across the darkness; but these fitful apparitions did not so much shed light as make the darkness visible. So emphatically did ballet mean boredom to English opera-goers that even the pretence of giving it began to be evaded. Only in one season, I think, did Harris use the ballet in "Faust." In the "Huguenots," it was resignedly accepted as part of the general antiquated preposterousness of the whole show; but in "Carmen" it was resented as a stupid interruption of the drama. Even so exceptionally attractive an operatic ballet as the Dance of the Hours in "La Gioconda" passed almost without a hand. Yet now we see the big opera-house crowded in every part, as thickly as it used to be for Jean de Reszke, by people eager to enjoy a performance in which not a note of vocal music is to be heard. Truly, a tremendous change, the causes of which are too many to be set down here. Perhaps we may hint at one of them.

Ballet, as we used to know it, belonged to the era of opera when what was too stupid to say was sung. The intercalation of totally irrelevant diversions could not make more ridiculous what had already reached the height of the ridiculous, and as the dancing seems to have been good, it was enjoyed as much as the singing. Certainly, tradition preserves the names of the famous *pas de quatre*—Taglioni, Ellsler, Grahn and Cerito—as reverently as those of Pasta and Malibran, Grisi and Mario. But the generations that Wagner had educated into demanding a rational opera resented the ballet as an irrational excrescence; and in post-Wagnerian opera, generally, ballet could have no place—a *première danseuse* would scarcely be in tune (for instance) with an opera like "Fédora," where the hero is to be seen wearing a tweed Norfolk suit and heather-mixture stockings. Operatic ballet died, and went to its own place in the Christmas pantomimes. Only when ballet was separated from opera and from music-hall associations, and raised to the plane of the best artistic appreciation of its time, could it create any serious claim upon the attention. A happy combination of circumstances made that possible in Russia. At the right moment there existed the essential enthusiasm, the necessary Imperial and wealthy patronage, skilled inventors to arrange the themes, composers of genius to provide the music, brilliant artists to undertake the decoration, and a school of highly-trained mimes and dancers to produce and interpret the works. And so it comes about that ballet as presented by the Russians is able (quite literally) to stand upon its own feet, and to get as near to the ideal of music-drama as the best-intentioned opera can ever hope to do.

But this is a great deal of very dull talk about a very delightful volume, easily the best souvenir of a rare and

* "The Russian Ballet." By Ellen Terry. With Drawings by Pamela Colman Smith. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
"Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life." By Loie Fuller. With an Introduction by Anatole France. 10s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

exquisite entertainment. I gather that Miss Pamela Colman Smith's drawings are the real starting-point; and capital drawings they are, so good that one would like them to be better. The line blunders a little, here and there: it is sometimes too thick and washy, and sometimes too meagre and faltering; but no one can deny the spirit of the artist's work. Her pictures catch the very Nijinskyism of Nijinsky, as photographs never could; her Karsavina is as sweet as Karsavina herself; the startling black-cloaked figures from "Thamar" have all the sinister quality of that tragic adventure; and the barbaric drawings from "Scheherazade" reproduce with strange fidelity the grim humour and horror of the most ghastly and gorgeous production ever set before the guileless British public.

Miss Ellen Terry's text is more than a commentary; it is an interpretation, of high literary skill, and full of wise and witty sayings. With one of her judgments—that in the decorations of Bakst you cannot see the colour for the colours—I find myself in violent disagreement; and I wish she had insisted upon the immense superiority of the ballets written by genuine musicians, like Chopin, Weber, Schumann, Rimsky Korsakov and Stravinsky, over those with what may be called mere conductor's music—"Narcisse," for example. Her critical praise of Nijinsky is delightful to read. Certainly no more remarkable man has appeared on the stage these many years. To see him as the pawing, sinuous, thick-lipped negro in "Scheherazade," as the horrid, noseless death's-head Petrouchka, with his joyless grin and his broken, wooden movements; and as the vision of the Rose, with his heart-stirring leaps and his floating, petal-like descents, is to gain new reverence for the capabilities of the human body as well as for the art of a richly-gifted personality. I suggest that someone should arrange Strauss's "Don Juan" as a ballet for Nijinsky.

There is nothing in common between the dancing of Karsavina or Pavlova and that of Miss Loie Fuller, whose volume I must dismiss with impolite brevity. Here the body counts for little. Great masses of white drapery placed in high relief against a black-draped stage, played upon from above, beneath and around by streams of coloured light, and whirled by rods held in the hand into the convolutions of a lily, the upward rush of a flame, or the flutterings of a butterfly—that is the dancing of Miss Loie Fuller. In the case of Pavlova or Nijinsky the personality of the artist is part of the charm; in the case of the serpentine dancers the spell is broken when the gigantic draperies collapse around a mere human figure. Miss Loie Fuller's volume is a very readable collection of professional stories—about early struggles, many adventures, lucrative engagements, distinguished critics, affable monarchs, and so on. There are many photographs and a preface by Anatole France.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE WHITE, WHITE NORTH.*

Captain Mikkelsen is surely one of the most heroic, persevering, yet unfortunate explorers that ever went into the eternal ice of the North. Were it not for his indomitable and ever-kept determination to come up smiling after every reverse (although now and then in the depth of it he may have sworn pretty freely, and called Tyche everything but a lady), he must ere this have made a vow never to risk the Arctic again. After being members of the unsuccessful Baldwin-Ziegler Expedition, he and Mr. E. de K. Leffingwell organised an effort to go out to the north coast of Alaska, mainly to take soundings from there towards the Pole, for the purpose of forming conclusions, by the fall and rise of the sea floor, as to whether or not there is a small continent under the everlasting ice. A little of that object was attained; but otherwise the expedition failed—failed in all except an outstanding record of perseverance and heroism in the face of dangers and difficulties to which it appeared that there would never be an end. After passing, in the entrance to the Alaskan Sea, the 47-ton *Gjöa*, under the command of Amundsen, at the end of her wonderfully fortunate voyage through the North-West Passage—the first on record, and that after great navigators had failed—Captain Mikkelsen's little *Duchess of Bedford* sailed in, to come out no more.

And now his ill-starred (some persons will say, obviously, "ill-named") *Alabama* has gone to the same fate—not unsuccessfully, though, nor on the Alaskan coast, but in a Greenland bay, that tragically miscalled land which was, so far as the Sagas tell us, the Ultima Thule of the Norse Vikings. No, not unsuccessfully; the purpose of the venture was gained—at what a cost of physical, nervous and moral power! In 1906, L. Mylius Erichsen commanded the Danmarks Expedition, to explore, map and chart the unknown coast of north-east Greenland. The object was mostly attained; but, on what appeared to be his last journey, Erichsen, accompanied by Lieutenant Hoeg Hagen and a faithful, heroic Eskimo, perished in the terrible rigours of the country—another ice-bound tragedy of the return, such as has now come to us from the Antarctic. Two separate efforts were made subsequently to find the bodies and papers of the missing men, the second one being successful in the matter of Brönlund, the Eskimo; the great value of the first search party being the food depots which they laid down. It was by these that the lives of Captain Mikkelsen and his party were saved, when they made the third endeavour to gain definite knowledge of the fate of their forerunners. We have written that this finally successful explorer is an unfortunate man. The expedition began with bad luck. No workable dogs were forthcoming, according to arrangements, when he and his crew arrived at the Faroe Islands; by this mishap some extremely valuable time was lost—a loss that came fearfully near to writing another "Tragedy" on the discoverers' first northward trip, after housing the *Alabama* on the Greenland coast. It was at the end of this journey of three months odd—during the home-run of which a live dog was actually attacked and devoured by its companions—that the body of Brönlund was found and reverently buried. The record covers 52 pages of a large book, written in the present tense and in English that is far too colloquial to be literary; yet, blasé though we are to the narratives of explorers, we read it not merely in a sitting, but, as near as such a thing could be, in a breath. No romancist of the rush-and-rapier order, nor any tumble-tremble-and-run incidentalist of the murder-mystery type, could write with such a breathlessness, to say nothing of the overpowering reality, as Captain Mikkelsen has employed in describing the dangers, hardships, touch-and-go incidents of that first northerly trip. Yet there is no dwelling on any point, no word too many in the description of any threatening disaster. When they arrived back at the *Alabama*, day had shortened down to about three hours of more or less dull, grey light, during which the whirling snow was often too blinding to allow of progress.

The remainder of that winter, 1909–10, went in recuperating men and dogs ready for the far greater trip then to come, and in healing Jorgensen's frost-bitten hands and feet. On March 4th a fresh party set out on the big effort to reach Danmarks Fjord, seven degrees further up on the north-east shoulder of Greenland, and there find the bodies of Erichsen and Hagen, or locate the place where they died. It was a long, long journey, paid for by the attainment of its object; but the outward going, stiff and marked by danger as it was at times, was in the nature of a holiday trip compared with the return. This part of the narrative is one of those rare records whereof we should have a stock, if so many heroes of exploration had not died in their return tracks and their papers had not been lost with them. Hopeless beyond the touch of anything human is the heart that can read this and still be unmoved. All so simply told as the record is, even hardened men of action must find their pulses quicken as they read it page by page. Death seemed to be playing with the party, as a cat plays with a mouse—happily as a cat plays too lightly with a mouse, when its hole is handy enough for escape at last. With the leader

* "Lost in the Arctic: Being the Story of the *Alabama* Expedition, 1909–1912." By Ejnar Mikkelsen. With numerous Illustrations and a Map. 18s. net. (Heinemann.)

ill, the last dog gone (after each man had declared that he would take his faithful beasts to Denmark and keep them in ease and affluence till they died, if they did but come safely out of the venture), all their gear compulsorily discarded, and the next food depot far away, again and again it was an apparently ever-losing race with death; finally a wondrously inspiriting story of success, punctuated continually by misfortune. Of such stuff only are heroes made; and this book should become a classic narrative of Arctic exploration.

J. E. Patterson.

EPISODES IN ENGLISH CATHOLIC HISTORY.*

For some years past the story of that remnant which was left in England after 1559, faithful to Rome and suffering under a succession of penal enactments, has been pieced together from widely-scattered sources. It is a chapter of moving and melancholy accidents, unknown to the reading public, not until of late decipherable even by professed historians, and boldly misrepresented in the pages of men like Froude, Kingsley, Macaulay—to name no others. Romance distorted its features; religious prejudice turned away from the saints and heroes who, had they not belonged to the old Church, would certainly have won admiring recognition. The Penal Laws have passed away, but the chronicle of mischiefs wrought by them and of the splendid passive resistance they provoked is waiting still for a place in popular volumes. The average Englishman knows as little of his Roman Catholic kinsfolk since the Reformation as of mediæval or modern Jews.

Catholics are now doing their utmost to break down the wall of separation and come out of their Ghetto. Vast piles of documents from colleges abroad, from Rome and Douay, from bishops' chanceries, have been examined, partly edited, and the contents of them distilled into print, with a care as well as a frankness of dealing not surpassed elsewhere. I do not believe in "scientific" history; but these narratives, founded on original evidence, correspond to the requirements of a judicial report. There is no need to praise Abbot Gasquet's qualities in writing on subjects which he has made his own. Experts acknowledge them; the public who feel an interest in such studies have learnt that they can trust his eye and his word. On doctrinal inferences from the facts which he brings forward there will, of course, be no lack of disputation. But the facts remain. His picture of the monastic life just before it was violently ended in this country is a sketch, drawn with restraint in clear outlines, well worthy to be kept in mind. Perhaps the most novel, as it is surely the most harrowing, of additions now made by Dr. Gasquet to our information will be his account of "Scotland in Penal Days"—a frightful record taken from authentic sources. The whole book has much to commend it.

With his third volume Monsignor Ward, the son and brother of eminent writers, brings to a triumphant close the movement known—somewhat inaccurately—as Catholic Emancipation. He has followed it mainly as it was helped or hindered by events and persons on this side of St. George's Channel, treating it in the light of domestic and Church history rather than connecting it with European revolutions. The original papers quoted in full, or analysed in the text, give Mgr. Ward's pages a value which they must always retain. His freedom from bias, independent judgment, and lucid order, make him a pattern witness to the true state of the questions at one time passionately agitated between clergy and laity, bishops and religious corporations, Irish Catholics and their English brethren. A good companion volume to Mgr. Ward's, now accessible in cheap form, would be Lecky's on Daniel O'Connell. Both men, differing as they do on fundamental principles,

* "England under the Old Religion and Other Essays." By Abbot F. A. Gasquet, D.D. (G. Bell & Sons.)

"The Eve of Catholic Emancipation." Vol. III. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Ward, President of St. Edmund's College. (Longmans.)

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

Ariadne in Naxos.
By G. F. Watts.

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer. **Love Triumphant.**
By G. F. Watts.

are yet to a certain degree in sympathy with the great agitator. If a little more philosophy is required, it may be sought in Arnold's "Irish Essays," and above all, as Arnold himself remarks, in "every essay, letter, and speech of Burke on the subject of Ireland."

WILLIAM BARRY.

STUDIES IN LOVE AND TERROR.*

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's new book persuades one more than ever that she is a born writer of the *conte*. "Studies in Wives" had brought us to that way of thinking on its first appearance. She is very good in the grand manner of "The Pulse of Life." She is better in the excellent sensationalism of "When No Man Pursueth" and "The Chink in the Armour." She is best of all in the short story for which she has a French genius. She has the simple direct expression which the *conte* requires, the concentration, the delicate and keen observation. So far she is the true countrywoman of De Maupassant and all those excellent craftsmen in words who have followed him. "The Chink in the Armour," the least ambitious and yet in a sense the most complete of Mrs. Lowndes's novels, for it compelled the breathless interest of the reader as few modern novels compel it, was a short story somewhat spun out. The first and the last story in these "Studies" compel in the same way. The element of the terrible in the first story is very well done, but it does not create the atmosphere as does "St. Catharine's God," where we touch and feel the slow life in the old country-house, where there is madness and horror and death. Once more we have to congratulate Mrs. Lowndes on her manner. One always feels that the story is so well in hand and the grand manner rarely fails. She is not very much concerned with speculation and doubt as to whether the French naval captain in the first story would have outraged discipline and compromised the woman he loved by taking her out in a torpedo-boat: whether the lady would have embarked on the forbidden adventure with a crew of ten of her own and her husband's townsmen, for example. She has the art to persuade us that these things are done. At her best she writes beautifully; and there are strange poignant bits of observation, such as: "As is always the case with a living creature near to death little Peter Bellairs looked very lonely." Mrs. Lowndes has always her story to tell. Sometimes she is just a little fatigued. She could have made more of "The Woman from Purgatory." But in an age of the slipshod and the cheap, it is a delight to find such craftsmanship, such good breeding as hers.

* "Studies in Love and Terror." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Methuen.)

SOME VICTORIAN GIANTS.*

Mr. Coleridge's book is primarily a book of anecdotes; which being so, the obvious way to review it is to give anecdotes by which its qualities may be suggested and readers sent to the book itself. The large number and excellence of the tales about Victorian celebrities make selection difficult, and the difficulty is increased by the fact that the work contains many stories which, though familiar in one shape or another, are here told for the first time in their proper authentic form. That Mr. Coleridge sets out most advantageously for a gossiper about an age that has gone may be gathered from the fact that among those he knew more or less intimately were Matthew Arnold, Cardinal Newman, Meredith, Dean Stanley, "Bob" Lowe, Browning, Lewis Morris, Jowett, Ruskin, Gladstone, General Booth, G. F. Watts, Whistler, Boehm, Labouchere, and Sir Henry Irving. It is a list that only indicates the catholicity of the contents; and it has to be noted that Mr. Coleridge has a special and appropriate manner for dealing with each of his subjects. For instance, writing of Newman he is all tenderness and dignity, while for some of the stage and painting friends there is a fitting abandon and gaiety. When any given celebrity is under consideration one gets the impression that with that celebrity Mr. Coleridge's sympathy and understanding are complete. It is a respect in which he is an ideal *raconteur*; but, in view of the wide and curious range of subjects, the impression may have been harder to create than Mr. Coleridge would have us infer.

The note throughout is of cheery kindliness—an exception being some remarks as to Henry Irving and the dramatic critics. Mr. Coleridge remembers a certain "first night" during the actor's long reign at the Lyceum. Irving asked him to stay and have supper in the Beefsteak Club-room upstairs, "and help him with some of the critics." The helping would seem to have been done chiefly with cigars that "looked about ten inches long, and were no doubt very choice, rare and precious." Irving paid for these, and he "ladled out" the cigars into the critics' "deep and large coat pockets." During the process, though, he looked swiftly at Mr. Coleridge, shut one eye, and gazed at him with the other with "the drollest and most informing expressions." Mr. Coleridge departed with the critics, he tells, continuing to "help" Irving with them by extolling the play all the way up the Strand. It is not an edifying picture. Less edifying is this:

> "Many years afterwards, I remember Irving saying to me that if the Press took bribes he was bound to pay them, disgusting as the business was. . . . He said that one critic, whom he named to me, had 'cost him,' since he began, quite ten thousand pounds. Of course it was done indirectly, by buying plays which were never performed, and such like elegant transactions."

This was long ago, and one can only wonder when the practice ceased.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Coleridge in his placid mood, to read his tales of Newman, of Arnold, Manning, Lewis Morris, Browning, and "Coleridge, C. J." Of Newman, presented to children, he writes:

* "Memories." By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. With 12 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

G. F. Watts,
1889.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

"I do not think the old man saw any little children very often in an intimate way. . . . Certain it was that after gazing at them silently for a little while he became visibly moved, and rising from the table he murmured in a low voice half introspectively as it were, 'I think I must bless him.' He came round the table and laid his hand on the little child's head and said a few words of benediction."

All the anecdotes are not of men well remembered to-day. We have stories, for instance, of Bishop Phillpotts, seemingly a prelate of some geniality, who said to his host, on departing, "Good-bye, Sir John. I have much enjoyed my visit. I have only two suggestions to make for the improvement of your home and park: I should pull down the house, and fill up the pond with it." In the absence of proof that the saying was not the work of someone of earlier date, a connoisseur of anecdotes must offer no unpleasant comment; but what of this, attributed to the bishop as his suggestion on a proposed plan for paving with wood blocks? "In my opinion, if the Dean and Chapter would put their heads together the thing would be done." Those learned in regard to the eolithic age, or even the days of Sidney Smith, may have something to say. Still, in an anecdotal work such things are bound to occur, and in Mr. Coleridge's volume they are refreshingly few.

No new light is shed on Mr. Coleridge's varied collection of giants, but a good deal of the old light is emphasised: as in the case of Browning, whom he met frequently. He was an inveterate "diner-out," says Mr. Coleridge, who adds that the poet always talked down to ladies, and discoursed to them about bonnets and clothes. This may, of course, have been Browning's humour or an endeavour to accommodate himself to environment, but Mr. Coleridge assures us that it "not seldom filled clever women with annoyance." There is also this naïve comment on the poet in private life:

"Though my diary mentions frequent occasions when I was in his company, it records no luminous sayings of his. I do not think anyone would have discovered from his talk that he was the extraordinary man his writings show him to have been."

In other words, he was a smooth social acquisition, a human being who left shop behind him in years when it was apparently not the custom to do so. A multiplicity of reticent or bonnet-talking Brownings would have made succeeding book-compiling Coleridges an impossibility. Mr. Coleridge, though, admits that Browning had a sense of humour:

"Shortly after the publication of one of his volumes which was rather more obscure than usual, he and my father met . . . and Browning asked my father if he had read this last volume. My father replied: 'Yes, I have, and I think I understand about a third of it.' To which Browning rejoined: 'That's very well for a man of your understanding.'"

Mr. Coleridge ends on a low key. He writes of "the great galaxy of the Victorian Age," saying that John Morley alone survives, "the last of the giants," and adds: "Where are those that fill their places? Where indeed? The mould is broken." Let Mr. Coleridge be of good cheer: other times, other moulds.

DAVID HODGE.

TRUTH AND GLAMOUR OF DARTMOOR.*

I think there should be no question that "Widecombe Fair" is the ripest fruit of Mr. Phillpotts' genius. This book might well be the model of an English realism, saner than any taught us outside England. The wealth and fairness of honest observation that have gone to the making of it are rarer even than the skill that has packed a mass of humanity into one volume; and, so far as my reading goes, this is unique in fiction. There are critics who, accepting the author's modest foreword, have said that his work is not a story but a picture, and have seemed to mean by this that it did not strongly hold their interest. The common story method by which a few characters are linked together by events that affect the fortunes of one or two of them, and subordinate those of the rest, as in a play, is one that may be used successfully by far less able hands; but the interest it rouses is not often one for philosophic natures. Here is a novel of humanity. Yet, for my part, I find it sufficiently absorbing, and think that in any age and country where the pace and purposes of life were normal, and the intelligence of adult readers was balanced, it would at once displace, even in popular esteem, most of the thin and feverish fiction that beguiles our hurry. As it is certain that we must either be ruined or fall to a normal pace again, somehow and some day, the future of "Widecombe Fair" is, to my mind, assured. I take it to be one of the permanent books.

It presents the life of a Dartmoor village during four years, and the singular triumph of its workmanship is that this is done impartially, alike in spirit and in the choice of material for study. One sees a fair proportion of wisdom and folly, good and evil, comedy and tragedy. On a canvas so large as this of Mr. Phillpotts, such justice of design and accomplishment appears masterly in a sense that puts him above rivals. Only the finest humour made it possible.

A question of art raised by the author in his foreword finds me sympathetic with his ideal, but uneasy about its practical phases. Answering the charge that he has often made his scenery as important as the people who moved through it, and so delayed action for the purpose of describing the theatre of action, Mr. Phillpotts affirms the right of an artist to do as he pleases in this matter; says that to him the phenomena of man's environment are as interesting as man himself; and outlines an art which, surveying the whole spectacle of Nature, should awaken a new sense of proportion and perspective. One had divined this ideal in "The Forest on the Hill" and other novels; my own view is that, of necessity, it must inform a writer's mind much more fully than it fills his actual canvas. His purpose being to convey to others a conception and a point of view, he is obliged to consider their capacity as well as his message, or the message may miscarry; and it is a simple psychological fact that we are more interested to hear what Uncle Tom Cobleigh felt and said about the landscape or the weather than to have them finely pictured for us in an equal number of words. More, the finest and most sympathetic picture possible cannot move us, or make us see them as clearly, as we are moved and made to see by far less art expended on the man.

In "Widecombe Fair" the question never arises; and it is for this reason, as much as for any other, that I adjudge this novel the ripest fruit of Mr. Phillpotts' genius and the finest achievement of his workmanship. "At the elevation needed for such a survey, only the sound of laughter is heard: Melpomene's self stalks dwarfed out of recognition, as seen by the indifferent gods;" but we who read are on the ground, and that is why the author's elevation pleases us. "The Forest on the Hill" was about the environment and man; "Widecombe Fair" is about man in the environment. Its greatness is due to the very sense of proportion and perspective which that elevation gives, but its interest is still human, and only human. No other kind of interest can equal that, or detract from it, or much alter it. I dispute, therefore, that the landscape with figures lies as much within a novelist's range as it does within that of a painter. The figures in a novel insist on living.

The glamour of Mr. John Trevena's story, "Sleeping Waters," which is reviewed here because it also is a novel of Dartmoor, baffles the reader strangely, and seems to me to have a little confused the writer. A consumptive priest, overworked in the East End of London, is sent away into Devonshire by friends, and, as the effect of robuster health —so we are led to think—behaves unlike a priest in a series of romantic and peculiar adventures that fill the book. But at the end, when the lack of verisimilitude in some of these adventures has alarmed us for the author, we are allowed to understand that the hero is, as a matter of fact, neither robust nor sane, but, like ourselves, has been a victim of hallucinations. One is sorry, but this will never do. There is so much good writing in the book, and so

* "Widecombe Fair." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (John Murray.)
"Sleeping Waters." By John Trevena. 6s. (Constable.)

much else that goes to prove an author's quality, that I wish Mr. Trevena had had the courage to deal outright in fantasy.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

MORE GEORGIAN POETRY.*

The book of the moment in verse is Mr. D. H. Lawrence's. He is remarkable for what he does not do and for what he does. Thus, he does not write smoothly, sweetly and with dignity; nor does he choose subjects, such as blackbirds at sunset, which ask to be so treated. For some time past it has been understood that verse is not best written in jerks of a line in length. Mr. Lawrence goes further, and at times seems bent on insulting rhyme, as in this stanza from "Dog-tired":

"The horses are untackled, the chattering machine
Is still at last. If she would come,
I would gather up the warm hay from
The hill-brow, and lie in her lap till the green
Sky ceased to quiver and lost its tired sheen."

Correspondingly, he writes of matters which cannot be subdued to conventional rhythm and rhyme—chiefly the intense thoughts, emotions, or gropings of self-conscious men or women set on edge by love or fatigue or solitude. If he trusts to make a general appeal, it is by faithful concentration on the particular—a woman receiving a lover straight from bloodshed, a man repulsed, standing like an "insect small in the fur of this hill" in the night when

"The night's flood-winds have lifted my last desire from me,
And my hollow flesh stands up in the night abandonedly,"

and saying to the woman:

"And I in the fur of the world, and you a pale fleck from the sky,
How we hate each other to-night, hate, you and I,
As the world of activity hates the dream that goes on on high,
As a man hates the dreaming woman he loves, but who will not reply."

The last comparison would be a flaw were it not that Mr. Lawrence sacrifices everything to intensity, particularly in amorousness. His triumph is, by image and hint and direct statement, to bring before us some mood which overpowers all of a sick, complex man save his self-consciousness. Mr. Lawrence is fearless in treatment as in choice of subject. He will be exact in defining an intuition, a physical state, or an appearance due to the pathetic fallacy—herein resembling the man in "We have bit no forbidden apple." He will give us in dialect the plainest outlines of a working-class tragedy, and in careful abstract monologue a schoolmaster's moment of satisfaction when it is sweet in the morning to teach boys who are his slaves:

"Only as swallows are slaves to the eaves
They build upon, as mice are slaves
To the man who threshes and sows the sheaves."

Such moods he will sometimes follow with a painful curiosity that makes us rather sharers in a process than witnesses of a result. He does not refuse external things, a gang of labourers at work on timber, a picture by Corot, the Moon. A surprising number of his poems are tributary to the moon, but a moon of his own world, "divesting herself of her golden shift," or bringing him a pang of reminiscence, or reddening:

"The moon lies back and reddens;
In the valley, a corncrake calls monotonously,
With a piteous, unalterable plaint, that deadens
My confident activity:
With a hoarse, insistent request that falls
Unweariedly, unweariedly,
Asking something more of me,
Yet more of me."

I doubt if much of his effect is due to rhythm. Verse aids him chiefly by allowing him to use a staccato shorthand which would be more uncomfortable in prose. But, whether the verse is always relevant or not, Mr. Lawrence writes in a concentration so absolute that the poetry is less questionable than the verse.

Mr. Hewlett is far removed from Mr. Lawrence in form. Mr. Lawrence's form has been groped for: it is as near as possible natural poetry. Mr. Hewlett's has been assumed: it is a fascinating, not wholly deceptive mask. He appears in verse as a servant of Diana:

"To whom all the praise of him who writes,
Ever!"

as he says in one of his ten "staves" about Helen. But it is in speaking of himself that he is at his best: writing dignified sonnets, in whose mediæval mixture the spiritual masters the sensuous, and in fact survives alone in "Hymnia-Beatrix." He is less happy, but more painstaking and detailed, in depicting

Argive Helen, slim and sweet,
For whose bosom and delight,
For whose eyes, those wells of peace,
Paris wrought, as well he might,
Ten years' woe for Troy and Greece."

For this Argive Helen and his own imagined Helen are two different conceptions, which his art is not strong enough to save from confusion time after time. Had he kept to her, and left out the heroes and the gods, he could have made something of her, but on the large canvas his inklings are lost.

It is hard to be just to Dr. Macfie after reading Mr. Lawrence. For his drama concerns chiefly a Viking turned Christian, whom nothing could lure to fight again until in the last act his beloved, who has led his army instead, is seen to fall; and the king speaks to his Vikings in blank verse, thus:

"When the dawn
Comes shimmering into the western sky
Our oars will beat and beat across the foam;
Our sails will blossom in the morning breeze . . ."

But for those who still like to see heroic figures in every way worthy of this straightforward blank verse, Dr. Macfie is unexcelled.

His manly sweetness is not to be found in the dramatic pageant of "Jesus of Nazareth," where the blank verse, by the way, is seldom decasyllabic, but seldom lacking in substance or force. The scenes suffer by being a mixture of the old and the new, instead of a simplification on the one hand, or, on the other hand, an elaborate rehandling of the old. In spite of the excellence of several passages, and its invariable reverence, it is not much more than a dignified tinkering with the theme.

Mr. Frank Taylor makes no mistake in writing of

"The regiments that so gaily took the rub,
(rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub)."

from Cressy to Malplaquet and Minden, wherever British soldiers have been led by officers bred

"In the schools that forge and weld the best of the breed,
Brave boys in the schools that are schools for men, hard schools for the men that lead."

There is not much patriotic verse written with less nonsense and more metrical skill than Mr. Taylor's.

Mr. Clarke's verses would not have been remarkable if they had not been written in prison, as the "Epic of Hades" was written in the "Underground." But knowing that they were so written makes them more memorable than the similar ones written daily, for all that can be known to the contrary, in fairyland.

Mr. McDonagh, himself a poet, now shows himself a very keen student of poetry and of criticism, a worthy follower in prosodical studies by Mr. T. S. Omond, and a suggestive if not a victorious one. In the course of studying Campion he leaves few important questions of prosody untouched, and none of these unilluminated. He gives also, by the way, much promise of sympathetic insight and several specimens of delightful prose.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Love Poems and Others." By D. H. Lawrence. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)
"Helen Redeemed and Other Poems." By Maurice Hewlett. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
"Valdimar: A Poetic Drama." By Ronald Campbell Macfie. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
"Jesus of Nazareth: A Poetical Drama in Seven Scenes." By Alexandra von Herder. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)
"The Gallant Way." By Frank Taylor. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
"Prison Songs and Poems." By J. Robert Clarke. 2s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
"Thomas Campion and the Art of English Poetry." By Thomas MacDonagh. 3s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Figgis.)

A CRITIC'S LIQUEURS.*

To the younger generation—a scarcely negligible quantity nowadays, when Lancashire dramatists in their uncensored plays suggest to approving British audiences that it is really the only generation that matters—Sir Frederick Wedmore is doubtless known almost exclusively as a writer on art, an unrivalled expert on prints and etchings. This little book serves well to show his versatility. It is not, it may be remarked, a book to read at a sitting: rather is it a book to be taken as liqueur-taking people take liqueurs, at intervals, small draughts at a time. Sir Frederick's liqueurs are suggestive and exhilarating. In epigrammatic prose—marred now and again by a heavy employment of parentheses, but generally careful, limpid and easy-flowing—he sets forth his views on many things, which range from Browning's "Landscape" to the Macbeth of Sir Henry Irving, from Job to François Coppée.

One of the selections is a short story, "A Chemist of the Suburbs," which presents Sir Frederick in a manner that would have made him an acceptable addition to the writers for *The Yellow Book*, and proves that the dry point is not necessarily the only point of a dry-point authority. "A Chemist of the Suburbs" is highly charged with sound sentimentality, and might have been written by Mr. Leonard Merrick or one of the French masters of the short story. That Sir Frederick understands the art of the *conte* is suggested by his own comment, that writers and serious readers know that a good short story "cannot possibly be a *précis*, a synopsis, a scenario as it were, of a novel." He says that that is why great writers succeed in it so seldom . . . even a novelist like Mr. Hardy, the stretch of whose canvas has never led him into carelessness of detail. While on the subject Sir Frederick has something to say of Whistler. To a remark that the short story is wont to be estimated, not by its quality, but by its size he adds,

> ". . . a mode of appraisement under which the passion of Schumann, with his wistful questionings . . . would be esteemed less seriously than the amicable score of 'Maritana.' And a dry point by Mr. Whistler, two dozen lines laid with the last refinement of charm, would be held inferior to a panorama by Philippoteau."

Sir Frederick's views may, for all we know, never have varied in the very least as to Philippoteau and his seemingly deplorable "panoramas"; but there has been a certain flux as to the other artist.

Engaging throughout, the book is best when dealing with Rembrandt and Méryon.

D. H.

TYRCONNEL.†

Mr. Sergeant's title, as he himself recognizes, is not exactly fitting or expressive. "Little Jennings" has a comparatively small part in the story, though so far as it goes it is a vivid part. The greater interest of the work is historical, not biographical. It will not secure its due straight away. Along with the first-hand and valuable material there is too much needless detail, particularly in the first volume. Mr. Sergeant is full of his subject and of things that bear but slightly or indirectly thereon, and in his interested and impartial way he crowds a series of pages with a wealth of matter in which the graphic and the well-nigh trivial are intermixed. This means a certain strain on the reader who is not as deeply concerned over the period and the personalities as he is himself, and it militates for a time against his conscientious presentation of, we might almost say his apologia for, Tyrconnel. In due course, however, the persevering reader is fairly well rewarded. He finds that with all his faults "Dick Talbot" had bold and striking qualities, that he has been recklessly and grossly maligned by Macaulay and others, that much in the tortuous drama of his time, in Ireland especially, has been misunderstood, or presented in the spirit of prejudice and partisanship.

It may be long, however, before the sober truth will supersede the vividly rendered untruth in the popular imagination, or even in that of historians who do not go to original sources and documents. Tyrconnel is a vicious bogey-man in the minds of writers of historical primers and articles in popular encyclopædias. "Dirty work," "this scoundrel," "wretches of this stamp," "characteristic treachery" occur even in "Chambers's," in which his crowded and dramatic life is summed up and blackened in some twenty lines. Racial bias and theological bias have both helped to distort the vision and the picture of the general historian, who is on the side of William and against James II.—strangely enough the Pope of the period was an abettor and a helper of William.

Mr. Sergeant deals with tangled issues in a patient temper and with matters of racial and historical controversy in a fair-minded and balanced spirit. A good deal of the work is a corrective, part of it is an acquisition. If the best of it were judiciously extracted, and presented in a popular form and at a popular price, it would be enlightening and helpful in many quarters that it cannot reach at present.

It makes the Anglo-Irish circumstances of troubled and tragic years rather clearer to the general reader. The inner and real Ireland, with her vision, sufferings, philosophy, expressed in her own language, does not come within Mr. Sergeant's province. That inner Ireland, however, affords the material for a great and moving story when the accomplished and penetrative historian arises.

W. P. R.

THE BACONIAN HERESY.*

The only real Shakespeare-Bacon problem is how on earth anyone ever managed to persuade himself that there was one. We are already beginning to forget the amazing gentlemen who discovered those absurdly ingenious cryptograms which clearly proved that the plays were written by Bacon. Apparently they had satisfied themselves that great poetry could be written something in this fashion:

> "'To be or not to be, that is the question,
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to——'
>
> "No—that won't do. I've got B in all right as the third letter of the first line, and I must have A as the third letter in the second line, or I shall never be able to spell Bacon in this soliloquy."

No man so stupidly preoccupied could write poetry of any kind; and no man in his senses would go over great poetry he had written and mangle it and make its beauty subservient to the introduction into it of an elaborate cryptogram. The person who had no more respect than that for his art could not write a poem that was good enough to win a prize in a Limerick competition. The whole theory was obviously nonsensical, and the wiser Baconians abjure it and openly regret it was ever advanced, because it has discredited their cause with all thinking people. They say now they have other and more reputable evidence. But what does it amount to? A few years ago one of these curious gentlemen wrote an article in a magazine saying that in one of Bacon's notebooks was a list of forms of salutation; that these had been invented by Bacon, and, at all events, made their first appearance in literature in the plays attributed to Shakespeare. Yet anybody who took the trouble to look back a little could find most of these forms of salutation in the old Robin Hood ballads that were written before Shakespeare was born. Then they laboriously compile what they please to call parallel passages, similarities of phrase or opinion that are common to the works of both Shakespeare and Bacon, and offer this as evidence that Bacon must have written the plays; moreover, they find in the plays a display of legal knowledge that they say could only be possessed by

* "Pages Assembled: A Selection from the Writings, Imaginative and Critical, of Frederick Wedmore." 1s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)

† "Little Jennings and Fighting Dick Talbot: A Life of the Duke and Duchess of Tyrconnel." By Philip W. Sergeant. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)

* "The Baconian Heresy." By J. M. Robertson, M.P. 21s. net. (Herbert Jenkins).

a trained lawyer, such as Bacon was. More than all, perhaps, they rely on the unproved fact that Shakespeare was a man of no education; they even exaggerate his ignorance, and the most persistent of them scornfully calls him "an illiterate clown." So we are asked to believe that so shrewd a man as Bacon, desirous of concealing his authorship of the plays, was so unspeakably foolish as to arrange for an illiterate clown to pass them off as his own. The thing could not be done. If Shakespeare could not read or write, his fellow-actors and brother-dramatists could not be kept unaware of that, and such a silly deception could never hope to deceive any of them. So your indomitable Baconian tries to shuffle out of this difficulty by suggesting that there must have been two Shakespeares: one the illiterate clown who was merely the actor who afterwards settled down as a country gentleman at Stratford, and one, a more intelligent William Shakespeare, who posed as author of the plays that Bacon had written.

It is all too farcical. The Baconians are in the main an unimaginative people who being quite without genius themselves cannot make the least allowance for its miraculous workings in another. They do not realise that it is the poetry in them that makes the plays of Shakespeare great, the poetry and their feeling for nature and their knowledge of humanity; and that the learning in them is the least important of their merits. Given the genius that the author of the plays must have had, there is nothing else to wonder at: it could be nothing for a man so alive and nimble-witted as Shakespeare to pick up all the legal knowledge he displays, and the scraps of correct and incorrect Latin and French that he uses now and then. Your stolid Baconians cannot comprehend that such a man as Shakespeare might employ in the plays every ounce of learning he had acquired, and had the *nous* to use it so easily and in such fashion as to suggest that there was far more at the back of it; they take it for granted that if he knew so much he must needs have known ever so much more. Which is the natural attitude of men whose whole knowledge is drawn laboriously from books in the presence of a finer, higher spirit whose quick wits and intuitions have rarer me ns of education. If Bacon had written plays they would certainly have been more like Ben Jonson's, overlaid with his learning. And before they worry about parallel passages, let the Baconians quote us passages from Bacon that contain any glimmerings of the humour that leavens all the plays and riots so gloriously in many of them; let them prove from anything Bacon is known to have written that he had it in him to create a Falstaff or a Dogberry.

They simply cannot do it, because with all his wit Bacon had no humour. Still, one feels it was worth while to take the blusterous Baconian theory into a corner and knock it quietly on the head, once for all. And this is the pious, serviceable job that Mr. J. M. Robertson has done in "The Baconian Heresy." He meets the Baconians on their own ground, and by applying the comparative method not only to the writings of Bacon and Shakespeare but to those of Bacon and the other Elizabethan dramatists, knocks the top off the Baconian theory and the bottom out of it and shows you there is simply nothing inside. He accounts for the apparent classical scholarship of Shakespeare, and demonstrates by comparisons how widely and utterly different were the prose styles of Bacon and Shakespeare. He might have printed Bacon's few acknowledged poems to demonstrate how widely different, too, were their poetical styles. He astutely points out that Bacon,

> "does not lard with law his writings on other subjects, as the Baconians make him out to have done in the Plays—a circumstance which alone might have served to guard careful readers against the notion that the law tags in the Plays came from his pen."

He gives you a careful study of the vocabularies of both men, and makes it clear that these differed as widely as their styles do. He shows you that there are more parallel passages or coincidences of phrase to be found between Bacon and other contemporary dramatists than between Bacon and Shakespeare; and he has collected from divers other Elizabethan dramatists who never studied the law

Photo by Opperfield, Ltd. **Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P.**

passages that would seem to indicate at least as much legal knowledge as the Baconians attribute to the writer of Shakespeare's dramas. He might have mentioned that Massinger's signature is as crude and "illiterate" as the signatures of Shakespeare, though Massinger was an Oxford man. But he has done enough. He has written the most careful and most masterly exposure of the Baconian heresy that has yet been published. If the thing had to be done at all it was well to do it minutely, thoroughly, convincingly, and that is how Mr. Robertson has done it. For every reasonable man who has read his book the Baconian theory will henceforth be dead, and the Baconians may go on waking the corpse as long as they like, they cannot bring it to life again.

A. St. John Adcock.

Novel Notes.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN. By Jeffery Farnol. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

There will always be a public, and a grateful one, for those novelists who take the advice of Mr. Balfour and "cheer us up." High in the admired circle of the cheery romancers stands Mr. Farnol, weaving inventions out of the Regency time, and making everything in that very mixed period subservient to constancy and manly courage. Manly courage has it virtually all the way in the person of Barnabas Barty, for when he is down on his luck and thwarted in his social ambitions, he stands highest in the affections of the unsophisticated reader. He inherits good looks and brawny sinews from his father, the ex-champion of the English ring in the heyday of pugilism; and he inherits some three-quarters of a million from a quarter which we can only assign to the arbitrary region of the author's expediency. He enters his hero to back up pluck and patience with unbounded generosity, and makes him fulfil his purpose. But Barnabas is not a whit more generous

than his author, for Mr. Farnol lavishes language and incident and character up and down his pages with the largesse of a spendthrift possessed of inexhaustible resources. The heroine, Cleone, has a good deal in common with Charmian in "The Broad Highway," and the social ornaments and villains whom Barty encounters in his upward progress to Cleone's hand and the honours of Court, have every mark of kinship with Sir Maurice Vibart and his compeers in that most enchanting story. Where Mr. Farnol best succeeds, however, is in depicting the plainer humours and eccentricities of the population of the road, and here, we fancy, he has no equal since Dickens. There is the same weakness for labels and unchanging attributes and tricks of speech, but there is the same inventiveness, and the same glorious high spirits slung off a flying pen that has neither guile nor misgiving.

THE SECOND-SIGHTER'S DAUGHTER. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin awakens one's interest and curiosity by commencing his story with an ancient legend: "Once upon a time there was a man who picked up a stone to throw at his enemy. But his enemy escaped before he could hurl it at him. So the man carried the stone in his pocket for seven years, turned it, and at the end of another seven years threw it at his enemy and—missed him." It is a shrewdly significant prelude to the story of thwarted revenge which follows. Mr. Burgin has selected a strikingly uncanny character for his heroine: a wild, radiantly beautiful woman with a power and charm that are inhuman. She dwells in an atmosphere of mystery; her father has weird traffickings with the Other World—what wonder then that she can cast spells about men, ruining the lives of two of them and spoiling her own? The best character in the book is undoubtedly Mirby Harrison—a bloated, irritable old man, with an undernature so generous and sincere that one forgives him his many failings. The story bristles with strongly dramatic situations; it is well written, and the interest that is foreshadowed in the legend at the beginning is cleverly retained to the end.

THE HIPPODROME. By Rachel Hayward. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A novel that excites with its incidents, and at the same time satisfies with its characterisation is not very frequently met with. Miss Hayward certainly fulfils both the demand for adventure and the desire that adventure should be worked out through living people, and not by means of labelled shadows. But "The Hippodrome" would have been more aptly entitled "Fatalité." Fate undoubtedly met Arithelli when she alighted at the railway station at Barcelona in the person of Count Poleski, a devoted member of a gang of Russian Anarchists. The cleverly-contrived plot centres in Arithelli, a girl of haunting beauty, who becomes chief equestrienne at the Barcelona Hippodrome. She finds the famous Spanish city a veritable "entresol de l'enfer," but escapes unscathed from its gross temptations. Inevitably through her friendship with Poleski, she gets mixed up with the Anarchists, and is taken like a bird in the fowler's snare. Vardri, another member of the gang, with whom she falls in love, attempts to free Arithelli and himself from the clutches of Sobrenski, the leader. Arithelli is portrayed with care, and deserves the pains the author took in her delineation. The theme is full of dramatic scenes, and its interesting possibilities are developed into an enthralling story.

MRS. PRATT OF PARADISE FARM. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

"Mrs. Pratt, of Paradise Farm, leant across her gate and looked up and down the road. She was a big, fair-skinned, soft-eyed young woman, with abundant chestnut hair . . ." Two figures appear in the distance, and she hides behind a bush until she thinks they will have passed; however, they do not pass; creeping cautiously out, Mrs. Pratt sees that they have stopped at the gate—a young and beautiful girl and a handsome young man—strangers to her. They ask if she has lodgings to let. Mrs. Pratt is startled, and says she has never thought of letting lodgings, and although she would very much like to take these two kindly and aristocratic young people as lodgers, she feels they cannot know who she is. "Tears formed, large and liquid, in her eyes. You can't want to come and lodge here," she said, with a broken-hearted humility. "You can't have heard; yet 'twas in all the papers! I'm Mrs. Pratt—*the* Mrs. Pratt—the one that was tried for the murder of her husband!" The story of Nancy Pratt and these two strangers is full of romance and mystery, of sunshine and clouds. It is a charming story, told daintily and sympathetically, and contains some excellent character studies; "Old Sarah" is a masterpiece.

DOCTOR WHITTY. By G. A. Birmingham. 6s. (Methuen.)

Since Kirriemuir gave Mr. Barrie an original for "Thrums," we may fairly doubt if any Scots or Irish village has supplied anyone with so much gay material as Westport, in County Mayo, has done to Canon Hannay. He has given us several novels, and short stories by the dozen, all more or less coloured with the grey light and April shadows of that little village on the sea edge of Connaught. "Dr. Whitty" is a compromise between the author's two best fiction veins, being simply a series of short stories around one character. He has everything in common with his counterpart in "General Regan," Dr. Lucius O'Grady, but improves on the parallel to the extent of getting married at the finish. One slip on the author's part which reveals the haste at which these stories were written, is that he has not made up his mind as to the Doctor's Christian name, for he calls him George as a rule, but makes him (on p. 53) sign himself with the initial "E." But whether George or Edward, the Doctor is a fountain of gaiety, and sprinkles freshness and laughter on every page of this droll and jolly book.

MONTE CARLO. By Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole is the novelist born, not the novelist made by proximity to a novelist. Her first book is good enough to make a reviewer read it from beginning to end, and how much that implies will be understood by reviewers, for it is remarkable how often a halting and amateurish first novel will have workmanlike successors. To this new writer the business comes easy. "Monte Carlo" is extremely brisk, interesting, and well written. The hand that gives us the Riviera scenery so deftly and delicately may well have a kinship with the hand that gave us "The Blue Lagoon"; that is to say that Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole has beautiful words and beautiful colours to make us see the land of delight. Her heroine, Julia, puzzles one a bit. How did her maker view her? To one reviewer she seems dull, cold, and not a little vulgar. Nothing of the refinement, though it be dull and prosy, of the Cathedral Close clings to her garments. She might have come from a shop parlour rather. Perhaps that is exactly what Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole meant her to be, in which case she is a triumph. Jack is just what one often finds in the raffish Bohemian life, a simple, boyish person, who touches pitch all the time and never is defiled. The book goes with a swing; and there are many touches of keen observation, with a talent for turning an epigram. "Monte Carlo" is very good, but its successors will be better and better.

THE CHAIN OF OB. By St. Clair Harnett. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Most critics will agree that Mr. St. Clair Harnett's second novel indicates a marked advance in literary power and interest. Mr. Harnett still takes the most amazing liberties with time and space, and steps as unconcernedly from the twentieth century into the twelfth as did "Alice Through

the Looking Glass," but he never fails to remember that he has a strong, consistent, and well knit story running through his fingers, and, from the point of view of the tired novel reader who asks for something bright and vital and fresh "The Chain of Ob" is really admirable. His hero is the one who is marked with "the devil's bracelet." It extends right round the left forearm just below the elbow in an unbroken chain, and by old sorcerers is reputed to derive its power from a passage in the Book of Samuel—that which relates when Saul would seek the Witch of Endor, his servants were told to find a woman who was mistress of an Ob. At all events, those who own this token are reputed wondrous tender to influences from worlds unseen and ghostly visitors, and so when Tony goes with his friend to take possession of the haunted and mysterious Girdlestone House, all manner of weird and uncanny things happen. The figures in the moth-eaten tapestry come to life, and the hero finds he is in plain prosaic Devon in the daytime and at night a leading figure in some of the thrilling tragedies of passion and ambition that were enacted in England centuries ago. The effect is extraordinarily penetrating and vivid.

DAISY DARLEY. By W. P. Ryan. 6s. (Dent.)

You cannot exhaust the fascination of Fleet Street. Never was street so thickly populated with arresting personalities. Put Fleet Street, the human side of Fleet Street, into a chapter of your novel, and you will be sure of at least one living chapter. Mr. W. P. Ryan has done more than this; his new novel is leavened throughout by a realistic "inside" description of the running of a great evening newspaper. Indeed, so intimately and convincingly does the author sketch the staff of the "Gleam," that even the sweet and airy heroine who gives her name to the story loses colour and vitality by comparison. Sub-editors and reporters live vividly in these pages, and towering above these smaller fry looms the massive figure of Theobald Cunningham, the great journalist who edits the *Gleam* and weeps in print over the sorrows of Sad Humanity. "His momentous, world-weary, yet prophetic 'I' spoke for all mankind. It appealed to the imagination like a star through the mist—ruthful, portentous, suggestive of diviner verities. His world took his most trivial confidences as something touching and sacred; even to his indigestion and insomnia, of which he often wrote, he gave a large human dignity, a sense of the Universal Ordeal." The story opens with the advent to the staff of the *Gleam* of Arthur Clandillon, an able young writer with large-hearted ideals and mystical leanings. "This office," the chief tells him, among many other wise reflections, "like every other office is run and ruled by invisible women." In Arthur's case the invisible woman, to whom his soul speaks in all his writings, is not, as one might suppose, the woman he is engaged to marry, but Daisy Darley, a distant relative of his. For—and here is Arthur's problem—side by side with his increasing affection for Daisy Darley, the conviction is growing upon him that he has outgrown the "self" which took the false step of becoming engaged to Alice Considine, a hot-blooded, vigorous girl, whose views on religion and life in general are cramped and narrow compared with his own. The love tangle which forms the plot is, however, quite secondary to the clever character studies in the novel, which is distinguished throughout by an exceptional depth and brilliancy of thought and expression.

LOT BARROW. By Viola Meynell. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

"Lot Barrow" affords yet another proof that the one sex never understands the other. The female characters are excellent; particularly that of Lot herself, the servant girl. Her first adventure terminates disastrously, far more disastrously for her lover than for herself. And it is all her doing. Yet her compassion is not for him, but for herself. This is absolutely typical of rather low intelligences cursed with vanity. But a second sorrow, a great blow to her vanity, has a refining influence on her. She emerges a humble woman, prepared to breast the blows of circumstances, to take the evil with the good. Such a development is natural, and it is most naturally told. Mrs. Child, her mistress, is another clever portrait, though a profile rather than a full face. A woman with unusual burdens to bear, who manages to put a brave face, even a merry face, on it for her husband's sake, for her lodger's sake, but no further. That is the extent of her endurance. Beyond that she is waspish and nagging. A marvellous transcript from life. But the men! The hyper-sensitive lover of Lot, an extraordinarily thin-skinned village swain, reduced to a bottomless abyss of despair by a moment's disappointment. Her second lover, a young, healthy, hard-working farmer, who year after year poisons his own life and the lives of his parents because his cries for the moon are shown to be impracticable. It is not thus that we conceive of the rustic mind. And thirdly, the exquisite prig, cultivating quite honestly what he imagines to be a platonic friendship with Lot, inculcating quite seriously the duty of callousness in the face of the deepest sorrows. He is impossible, inhuman. And what there is of humanity in this precious hero bears an unpleasant likeness to the villain of Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders." But Lot, with her splendid physique, her Atalanta-like power of running, might well be admitted to that society. Mr. Hardy has drawn no more living human girl.

THE FINGER OF MR. BLEE. A Tropical Comedy. By Peter Blundell. 6s. (John Lane.)

Harold Blee, the hero of this extravaganza, is a young Eurasian, a purely delightful specimen of a Malay competition-wallah on a comparatively humble scale. Of his antecedents we are not permitted to more than guess. From a condition of primitive childhood, in which he runs about in a state of nature, Fate removes him to a mission school, whence he is drafted to the service of the government in Jallagar, and becomes a kind of god-in-the-car in a feud between the Commandant's lady and the wife of the agent of the great Bung Steamship Company—Commandant and Agent being (through their respective wives) rivals for the social ascendancy of Jallagar—and of a very

Miss Viola Meynell.

charming love affair between two of their young relatives. The author has studied types in the Far East with a keen eye to character, and the result in the volume before us is entertaining to a degree.

THE LADY OF THE CANARIES. By St. J. Lucas. 6s. (Blackwood.)

To pick up a book by Mr. St. J. Lucas is to be sure of reading something of distinction. His style is easy and scholarly, and he has gifts of pathos and of humour such as few other writers possess. The story from which this collection takes its title is one of the best things of its kind that Mr. Lucas has yet done. The heroine is an English governess who has fallen in love with a man who proposed to her on the spur of the moment, and who realised almost immediately afterwards that he was not in love with her. The man took up an appointment at Trieste and made half-hearted attempts to break off the match; but, being of a weak, vacillating character, has allowed the girl to throw up her post and come to meet him in Venice, where for some time he has not the courage to go and meet her. She, poor soul, has spent all her money on flaunting clothes in Paris, and is in extremity when at last he appears, and in a short time becomes so disgusted with her that he leaves her. A "thin" enough plot, it may be said, but Mr. Lucas handles it in the most masterly fashion, and when we see, as we do, that beneath all her external tawdriness and artificiality there is a genuine passion burning in her, we feel the righteous indignation that we ought to do towards the vapid, yet really kindly, man who deserts her. Of the other stories "The Brandon Leonardo" is far the best. A tale that hangs upon some picture is a favourite exercise with Mr. Lucas, but in this story he has conjured up a particular "atmosphere" which is one of his happiest achievements, and the whole episode is treated with a delicacy and deftness of touch that leave nothing to be desired.

A MARRIAGE OF INCONVENIENCE. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The main theme of Mr. Thomas Cobb's new novel deals with the life of the heroine Nina Halliday, who is apparently (the author does not make her parentage clear) the illegitimate daughter of a wealthy old *roué*, Campion by name. Mr. Cobb is a bold man, he is not easily perturbed or daunted by social difficulties, and he places his heroine in a position which is one of great embarrassment, even after her marriage with a quite desirable and fairly interesting hero. Vernon Harford is a good, sound character, nothing very much out of the way, but what in slang phrase has become known as a "white" man. He makes up his mind that Nina is the woman for him, and the "nosey" propensities of his undesirable aunt, Mrs. Flemmerton, and the pressure brought to bear upon him by his sister, Mrs. Grahame-Marsack, who is quite a fashionable woman in her way, prove insufficient to alienate him from his choice. Had he abandoned Nina we cannot but think that Harford would have sunk to a low position in the average novel reader's esteem. Nina herself is just an extremely nice girl—with no apparent kinks in her nature arising from her unfortunate birth—with a fine figure, and remarkable eyes, of which she makes good use. Vernon is an adept at evading the leading questions of his sister, and some of the most amusing passages in the book are concerned with the exercise of this useful accomplishment. Euphemia Flemmerton, a rather attractive girl of eighteen, is a well-drawn character. Mrs. Flemmerton has all the objectionable characteristics of that too common type, the person who concentrates a large amount of energy in poking her nose into other people's business. A good and amusing story.

ISRAEL KALISCH. By W. L. George. 6s. (Constable.)

There has been a definite "purpose" in each of the two earlier novels which Mr. George has written, but neither in "A Bed of Roses" nor in "The City of Light" was the essential *motif* so insistently obtrusive as it is in this study of the life and death of an intellectual Anarchist. From its very nature the story is one of sordid life on the Continent, in New York, and in London, but the sordidness is merely that of the material circumstances in which the characters live, and the tale is saved from being "unpleasant" (in the Shavian sense of the term), by the subsidiary love-affairs of several of the characters, and, in particular, by the devoted passion of Karsavina for the hero, Israel Kalisch. The conception of Israel Kalisch is first-rate. While he is thoroughly sympathetic with his hero, Mr. George is not unduly carried away by his creation, and he uses Kalisch very skilfully as a foil to other of his fellow Anarchists. The book, indeed, is extremely clever. Mr. George has the gift of being able to put a political sermon, or rather a political debate, into the form of fiction without either destroying the value of his real thesis or obtruding the teacher too much upon the story-teller, and so long as he retains this power he will be read with interest by people to whom most of the views held by his characters are utterly obnoxious.

PHYLLIDA FLOUTS ME. By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Phyllida Woodruff is a very charming young lady who lives in a sleepy little village, reading poetry and dreaming of a haloed ideal lover; she has found John Martin, a neighbouring farmer, too matter-of-fact, too commonplace, and has consequently refused to have anything to do with him. John's sister, knowing the sterling worth of her brother, resents that his love should be treated flippantly by a silly, sentimental girl, and determines to be avenged and at the same time to teach her a lesson. So she makes herself up as the sort of man she thinks will appeal to Phyllida's heart, and getting John off to London for a time, she takes advantage of his absence and tries to win the affection of Phyllida, who has never seen her before, and has no suspicion of her disguise. The result is she experiences the most amazing ten days of her life, and ends her adventure by falling in love with the squire of the village and, after her disguise is seen through, getting engaged to him. It is a fresh, amusing story, told brightly and vivaciously, with many humorous touches. Phyllida's natural disappointment in her ideal man with his exaggerated passions and his flow of empty words, her realisation that life is something more than poetry after all, and the sudden silhouetting of John's strength and virtue against the weaknesses of the bogus lover, help one to draw the satisfactory conclusion that the best things in life are not the things we have not, but those we already possess.

THE LITTLE GREY SHOE. By Percy James Brebner. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For a good, stirring tale of romance and adventure, one cannot ask for a better novel than Mr. Percy James Brebner's latest, "The Little Grey Shoe." The hero is a man named Heleston, an officer in the Guard of King Philip of Saxe-Oldenburg, who thinks he has left the happiest portion of his life behind him in England, and suddenly finds he is mistaken when he chivalrously assists a Princess passing as a maid of honour, and for the nonce disguised as a serving maid, to escape from the blatant attentions of some German soldiers. This slight action—the opening of a gate he had no right to open—brings him into disgrace with the king; but he is the one man who stands loyally by the king when a rebellion rises and Count Christian claims the throne. It is at the beginning of the fight that Heleston picks up the little grey shoe which belongs to his lady, and which saves his life; it is for the sake of the owner of the shoe he chooses to live and serve Count Christian, rather than be hanged as a traitor; and it is the lady herself who rescues him at the end when he is awaiting certain death. The plot is ingeniously constructed; the story has a delightful love interest and simply bristles with incident and surprises from start to finish.

THE CATFISH. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The catfish, it appears, " is the demon of the deep, and keeps things lively," and if Mary Festing does not deserve to be called a demon she certainly possesses those attributes which enable her to prevent matters from becoming torpid. And yet Mary is, as it were, a temperament rather than a vivid personality. Her influence upon George Tracy is always somewhat enigmatic, and that curious character, himself an odd compound of the romantic and of the practical, is probably moved sub-consciously by the soundest eugenic promptings when he turns from Mary, whom he has loved almost in a resentful manner, and marries the somewhat ordinary and healthy Lesbia Garnett. George Tracy is by far the most prominent figure in the story, and his gradual development from a predominantly romantic boy into the successful but always intellectual and artistic head of " Tracy's " is worked out with that skill and neatness by which Mr. Marriott's novels are generally characterised. The days of Tracy's early childhood and of his school career are especially well described, and the same criticism applies also to the character of his friend, Miles Darragh, which is not, unfortunately, elaborated as much as could have been wished. However, the elusiveness of the whole story is, in great part, its main charm, and it is clear that in Mr. Marriott we have a novelist of considerable sympathetic insight and delicate imagination

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Constable.)

This is an excellent specimen of the novel to which Mr. Norris has made us grow accustomed—quiet, thoughtful, well bred and refined, skimming lightly over the surface of life yet etching people and scenes deep enough for us to recognise their fidelity and to remember their truth. The keynote to this new story is found, perhaps, in the fact that Mr. Norris has, for any reason, discovered the time has arrived when he must paint a socialist. Other writers, no doubt, would give " The Right Honourable Gentleman " an aggressive beard, a check suit, a bowler hat, and a red tie. This is not, and never could be, the Norris method. The Socialist in his story figures in the first chapter as " The Unsociable Socialist " and is quite a respectable personage, for his creator is at some pains to explain that " the Right Honourable Arnold Calthrop, President of the Local Government Board, did not like being stared at. He thought people who stared at him impertinent—a view not very easy, it must be confessed, to reconcile with the principles which he professed, yet comprehensible enough by those who had sufficient insight to divine the mental attitude which must needs accompany such a physique as his." Later we learn that " for many generations the Calthrops of Monkshill had been great territorial personages, exercising a benevolent quasi-feudal rule over a large tract of country, practising a lavish hospitality, upholding Tory traditions, and occasionally filling high offices of State, though always declining ennoblement." Any doubt we therefore felt as to the suitability of " The Right Honourable Gentleman " to be a Norris hero is quite set at rest, and from this point onward we read this account of his flirtation with the impeccable Mrs. Newmarch with suitably chastened regret.

AUNT OLIVE IN BOHEMIA. By Leslie Moore. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Into whatever life " Aunt Olive " intrudes, she is sure to bring the charm of her sunny, old-fashioned personality. The story of how Miss Olive Mason takes a studio in Chelsea after a long life of dull self-repression in the country, and how she befriends six artists is infectiously entertaining, and deserves to be popular. We thought nothing could be added to the charm of the theme, till the girl-child Pippa appeared, a spritely elf who talks in broken English and has a captivating individuality of her own. In a novel set in an artistic mil'eu, it is impossible to avoid thinking of " Trilby " ; but the author has her own story to tell, and she owes little or nothing to George Du Maurier.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Charles Marriott.**

Fortunately for all who come under " Aunt Olive's " sway, she enjoys an income of five thousand a year. When the six artists succumb to this delightful old lady, she begins to play the part of kindly fate. Jasper Merton and his wife, and the Duchessa di Corleone and Paul Treherne then find their troubles vanish in a miraculous way. Only the solution supplied to the difficulties surrounding Pippa's parentage reads like a bit of special pleading, provided for the sake of a pleasant ending. The style is discursive, and the construction somewhat loose, but the novel is one for which to be grateful.

AN AFFAIR OF STATE. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Methuen.)

It would be interesting to know how the central idea of this remarkable book first took shape in the author's mind. Even so tragic a thing as a social revolution has its humorous side. Carlyle found humour in the Terror ? Was it in the spirit of this grim humour that Mr. Snaith first put pen to paper ? There is a *bizarrerie* in his opening chapters, an intellectual levity, that breaks out at intervals later, which would seem to support this theory. But as the story progresses one feels that it is gripping the writer with a force that makes him serious in spite of himself. The book is so clever, so good in the main, that many if not most of its readers will wish that Mr. Snaith had been inspired throughout with a really vital purpose. The volume is full of daring contemporary portraiture, touched here and there, Whistler-like, with a kind of mocking cynicism. Probabilities are treated with no respectful hand. The relations of the principal personages are Gilbertian. James Draper, son of the people but gentleman by nature, an idealist, another Oliver Cromwell come to judgment, who speaks with the passion of a Burke and the silver tongue of a John Bright and a like religious devotion, is married to a daughter of the aristocracy of birth. His chief friend and confidant, his disinterested Egeria, is the Duchess of Rockingham. Draper is loyal to his King, devoted to his country, an idol of " the North," but he is convinced, nevertheless, that, in order that it may go forward, Democracy must be first put back, and saved from the emotional dishonesty of the Cockney agitator-journalist, Mr. George John

Galloway. The portraits of Draper and the Duchess are wildly imaginative, but they are finely drawn for all that, actual in a world of their own. As the narrative draws to a close, the social and political chaos becomes a mere background for the contest between James Draper, his wife the Lady Aline, and the Duke and Duchess of Rockingham, in which contest the ex-Premier Solomon Grundy and a certain Lord Peveril play a subsidiary part. There is, perhaps, a suspicion of melodrama in the tragedy of the Duke's death, but of how many public men may it not be said that "one never know's one's Rockingham"? Mr. Snaith has a nice sense of character, a crisp, telling style, and his dialogue has point and appropriateness.

WHITE MOTLEY. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Among a party of happy holiday-makers who are enjoying the winter sports amid the glistening snow and the clear, hard sunshine of Switzerland, there arrives a gentle, sympathetic little woman, known as the "little widow." We have already learned of a sorrow that has shadowed her life, and we guess that she has come to Andana wishing to hide herself from the world. But she has come, too, to play a principal part in a tragedy that takes place in the white silence of the Alps, and to win incidentally the love of a good man, who, at the critical hour does all within his power to save her name from disgrace. One expects from the pen of Mr. Max Pemberton a plot that is thoroughly exciting, a story that is well written and full of incident, and in this case, at least, none will be disappointed. He has caught the true care-free atmosphere that lingers round the snow-clad peaks during the winter holiday months, and has used it for striking a vivid contrast to the dark doubt and grief that is assailing the "little widow" while she sends out her warm sympathy to all those who come in contact with her. The other characters staying at the hotel afford plenty of scope for amusement,—the irrepressible Bess Bethune, a precocious child of thirteen; two impressionable young men, who turn to the "little widow" for advice and help out of a love tangle; and many another who has part in the panoramic background to the "little widow's" sufferings and joy.

The Bookman's Table.

MY FRIEND'S BOOK. By Anatole France. Translated by J. Lewis May. 6s. (John Lane.)

"My Friend's Book" is not one of Anatole France's most interesting or important works, but that it possesses distinction and charm goes without saying. It is in main the recollections of a man about his childhood and upbringing. The life of a small Parisian of the nineteenth century is shown us with that delicacy of touch and emotion, with that kind of faint hint of gentle irony, for which Anatole France is so famous. There is little plot in the story — in fact, there is no plot at all in one sense. The tale just winds along through the remembered episodes of youth, here bright with the curious, precise details of memory, there hazy with the usual lapses of recollection. The psychology of children has a singular attraction for Anatole France. Probably it is that his own memories are peculiarly vivid and that all his books on childhood are to a large extent sheer autobiography. The exquisite and cunning ease of his style is an almost perfect medium for so simple a story as this. A child might read "My Friend's Book" with delight—a delight that would be shared by the most cultured people. There is always in Anatole France an ironic reserve which is very piquant. You never quite know whether his tongue is not in his cheek. One need only read the long conversation at the end of this book between Octave, Laure, and Raymond upon the subject of fairy tales to be conscious of the feeling. That vague suggestion of a mocking smile that hovers over all his work gives it a rare flavour that is all its own, gives it a subtle and almost indefinable personality. You might as well try to explain why it is that certain rooms affect one so queerly, or certain scents, or certain silences even. And what makes Anatole France especially fascinating is the fact that his mockery is so kindly that you never quite know whether it is mockery. It is as elusive as a name that is on one's lips but will not shape itself into a word. This translation appears to be competently made, but, of course, any translation of a French stylist loses some precious essence which simply cannot survive in an alien tongue. That is a sad but undeniable truth.

OUR VILLAGE HOMES. By Hugh Aronson. 2s 6d. net. (Murby.)

As Lord Henry Bentinck says in a brief preface to this little handbook, Mr. Aronson's writing is here and there tinged with party feeling, and we regret this fact the more that in many respects Mr. Aronson shows himself to be a careful and sober observer of the condition of rural England to-day. He is not so dithyrambic in his denunciations as Mr. F. E. Green, but at the same time he hits hard, and he has a great deal of strong criticism to offer upon the action and the inaction in recent years of the Local Government Board. Mr. Aronson estimates very fairly, as it seems to us, the respective merits of the Bill introduced by Sir Arthur Griffith Boscawen and of that prepared by the Rural League, and it is clear that he does not expect salvation to be achieved by the passage of either of these two projected measures. Like many other students of the same problem, Mr. Aronson looks to what has been accomplished in Ireland recently as the most hopeful example of what can be done, and he argues that the same remedy, if applied in England, would meet with not dissimilar results. The Irish system, he says, should be applied until the wages of agricultural labour can be raised, after which the system of State grants should be withdrawn; and he goes on to suggest that this rise in wages should be effected, not by the passage of a Minimum Wage Act, but by giving to each labourer a piece of land of his own to till, and time in which to till it. In advocating this course Mr. Aronson is almost certainly on the right lines.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE. By George Kitchin. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

In any history of the early days of journalism L'Estrange must needs bulk largely; it was a good thought to give him a book to himself, and Mr. Kitchin has written a full biography of him that is at once painstakingly accurate and alive with interest. L'Estrange was a Royalist pamphleteer; he was imprisoned in Newgate after the Parliament triumph, but escaped. The Restoration gave him opportunities of avenging himself on his enemies and mending his own fortunes, and he was not slow to profit by them. He was active in bringing authors and publishers of seditious books to punishment, and presently the office of "Surveyor of the Press" was created for him, and he obtained a monopoly of the printing and publishing of news and advertisements. His three first newspapers, *The Intelligencer*, *The News*, and the *City Mercury* were ably conducted, but the journalistic rivals he had supplanted or suppressed fiercely resented his possession of such exclusive privileges, and before long they were curtailed. Other papers came into existence under other editors, but until the Revolution he remained one of the most powerful and influential of the Royalist journalists and pamphleteers, and also one of the most unscrupulous. He was coarser and more abusive than Defoe became later on the other side; he was scurrilous and slanderous to a degree, though whilst he had the power he gagged and persecuted his brother-journalists without mercy. But there is more than a touch of romance about his record; he was a strong and interesting personality, and remains for ever a significant figure in the history of journalism, to which history Mr. Kitchin has made a very welcome and valuable contribution. There are several illustrations in facsimile and from old prints, and a good reproduction of Kneller's portrait of L'Estrange.

THE BOOKMAN
SPRING SUPPLEMENT

From The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn (*Fine Art Society*). THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THE ETCHINGS OF FRANK BRANGWYN.

63s. net. (The Fine Art Society, Ltd.)

In this large and very handsomely bound volume the Fine Art Society has compiled an exhaustive catalogue of Mr. Frank Brangwyn's etchings, reproducing two hundred of them. Many of these are necessarily much reduced, for most of Mr. Brangwyn's more important plates are on the grand scale, and could only be accommodated in a Gargantuan portfolio; but, even so, as often as not

the reductions remain as large as average etchings, and are so beautifully reproduced that to describe such a book simply as a catalogue would be rather misleading. It is that, and something more: it is a portfolio of vividly realistic drawings of scenes and characters by one of the most strikingly individual of living artists. Each picture is faced with a brief note giving particulars of the size of the original, where the plate was etched, whether and where it was exhibited, what galleries contain proofs of it, and so forth. Mr. Brangwyn had become famous as a painter before he turned to experiment with the etching needle. Then he began purely for the sake of relaxation, and for the gratification of his friends, but realising the power he had in this fresh medium of expression, he passed from amusing himself with it to a serious working in the etcher's art, and, despite the usual doubts of some of the more conventional of English critics, it was not long before the public here, and especially on the Continent, were awake to the advent of a new master. His first three important plates were exhibited at the Rowland Club in Clifford's Inn in 1903, and in the ten years since then he has made himself a reputation as an etcher that is second only to his fame as a painter. You have the same breadth and vigour of treatment, the same subtle play with clear light and massed shadows, the same easy strength and sense of power and vision in these black-and-white studies as he brings to his magical colour schemes. Whether he is drawing some familiar London scene, such as the Monument, London Bridge, Cannon Street Railway Bridge, Old Kew Bridge; or the Bridge of Sighs, or some picturesque Venetian street or church; a commonplace view of a tanyard, the mouth of a coal-pit, a butcher's shop, a farmyard; a sketch of bakers or sawyers at work, or a vision of the Nativity, he blends with his wonderful gift of realistic presentment certain qualities of large imaginative sympathy and a feeling for the beauty of form in the commonest things, for the strange beauty that the unloveliest of objects will put on when it is touched with flying lights or veiled in brooding shadows. He is in art very much what Wagner is in music. You feel or see the force of his dominant personality in all his work; he is a mighty master who strikes a new harmony out of seeming discords, and makes the real thing beautiful without idealising it. One looks through this catalogue with a growing admiration of the scope, variety and prodigal power of Mr. Brangwyn's genius. A bibliography in an appendix supplies gratifying testimony to the increasing appreciation his work is meeting with at home and abroad; another appendix gives a list of all the etchings now in public galleries; and there is an excellent frontispiece portrait of the artist.

From **The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn** (*Fine Art Society*).

BROWNING'S HOUSE, VENICE.

TRENT'S LAST CASE.

By E. C. BENTLEY. With Coloured Frontispiece. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

There is a possibility that you will guess the murderer of Sigsbee Manderson, the American millionaire, and, indeed, Mr. Bentley supplies you with a very strong clue, but it is a most improbable contingency. Probably not one reader in a hundred will be honestly successful, and it is as well to notice that in this instance it is more than usually damaging to look at the end of the book before you have got half-way through. Treat the author as fairly as he treats you. That is very fairly indeed, for "Trent's Last Case" is quite one of the most enjoyable detective stories we have ever read. Mr. Bentley possesses a quality not usually displayed in authors of this particular brand of fiction. He really can write well; he can construct and tell a story, his characters are not puppets but creatures of flesh and blood, and much of the dialogue is very amusing indeed. Of late years, the detective story has maintained its popularity with the general reader, but the art of writing it has fallen off rather than otherwise, and one reason why we are grateful to Mr. Bentley is that he has, in "Trent's Last Case," lifted it to a higher level again. If all detective stories were on the same plane as this, they would rank as one of the most deserving classes of fiction. We are grateful to Mr. Bentley for a thrilling evening's entertainment.

SKI-RUNS IN THE HIGH ALPS.

By F. F. Roget. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

SKI-ING.

By Arnold Lunn. 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Professor Roget's book marks an epoch—which is not necessarily the same as saying that it makes an epoch. So far, ski literature has been severely technical, like the book of Zdarsky expounding the obsolescent Lilienfelder system, or those of Vivian Caulfeild and E. C. Richardson waging uncompromising war against the stick. We do not forget Mr. Fulton's charming and unaffected "With Ski in Norway and Lapland," but that was as much about Norway and Lapland as about ski. Professor Roget's is the first winter mountaineering book whose inspiration is literary rather than technical. True, it does contain some excellent practical tips, but they are more or less irrelevant, and the reader who wants instruction in straight running and in the mysteries of Christianias and Telemarks must turn to Caulfeild or to Richardson. The present volume bears the same sort of relation to winter mountaineering on the "planks" as (say) "The Playground of Europe" does to summer mountaineering on the rope; though, of course, the ski-runner who attempts the big heights must leave his ski behind at times and take to the rope and the irons. It is a series of essays, short and long, upon the glorious ends to which the ski were a means; and so attractively does the Professor write, that not only they who run may read, but even those whose running is of the past or the future will find the book delightful. Little did the first runners who began joyously slithering about on easy slopes in Switzerland a few years ago imagine that they were making possible such a trip as this of Professor Roget's, the "high-level route" itself, taken in the incredible month of January: First day, Bourg St. Pierre to the Valsorey Hut; second day, wind too strong; third day, Valsorey Hut to the Chanrion Hut; fourth day, Chanrion Hut to the Bertol Hut; fifth day, ascent of Dent Blanche (him, or rather her, even!); sixth day, Bertol Hut *vid* Col d'Hérens and the Zmutt glacier to Zermatt. Equally wonderful, too, was the Oberland circuit, made in a week; and most wonderful of all, the author's "night out" on the Plaine Morte glacier in the depth of winter. The maps, reproduced from the Siegfried sheets, are excellent in intention, but scarcely legible, and the illustrations are poor substitutes for the good photographs one might expect in a book like this. Professor Roget argues that "ski" should be pronounced with the "k" hard. His argument is not very sound, and in any case he is too late. For all of us now, these fascinating boards are "The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive She."

From The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn (*Fine Art Society*).

THE MONUMENT

Mr. Arnold Lunn's volume is a relative of Professor Roget's; for he accompanied the professor on the best of his mountain tours and wrote certain articles (included in this book) from which Roget culled some descriptive passages. The volume is excellent at its best and the other thing at its worst. Mr. Lunn should really have taken more pains with it. A hotch-potch of tips, instructions, topographical memoranda, ski-politics and purple passages of description cannot make a satisfactory book. Mr. Lunn tells the beginner just the very facts he wants to know, even down to how and where to order his ski, and the probable price of the same. His remarks on outfit are capital and his treatment of the delicate topic of lady-skiers and their ways is the most useful and fearless thing yet said on the subject. The more is the pity, therefore, that he should leave the novice struggling on his first slope, and plunge into the advanced technique of mountaineering. Moreover, he would have been well-advised to leave out both the story of club squabbles and the sort of prospectus of that latest family concern the British Ski Association. The latter would have been in its proper place among the advertisement pages. Still, with all its faults, it is a most useful book. The would-be skier should invest first of all in Mr. Richardson's "Shilling Ski-runner," and then in this book of Mr. Lunn's. They will save him many hours, pains and pence.

From **Ulster** (*Blackie*).

From **Dartmoor** (*Blackie*).

OCKERY BRIDGE, NEAR PRINCETOWN.

DARTMOOR:

Pictured by ERNEST HASLEHUST. Described by ARTHUR L. SALMON. 2s. (Blackie & Son.)

"Dartmoor," says Mr. Arthur L. Salmon, "is a fine sounding name and no one would wish to displace it." We have read so much of it that even for those who have never seen it, the very name has power to conjure up visions of sweeping plains and moss-grown boulders, great tors and rugged hills. Mr. Ernest Haslehust has caught the grim spirit of the place and his pictures are full of its mists and sombre colourings. Those who are going to Dartmoor, as well as those who have been or are planning to go, will be glad of this book. It is more than ordinarily interesting. Mr. Salmon's references to the early history of the moor, the possible origins of the weird ghost and pixy and fairy tales all add to the eerie atmosphere that haunts the great wild spaces. Mystery clings to Dartmoor still, tradition wanders among the hills and across the bleak wastes. The village of Widecombe, for instance, is famous yet "not because of its famous sheep fair, nor because its church is the finest on Dartmoor, but because the Devil himself paid the spot some very personal attentions at one time, and indeed was once reported to have lived there." On an October Sunday in 1638 "a stranger riding through Poundsgate enquired the way to Widecombe, and, being given drink, it was noticed that the liquor actually hissed as it passed down his throat." Many other startling things happened as well—darkness and thunder while the people were in church, and a ball of fire fell through the roof. One hopes it will be long before the spread of modern scepticism sweeps these picturesque old superstitions from the moor for ever.

From The Dukeries (*Blackie*). THE BEECH AVENUE, THORESBY.

THE DUKERIES:

Pictured by ERNEST HASLEHUST. Described by R. MURRAY GILCHRIST. 2s. (Blackie and Son.)

The publication of this splendid series of colour books will do much to make the average Briton more intimate with and more interested in his native country. Few of us can truthfully say that we really know England. To know England is not only to know its contours, its vales, its forests, its history, and its people; for England is composed of all these and more, and at most one can boast of familiarity with this or that corner of the island, of these or those few famous manors or churches. But in this series of books Messrs. Blackie & Son are gathering together all these remote and well-known or little-known places, and with the help of skilful writers and artists bringing England nearer to us and us nearer to England. "The Dukeries"—so admirably described by Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist—is an exceedingly interesting volume, full of vivid word-pictures and gleanings from the high-ways and by-ways of history. For the text of Mr. Gilchrist and the delightful paintings of Mr. Ernest Haslehust we have nothing but praise—between them they have made "The Dukeries" one of the most pleasing volumes in a wholly useful and pleasing series.

HEREFORD:

Pictured by ERNEST HASLEHUST. Described by CHAS. EDWARDS. 2s. (Blackie & Son.)

Nothing could be better in their way than Mr. Charles Edwards' alluring description and concise history of Hereford and Mr. Ernest Haslehust's beautiful paintings of the district. As one reads one is vividly conscious of that curious fascination that belongs to every town with a past; every beauty of its streets and houses is made more beautiful by the associations that have gathered about them; a light of memory glorifies them, as a light of

From Hereford (*Blackie*). MONNINGTON FALLS.

sunset transfigures the commonest of things. Mr. Edwards shows you the old town playing its part in the lives of men through the generations that are gone; inseparable from their hopes and fears, though insensible of them all; seeing the world always with it but always gliding by, as the peaceful Wye glides majestically at its feet. "The cathedral," says Mr. Edwards, "comes like the postscript in a lady's letter. Take away the Wye, and still for this majestic, if rather miscellaneous, old fane, and it alone, Hereford would merit the devotion of many days." Those who love a place for itself and its own characteristics can find plenty in Hereford to please them; for those who prefer it for its historical connections it is steeped in history; and Mr. Edwards' book and Mr. Haslehust's many pictures will be equally helpful and interesting to these and to those.

From The Ancient History of the Near East (*Methuen*).

CEREMONIAL PALETTE (END OF PREDYNASTIC PERIOD).

From The Ancient History of the Near East (*Methuen*).

PREDYNASTIC POTTERY.

INDIA.

By PIERRE LOTI. Illustrations by A. HUGH FISHER. 7s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

This handsome volume is one of a uniform edition of the works of Pierre Loti. "India" was first published in English seven years ago, and has always been deservedly popular. It has not the force and living, vivid power of the Indian pictures of Kipling's great travel book, "From Sea to Sea," but in its delicacy of impression and expression, in its glimpses exquisitely observed and exquisitely told, it shows itself worthy of the high esteem in which it is held. Loti's eyes wander through the world, he has always an air of fatigue, of languor, an ascetic voluptuousness that casts a strange glamour over his pages. He is a very difficult writer to translate, for the essence and fragrance of his work is desperately volatile and elusive. "India" is somewhat a heavy book to read, slow, somnolent; it is like lazily walking with bare feet through mud warmed in a hot sun, soft, caressing, clinging. Read the chapter entitled "The Great Palms," or that called "In Famished India," and you will understand. But the slowness is due to an added pleasure, the pleasure of giving oneself up to the writer's thought, to seeing with his eyes, to sharing his reflections and tasting them to the full. There is certainly in this book something of the real spirit of India that is easily missed, because so difficult to disentangle, to express precisely, and that is Loti's power—to express clearly things hard for the average mind to grasp. The illustrations are good but without distinction.

From India (*Laurie*).

THE ROSE-COLOURED GRANITE TOWER.

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE NEAR EAST.

By H. R. HALL, M.A., F.S.A. With 33 Plates and 14 Maps. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

From the earliest times to the battle of Salamis! A colossal task of compression to bring this within the compass of six hundred pages. Yet Mr. Hall has carried through his task so deftly that his book, while moderate in size, is exceedingly readable and most interesting to anyone who possesses even a simple general idea of ancient history. The story begins with prehistoric Greece, though, as Mr. Hall points out, we have not yet learned to write the history of the civilization of the Bronze Age revealed by the discoveries of Schliemann, Halbherr and Evans. Accordingly, Greece is treated separately, and Mr. Hall passes on to Egypt and Babylonia, of which we have intelligible records upon which we can base real history.

repulse of the barbarians by Greece the record ends, the future civilization of the world was fixed and determined by Salamis and Marathon. Mr. Hall has brought together a fascinating storehouse of art, archæology and history which will prove no less authoritative than delightful reading. It includes and takes into account all the most recent discoveries, and is in this way thoroughly up-to-date even when dealing with the affairs of five thousand years ago.

From **The Ancient History of the Near East** (*Methuen*).

KING SENUSERT III., DÊR-EL-BAHRI, British Museum.

From **Gloucester Cathedral** (*Dent*).

At first the Nilotic and Egyptian communities are treated separately until they come in contact with each other and with the Anatolian culture of Asia Minor, after which they can no longer be kept apart. Then come the rise of the Israelitish kingdom in Palestine, then from 850 B.C. to 650 B.C. Nineveh and the warlike armies of Asshur take the central place. Nineveh was destroyed, Babylon woke again till Persia took its place and brought all the Near East into its empire, except Greece. With the

From **Gloucester Cathedral** (*Dent*).

THE BOOK OF THE TARPON.

By A. W. DIMOCK, With 93 Illustrations from Photographs by JULIAN A. DIMOCK. 7s. 6d. net. (Palmer.)

Mr. Dimock is, as this book will show you in a moment, an experienced tarpon fisherman, and, like all others of his ilk, he has an enthusiasm for the tarpon which is almost boundless. "The tarpon meets every demand the sport of fishing can make. He fits the light fly-rod as no trout ever dreamed of doing and leaps high out of the water a hundred times for every

EDMUND BURKE.
From The Windham Papers
(*Jenkins*).

once that a brook trout clears the surface. When grown to the size of an average man he is no less active, although he will snap a line of thirty threads and break a hickory hoe handle, as you or I would break a reed." And again, "To one who knows the tarpon, the feeble efforts of the salmon to live up to its own reputation are saddening." Besides, it is a handsome fish—a really beautiful creature, as anybody who has seen these photos must admit. To those in search of sport, "The Book of the Tarpon" will be an eye-opener, while the photographs with which it is illustrated are nothing short of marvellous.

REMINISCENCES OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE.

By LADY MACDONELL. With 16 Portraits. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

The life of the diplomatist has a fascination for the general reader which is equalled probably by no other calling. The reasons for this are probably two-fold; firstly, because he nearly always has a wide experience of several foreign countries, while, secondly, he is supposed to be the depository of "state secrets" and hardly-won information. Lady Macdonell first met her husband in 1869, when he was holding a Secretaryship at Buenos Ayres, and his fortunes subsequently took her to Madrid, Berlin, Rome, and Munich, and—with her husband as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary—to Rio de Janeiro, Copenhagen, and Lisbon. About her varied experiences and the many interesting people whom she met, Lady Macdonell writes in a pleasantly chatty manner, and her book affords many interesting sidelights upon the history of the last forty years.

From The Windham Papers (*Jenkins*).

SIR SIDNEY SMITH IN PRISON.
Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

DR JOHNSON.
From The Windham Papers
(*Jenkins*).

THE DALESMAN.

By A. WREN RUMNEY. With 14 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Titus Wilson, Kendal.)

Around a somewhat slender central plot Mr. Rumney hangs a number of delightful studies of the scenery and characters of the English Lake District. If regarded as a novel "The Dalesman" is no more than conventional, but no reader of the book will be content to regard it as a novel. Mr. Rumney clearly possesses a deep knowledge and love of the Lake District, he has a true sense of humour and the ability to draw character. Moreover, the dialect which he frequently introduces is well managed and seldom or never troublesome. "The Dalesman" is an unusual and altogether charming piece of work—and the photographs with which it is illustrated are exceedingly fine.

WEST INDIAN TALES OF OLD.

By ALGERNON E. ASPINALL. With 43 Illustrations. (Duckworth.)

In a couple of earlier volumes Mr. Aspinall has proved how thorough is his acquaintance with the West Indies, and the attractive book now before us goes far to strengthen the high opinion of the author which we had formed from his earlier work. In their time the West Indies have had their full share of the more exciting episodes of the world's history, but these stories will come, nevertheless, comparatively freshly to the general reader. Whether he is dealing with the exploits of the brave Benbow or with the unexplained Barbados mystery (in which lead coffins play a leading part), Mr. Aspinall writes brightly and vividly. Among travellers and those who enjoy such romances of the past, "West Indian Tales of Old" will find a ready market.

CHARLES WINDHAM.
From The Windham Papers
(*Jenkins*).

A MONTESSORI MOTHER.

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. With 20 Illustrations. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

To those who may not know what is meant by the Montessori Method we would say that it is by far the most important theory for the education of young children put forward since the general adoption of the kindergarten. And it is something more than a theory; it is successful in practice. "Children's Homes" are now flourishing in Rome, and Dr. Montessori is giving direct instruction in her method to a number of teachers who have come to her from all parts of the world. It must, however, naturally be some time before Montessori schools are properly organised in this country, and in the meantime there comes this valuable book from the pen of a lady who has had a considerable experience of Dr. Montessori's work. Mrs. Fisher writes in a clear and untechnical manner, and the volume contains an appreciative introduction by Mr. E. G. A. Holmes, the well-known writer upon educational topics.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.
From The Windham Papers
(*Jenkins*).

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

1s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

We are glad to have this collected edition of Lindsay Gordon's poems. The quality of the verse is uneven, of course, but at times it touches a very high mark. Deep melancholy broods over the poems, so that we get to understand the tragic self-destruction that ended Gordon's life at Melbourne on June 23rd, 1870—the very day his "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes" were first published. Now, after more than forty-two years have passed, we can more justly appraise the poet's work than contemporary critics could. The swing and quick movement of "From the Wreck"; the vigour of such a verse as this:

"Then a steel-shod rush and a steel-clad ring,
And a crash of the spear staves splintering,
And the billowy battle blended!
Riot of chargers, revel of blows,
And fierce, flush'd faces of fighting foes,
From croup to bridle that reel'd and rose
In a sparkle of sword-play splendid!"

and the beauty and wealth of description in some of the sea-poems, all reveal the gifts of Adam Lindsay Gordon. It is curious to think of Gordon as a member of the Australian Parliament, but so he was for two brief sessions in the days of his prosperity. The anonymous introduction, critical and biographical, to this edition of Gordon's poems is both sympathetic and discerning. If Gordon's appeal is directly to the Australian, it is still true that there are many lovers of good verse in England to whom the appeal is no less irresistible.

Frontispiece to **Oliver Goldsmith,** Regent Library. (*Herbert & Daniel*).

ARBELLA STUART.

By B. C. HARDY. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The story of Arbella, or Arabella Stuart, is one of the lesser tales of great misfortune befalling high estate. Cousin to Queen Elizabeth, standing in close affinity to the English crown, if fortune had smiled on her birth she might have been Queen of England in her own right, by alliance she might have been Duchess of Lennox, Duchess of Parma, Duchess of Holstein, Princess of Nassau, Queen of Poland, Queen of Spain, Queen of France, or even (by marriage with her cousin, James VI. of Scotland) Queen of Great Britain, for every one of these marriages had been proposed for her, and been passed by. She was a grand-daughter of grand old Bess of Hardwick, from whose masterful ways she had at times much to endure. But her great sorrows came through her secret marriage to William Seymour, later Marquis of Hertford, which earned for both King James's displeasure and separate imprisonment. Romantic is the tale, and it has inspired poet and novelist from her own day down till 1844, when G. P. R. James published his "Arabella Stuart," which was popular enough in its own time but has long since gone the way of all dull books and is no longer remembered. Since then there have been several biographies, long or short, and the present work is derived from these and from the rich collections of private correspondence belonging to the period. It gives a very lively and sympathetic portrait of a woman who filled no little space in the Court and the life of her day, and whose griefs were nearly as poignant as those of Mary of Scotland, but less legendary.

Frontispiece to **Poems by John Dryden** (*Blackie*).

Frontispiece to **Plays and Poems by Oliver Goldsmith** (*Blackie*).

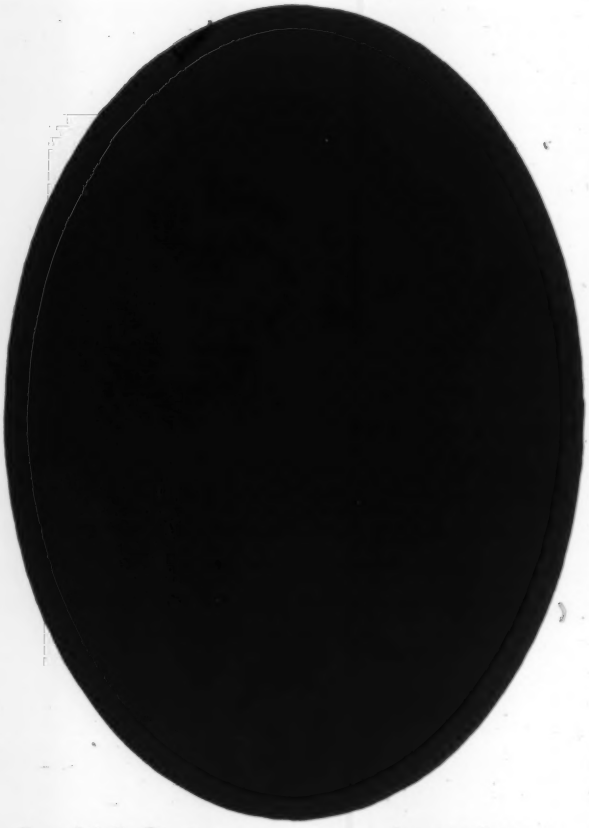
Frontispiece to **George Eliot,** Regent Library (*Herbert & Daniel*).

THE YOUTH OF HENRY VIII.

A Narrative in Contemporary Letters. By FRANK ARTHUR MUMBY. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)

Mr. Frank Arthur Mumby has conceived a plan of relating the whole history of England in a very vivid and attractive way. He has already done some good work in collecting and editing examples of the art of the best modern letter writers. A year or two ago he went back to the early days of Queen Elizabeth, and composed a delightful story of her girlhood by means of letters written by the young princess and the persons around her. It was the success of this novel essay in historical narrative that inspired him with the large project of telling the entire history of our country by means of contemporary letters written at the time when events occurred. And now, in "The Youth of Henry VIII.," Mr. Mumby, having prepared the groundwork of his scheme, prosperously enters upon his laborious and yet pleasant task. If he can carry the whole of it out with the success he has achieved in the story of the youth of Henry VIII. he will win the gratitude of a large number of readers. I must confess that I have not studied all the letters of the early kings of England, but I should be much surprised if the art of letter-writing in the eleventh and twelfth centuries was practised so widely and so well as it was at the dawn of the English Renaissance, when King Henry VIII.—young, handsome, cultivated and immensely wealthy—set out to dazzle Europe as the beau ideal of a Renaissance potentate. All that Lorenzo the Magnificent had been on a small scale Henry meant to become in a very large way. There was apparently no vice in him except a touch of vanity and vain-gloriousness, pardonable, and even natural, in a young man of his position.

"Our King," wrote Mountjoy to Erasmus in 1509, "does not desire gold, or gems, or precious metals, but virtue, glory, immortality. The other day he wished he were more learned. I said, 'That is not what we expect of your Grace, but that you will foster and encourage learned men.' 'Yea, surely,' said he, 'for indeed without them we should scarcely exist at all.' Make up your mind that the last day of your wretchedness has dawned. You will come to a Prince, who will say: 'Accept our wealth and be our greatest sage.'"



From Arbella Stuart (*Constable*).

ARBELLA STUART
AGED ABOUT 17

From The Youth of Henry VIII. (*Constable*).

HENRY VIII
From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery
Photo by Emery Walker.

And here is King Henry at twenty-four, as described in the letter by the Venetian Ambassador: "His Majesty is the handsomest potentate I ever set eyes on; above the usual height, with an extremely fine calf to his leg; his complexion very fair and bright, with auburn hair combed straight and short in the French fashion, and a round face so very beautiful that it would become a pretty woman. The Queen is rather ugly, but the damsels of her court are handsome and make a sumptuous appearance."

The observant Venetian goes on to hint that the Queen, in spite of her plainness, is secure against her lovely rivals, by reason of the fact that she is about to give birth to an heir. There can be little doubt that Henry would have remained openly faithful to Catharine of Arragon if she had given him a son. On the whole, the lively and entertaining volume of letters that Mr. Mumby has collected from the Calendars of State Papers, the Rolls Series, and various other sources, is calculated to give an unprejudiced reader a good opinion of our Royal Bluebeard at the height of his glory. Generous of nature, he trusted men, and was betrayed by those nearest to him. Queen Catharine, on the other hand, does not show in her own letters any of the grace and nobility of character with which Shakespeare has endowed her. The daughter of the subtlest and craftiest intriguer in Europe, she fought for power and position with a cunning that could stoop to strange baseness. Married in her youth to Henry the Seventh's elder son, Prince Arthur, she wrote to her father that she would rather drown than leave England after the death of her husband. With a view to bringing off her re-marriage with the new heir to the throne, she suggested that her father-in-law, old King Henry the Seventh, should be won over by wedding him to her sister, Juana. At the time she wrote Juana was insane and wandering

about Castille, carrying with her the corpse of her dead husband, Philip.

It is quite likely that Catharine had fallen in love with the new Prince of Wales, and was ready to see her own mad sister become her mother-in-law, so that she in turn might marry handsome Prince Hal. But injured pride and a fierce passion for power are clearly revealed in Catharine's letters.

There are some wild dramas of naked human passions in this volume of epistles, written for the most part in the ceremonious diction with which princes addressed each other in the first part of the sixteenth century. Now and then one of the actors loses control of himself under the stress of passion and fear, and breaks out into ordinary speech, half inarticulate with emotion. Such is the letter that the Duke of Suffolk wrote to Wolsey, after he had betrayed the King's interests in France and married the widow of the French King. Wolsey's letter in reply is one of the masterpieces of English literature; its subtlety, its power, and its nice balance between a secret friendship for Suffolk and an open fidelity to the King, would have made Machiavelli envious. If Mr. Mumby can continually find material of this sort in contemporary letters, for his series of historical narratives, he will win a numerous and delighted public.

E. W.

From **Mrs. Gaskell: Homes, Haunts, and Stories,** of which Sir I. Pitman & Sons are about to issue a new edition.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN STEVENSON (MRS. GASKELL) BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.
From a miniature painted about 1830. *Photo by Warrick Brooks, Manchester.*

PAINTERS AND PAINTING.

By SIR FREDERICK WEDMORE. 1s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

In this volume of the excellent Home University Library, Sir Frederick Wedmore places his extensive knowledge at the service of the reader, and, without descending from the heights of trained and disciplined taste, discourses in friendly—one might almost say colloquial—fashion on great painters and their work. Certainly an easy book to read, and illuminating, too, in many a phrase and well directed criticism. Limitations are inevitable, Sir Frederick explains that all schools cannot be included; "and several men, really great, who have been discussed too much, I scarcely discuss at all." But Blake is not even mentioned, and the Japanese artists are left out. After that, we must put up with hearing nothing about Post-impressionists or recent English painters. But surely Etty is praised overmuch when there is no room for these excluded ones! Of the Spanish and Dutch painters the author has many good things to tell us, and the criticisms of the eighteenth-century English painters seem to us particularly relevant. Sir Frederick's literary opinions scattered pleasantly up and down the book are like "the flowers that bloom in the spring" and are not always so relevant. However, the reader is assured of the company of an urbane and cultured gentleman in these pages, and can well be content to listen in silence to one whom many acclaim as England's greatest art-critic.

From **Great Composers in Love and Marriage** (*Long*).

BACH.
Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

A "YOUNG LADY."

By HORACE W. C. NEWTE. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Thackeray would have enjoyed this absorbing study of suburban snobbery, executed with that meticulous attention to detail which adds social value to Mr. Newte's work. From the moment when Julie Potter is encountered studying "The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Complete Guide to Conduct and Deportment in Every Circumstance in Life" to the thrilling *dénouement*, the reader's interest is kept on an almost painful stretch of attention. Julie's infatuation for Bert Spatcher, "one of the k-nuts," her business experiences in the city, and the masterful intrusion into her life of Kenneth Woodward, together with a whole contemporary portrait gallery of suburban types, form a living, closely knit narrative. Hints there are of May morning romance, even of primitive passion, and the inimitable Mr. Applebee, the taxidermist, provides refreshing humour. Paltry social pretences, affectations and mean ambitions are exposed in "A 'Young Lady'" with relentless power. The discovery of Mr. Marble's occupation—he was a carver in a city restaurant—and its appalling effect on the "select" Woodbridge folk, makes one hope this novel will be read by the pathetically stunted women who "give tone" to the Woodbridges of London. Beyond the fact that Mr. Newte overworks the verb "perceive," we have nothing but praise for his new novel.

From Painters and Painting (*Williams & Norgate*). CHARDIN: LE BÉNÉDICITE. Louvre, Photo: Alinari.

A GREAT COQUETTE.

By JOSEPH TURQUAN. With 16 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Jenkins.)

"My book," says M. Turquan, "contains the history of a woman who fascinated at every step." Yet even he finds it difficult entirely to account for the secret of Madame Récamier's fascination. It can be granted that she was beautiful—extraordinarily so—but even her beauty was of a cold and passionless type. She had no wit, no particular charm of manner. "She was too commonplace to have real intelligence. Without being silly, she was far from being a superior woman, as Madame de Stael would like us to believe. . . . She was a perfect mistress of the art of being bored without showing her weariness. Her heart, source of every beautiful action, generous thought, and originality of intelligence, had been dried up in her worship of vanity." And yet among her "salon" were numbered many of the most distinguished men of her time; she was universally courted, flattered, and adored. She is indeed, as M. Turquan shows so well, a curious study, and one of unusual interest. The anonymous translator of "A Great Coquette" appears to have done his work remarkably well, for the book is both idiomatic and easy reading.

From A Great Coquette (*Jenkins*)

MADAME TALLIEN AND MADAME RÉCAMIER. After the painting by Marguerite Gérard in the Bordeaux Museum. *Photo, Artigus.*

From An Exiled King. (*Hutchinson*).

KING GUSTAF ADOLF IV. AND HIS QUEEN, FREDRIKA DOROTHEA WILHELMINA.

LIFE'S CHANCES.

By MARJORIE CROSBIE. 1s. (Alfred Hinde.)

In this collection of verse by Miss Marjorie Crosbie there is much that is very pretty and thoughtful. Miss Crosbie is fluent and graceful, and in the philosophy and facile melody of her poems challenges comparison with Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox; but for the most part the poems have a note of sadness in them, they have not the flashing optimism, the triumphant hope, that makes Mrs. Wilcox's work so universally popular. Nevertheless, Miss Crosbie now and then touches a lighter, happier note very pleasantly; and her purely descriptive verses are charming and vividly realised. Her sadness is, we believe, no more than the sadness of youth; she is young enough still to feel the joy of grief; and when another year or two have ripened her gift and added to her experience we predict that she will give us lyrics that shall be tenderer than these perhaps, though not so pensive. It is only when one has really trodden the sorrowful way that one learns how to be happy. Meanwhile, we are glad to have this little book of thoughtful and very promising poems.

MOLIÈRE.

Œuvres complètes en Six Volumes. Avec une Notice sur Molière par EMILE FAGUET, de l'Académie française. 1fr. 25c. net le volume. (Nelson.)

In this age of the world it is hard to be original, as authors and publishers alike know too well. Something like a miracle of originality, however, has been accomplished by the firm of Nelson; for a glance at the bookstalls will show you multitudes of shilling and of sevenpenny reprints that were never there till the Nelson tactics proved the possibility of victory on those desperate lines. Just now, in a specially delightful sense, Nelson has conquered "that sweet enemy, France." The "Collection Nelson" provides exactly what is wanted in England, namely, a choice of the best French literature, new and old, in cheap volumes,

From The Complete Works of Molière (*Nelson*). DON GARCIE DE NAVARRE (ACTE II., SCÈNE V.)

From The Complete Works of Molière (*Nelson*). LE TARTUFFE (ACTE IV., SCÈNE IV)

From The Complete Works of Molière (*Nelson*). LES FOURBERIES DE SCAPIN (ACTE III., SCÈNE II.)

From The Complete Works of Molière (*Nelson*). L'ECOLE DES FEMMES (ACTE V., SCÈNE IV.)

not too large for the pocket or too small for the shelf, sound in text, legible in type, and (oh, great desideratum!) clad in covers of something stronger than Parisian paper. To that collection a most happy addition has been made in the shape of a complete Molière in six charming white and gold volumes, adorned with prints, and enriched as well with a long general preface, and a short introduction to each play from the pen of the most distinguished of living French critics. Ten or fifteen years ago you would have thought these volumes really cheap at half-a-crown apiece. In these happier days they sell at 1fr. 25, which, being interpreted, is neither more nor less than the nimble shilling. Such a venture will not lack a generous English welcome,

for French, completely French, as Molière is, he has qualities that make him specially attractive to the countrymen of Shakespeare and Dickens, of Sterne and Bernard Shaw. We in England who have taken Don Quixote and Sancho Panza to our bosoms as if they were, like Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, part of our national mythology, are not likely to let the accident of nationality lessen our admiration for Molière. We know Tartuffe well, though we sometimes call him Mr. Pecksniff. We have our George Dandin, though we have solemnized him and stiffened him out with British starch and side-whiskers into Mr. Dombey. Even the fault that M. Faguet urges when he calls Molière " un grand écrivain négligé " is pardoned more easily beside the Thames than beside the Seine. Not, by any means, that England is indifferent to form—that, surely, cannot be urged against the land that gave birth to Milton and Shelley. What makes the Briton restive is not form but formalism. We do not care for a poet with a marble style if his heart is marble too. The grandeur of remoteness that distinguishes French tragedy is an impediment rather than an attraction to the Englishman. The noble classic figures seem to move and have their being against the background of a world that is vast and menacing, but dim, aloof, and unpopulated. In that world are passions, but no people ; it is not the world in which folk eat and drink and are merry—and die. In that tragic world people do not die ; they slay or are slain, or they perish. One is conscious of the few who suffer and of the immortals who sport with them, but not of humankind at large. This, remember, is not so much what French classic tragedy is, as what the generality of Englishmen find it. Shakespeare by contrast teems with life. In and beyond his plays you hear the hum and whir of the world ; and you hear it, though more faintly, in Molière. This, you exclaim, is the world we know, the world, not of passions, but of foibles, where much is terrible, but where much more is ridiculous. The world of Molière is not the world of a few, a super-few, whose voices reverberate to the skies. It is just the mingled concourse of men, various and unexalted, of amusing rogues who cheat, and honest fellows who are cheated, the worst with something good in them, the best redeemed by something humanly foolish.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

From **Ancient Greece** (*Harrap*).

ANCIENT GREECE.

By H. B. COTTERILL, M.A. With nearly 150 Illustrations in Half-tone and Line, and 5 Plates in Colour. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

" Ancient Greece " is the first volume of a new series of histories—the Great Nations—which Messrs. Harrap are publishing. Mr. Cotterill's aim has been to treat adequately every aspect of the Greek civilization in the course of a volume which is neither of unwieldy size or length. Beginning with the Achæan supremacy in the Ægean civilization he traces the whole history of the country until the Rise of Macedonia in the time of Philip and Alexander the Great. His attention is also largely devoted to the art and literature of the country, and his book will be found invaluable as a handy guide to the Grecian spirit. The volume, which is most liberally illustrated, will shortly be followed by others on Rome, France, Germany, Ireland, Scotland, and Mediæval Italy.

THE MATING OF LYDIA.

By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

There are haunting echoes in Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, " The Mating of Lydia." " Armorel of Lyonesse " comes back to the memory, with its story of the two artistic natures, the woman preternaturally serene and harmonious, the man falling but only to rise again, exceeding human. Here, too, in this story of the Cumberland dales, the man rises on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things. He is the moral of the tale and perhaps for that very reason is a little unreal, just misses capturing our sympathy. Even his creator seems to hurry over him a little impatiently. The other moral of the tale, the collector who tramples everything, family ties, sympathy with his kind, everything and anything human, in his mad mania, is also unreal, more so than his victim. He is a Frankenstein's monster.

Lydia, on the contrary, lives. She is a product of the age which is emancipating women. She will be superior to the old commonplace affections of her sex. The beauty of the world is enough for her. She will only have dealings with men on equal terms, as comrades in the pursuit of the good and beautiful. She would insist on possessing the new dignity and joy added to a woman's life by the march of events, having her soul in her own keeping. " Yet perhaps the Spirit of Irony took note of these new forms in which the natural vanity and the possessive instincts of the sex may now assert themselves." True, for the Spirit of Irony pervades the book. Strong in her new philosophy, blind to its effect on other less ethereal natures, she rejects the young Greek god, but tries to keep him as a comrade, with disastrous results. Her other comradeship, that with the tempted man, contains in itself from the very first the germ of what will eventually level all her magnificent theories with the dust, and show her just as much a woman as her foolish old Mrs. Nickleby of a mother.

The book professes to be a disquisition on the use of wealth. Underneath this obvious motif there is another, perhaps introduced semi-consciously, and certainly more interesting, the subtle resemblance between different forms of selfishness. Lydia determined on enjoying the beauties of nature and art without the intrusion of old-fashioned

love; the great lady at the hall keeping to herself her throbbing pleasure in the Cumberland countryside—a remarkable portrait, and as modern as Lydia herself; Faversham, the tempted, determined on retaining the prestige accruing from the possession of priceless cameos; and the Frankenstein's monster who, with all his mania for collecting, does collect the most beautiful things—all these are companions in selfishness. And note the curious fact that the arrival of Faversham and his cameos brings out the old collector's love of beauty, almost hidden under the crust of acquisitiveness. The one really unselfish character in the book, the Greek god, Lord Tatham, is most cruelly treated by fortune; even the marriage hastily arranged for him at the end we feel to be cruel. In many ways he is the greatest success of all the *dramatis personæ*. Ultra-modern yet absolutely sane and sympathetic, he is a splendid type, a fine creation, one that seems to glow with warmth under his creator's loving delineation. W. A. F.

From **Ancient Greece** (*Harrap*).

THE MOSLEM CHRIST.

An Essay on the Life, Character, and Teachings of Jesus Christ according to the Koran and Orthodox Tradition. By SAMUEL R. ZWEMER, D.D., F.R.G.S. 3s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

Dr. Zwemer is a well-known antagonist of Islam in the missionary field, and he has now added another volume to several preceding works directed against the Moslem faith. Much of this present book will be chiefly useful to those directly concerned in combating the teaching of Mohammed—a whole chapter, indeed, is given up to the question, "How to preach Christ to Moslems who know Jesus"—but the general reader will also find many things of interest. It is well to know the official Moslem view of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and to learn what is written in that strange medley of writings, the Koran, concerning Him. Both these points are explained with great thoroughness by Dr. Zwemer, and the statements and quotations given may be accepted with confidence. The text of the Koran is taken from Palmer's translation, and the standard commentaries used are those of Beidhawi, Zamakhshari, and Jellalain. A good bibliography is added.

From **Ancient Greece** (*Harrap*).

NEW WINE AND OLD BOTTLES.

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

When we catch sight of the name Scroose on the first page of Miss Constance Smedley's new book, it raises hopes that we may perhaps be going to meet again some of the delightful acquaintances we made in "Commoners' Rights." But although the scene is again laid among the Cotswold Hills, none of the people we knew come down from Chippingdun into the present story. Nevertheless, the new acquaintances we meet in Scroose are quite as attractive as the old, and in some cases even more so. "New Wine and Old Bottles" impresses one in its opening chapters as a keenly interesting story, but it is not until we near the end that we realise the underlying motive of the plot and the great skill with which the author secures her object. We have nothing but praise for the book and its ideals. Needless to say, Miss Smedley understands her characters through and through, and writes with sympathy and kindly humour of their doings. Readers of the story will long remember Miss Valentine, and her brother who receives such mysteriously heavy packages by rail; Mr. Griggs, the tailor, who designs all the dresses for Miss Valentine's Pageant; Mr. Dobbs, who dogs all Mr. Valentine's movements, suspecting that he is an anarchist; the Beverleys, Mr. Lawrence, the Pringles, and the many others so vividly portrayed in Miss Smedley's stimulating and powerful new book.

From **Ancient Greece** (*Harrap*).

From **Dream Cities,**
which will be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

BUDUA FROM THE WEST.

BRITISH LIGHTHOUSES:

Their History and Romance. By J. SAXBY WRYDE. With 73 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

Here we have a book that should fill a "felt want." Until it came, we had nothing quite of its kind. Books on seagoing craft, general and particular, on sailormen in all their colourful variety, on long-shore life, the sea and almost all that therein is, we had galore; but, with the exception of W. J. Hardy's "Lighthouses"—a book that differs largely from this one—this is the first attempt to give us a somewhat connected story of the "sailor's candles" that shine so mercifully from their tall "sticks" in foul nights and fair around our coasts. As to the scope of the work, the author says that he has endeavoured to give a brief but interesting account of our lighthouses and other seamarks; and, seeing that the book is intended for the general reader, technical and statistical details have been kept down. At the same time, sufficient of the former is given for the reader to understand somewhat how the latest beaconlight is made to do its work of warning and guiding seamen in dangerous places. As Mr. Wryde says, to have described every lighthouse in detail would have been monotonous indeed; he has been far wiser in giving "a simple description of the more important lighthouses, on an imaginary voyage round our coasts," and in tracing clearly, with here and there that touch of romance which illuminates stolid history, "the gradual growth of the warning signal, from the wood fire in cresset, to the electric arc whose brilliancy is computed in millions of candles." The book is well illustrated, the reproductions from sketches of such places as Cromer Church and East Cliff, Ramsgate lighthouse and harbour, and Swansea bay being particularly good.

From **Lost in the Arctic** (*Heinemann*).

See review, "The White, White North," by J. E. Patterson

ROSWITHA: BEING LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

By Otto Ernst. Translated by A. C. Caton. 5s. (A. C. Caton.)

This very charming study of child-life has just been translated from the German by Miss A. C. Caton. The author has a remarkable sympathy with children, and the many touches of quaint humour and the amusing anecdotes scattered through the pages, make Roswitha a real and human, and altogether lovable little creature. The book is refreshing and original; it deals solely with incidents in the life of a bright and happy little girl, and they are natural, perhaps even ordinary incidents, just as she is a natural and perhaps even ordinary child; but it is the simplicity of the book, the total lack of any affectation or straining after effect that makes it so thoroughly readable and so specially appealing to all child-lovers. The translation itself is so ably done that it does not read like a translation. One can open the book at almost any page and find some delightfully amusing little story about Roswitha, or about one of the many people who make up Roswitha's world. She is a little sprite dancing merrily through it, leaving behind a trail of happy memories, which her father has caught between the covers of this volume and kept there, that others who have never met her may know and love Roswitha too.

From Lost in the Arctic (*Heinemann*).

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

FLORIDA TRAILS.

By Winthrop Packard. With 41 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and Others. 7s. 6d. net. (Palmer.)

In its flora and fauna Florida is richer than almost any other part of the world, and the impressions of this enthusiastic naturalist, Mr. Winthrop Packard, are well worth reading. The writer is frank enough in regard to his own shortcomings. "Huh!" said one of the local fishermen, "he didn't even know what a garfish was." But, as this book shows, occasional ignorance of Mr. Packard's type can be a good deal more instructive than another man's

From British Lighthouses (*Unwin*).

THE SOUTH LIGHTHOUSE, LUNDY ISLAND.
(*Gibson & Sons, Penzance.*)

knowledge, and many of his sketches are curious indeed. Such is that devoted to the seven thousand pelicans which cover the face of a three-acre island at breeding-time, and which, having broken down all the mangrove trees on their island, have become ground builders rather than leave it. But there is something in the book for everybody who takes the least interest in natural history, while many of the photographs with which it is illustrated are of considerable beauty.

FORTUNES FOR FARMERS.

By BERNARD GILBERT. With 4 Illustrations. 2s. net. (Palmer.)

England, Mr. Gilbert thinks, still offers an opening for the farmer. There is no need for him to emigrate; he can, if he chooses and sets about it in the right way, easily make a living "off the land" in this country. The writer takes, for example, the specific case of the Lincolnshire farmers: "In my immediate locality are a number of young farmers, between twenty-five and thirty-five years, who are progressing rapidly, taking more and more land, up-to-date, enterprising, and ever ready to try new methods. Some were labourers ten years ago, saved a little money, took a small holding, and never looked back; others were started by their fathers, mostly in a small way, and have gone forward." And the secret of it all is no more than enterprise and modern methods. Mr. Gilbert, for instance, has the utmost scorn for the absurd attitude of the majority of farmers towards the motor-car. Why be prejudiced against an invention which may clearly be adapted in such a manner that it may prove of the utmost practical use in agriculture? And why always grow corn, when very often much more money may be made in fruit or vegetables? "Fortunes for Farmers" is a stirring, common-sense and practical book. Every farmer should be compelled to digest its teaching.

From Herbals (*Cambridge University Press*).

STUDY OF ACUILEGIA VULGARIS.

TREES AND HOW THEY GROW.

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc. With 149 Illustrations. 6s. net. (Cassell & Co.).

This is a charming and useful book, describing twenty-five British trees, and all about them, from the cradle to the grave, from seed to root, their ways and appearance and whims, their domestic and interior habits and characteristics, the uses to which they can be put by mankind, in short everything interesting or necessary to know about all the trees of Great Britain. Written with a real love for the "tall trees," if hardly with the passion of the true dweller in the woods, the volume is one worth keeping no less for its information than for the way in which it is given. The illustrations are invaluable, and make clear everything in the text. We are shown leaf and bud and flower and fruit, and an especially interesting point is that we have photographs of several trees in winter when the lack of foliage allowed the structural arrangement of the bole and branches to be clearly seen. Very interesting are the scraps and tit-bits of folk-lore and history that gather around particular trees. How many of us remember that the city of Ravenna and the famous Rialto Bridge at Venice are built on piles of alder? Or that the fruit of the ash-tree used to be pickled when it was green and tender, and eaten as a "delicate salading"?

From Florida Trails (*Palmer*).

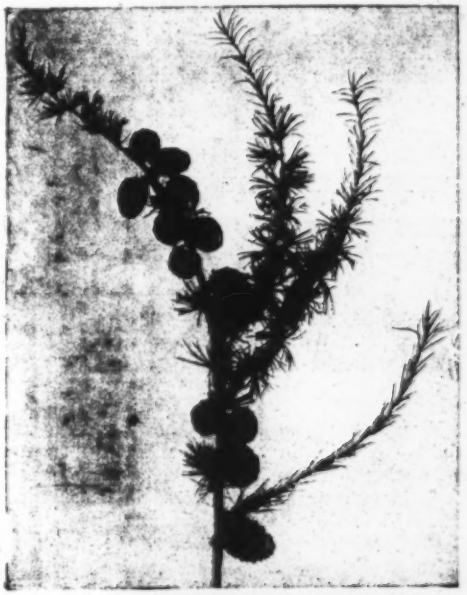
A LITTLE BLUE HERON AND HER NEST: THE COMMONEST FLORIDA HERON.

CAMP AND TRAMP IN AFRICAN WILDS.

By E. Torday. With 42 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

From Trees and How They Grow — Elm Trees in Winter, Showing Branching.

In this remarkable book Mr. Torday gives an account of his adventures and experiences from 1900 to 1907 in the Congo. Though its record finished six years ago, it is remarkable because it remains fresh and valuable, and because it ignores merely topical matters of great interest at a certain moment and soon stale. But most of all it is remarkable because of the attitude of the writer to the natives with whom he came in contact. All through the book he shows himself wise, discerning, tolerant, sympathetic and understanding to the native and his point of view. He sought not to impose Western civilized ideas upon his impressions, but rather to think with the mind of the native. The result was that he travelled immense distances through the Congo, often staying for lengthy periods at one village or another, making fast friends with many tribes, finding real friendships among the chiefs and their people, learning to understand and to love them. His book is a noble record, and offers an excellent instance of what the right type of man and the right way of dealing with the native in his home can do for true civilization. Often and again he was able to settle deadly wars of extermination between chiefs, without bloodshed, able to help other Europeans in difficulties, through his experience and prestige. He has no scorn for savages and their habits, not even when they are



Cones and Leaves of Larch.

Leaves of Wych Elm and Common Elm.

Four illustrations from Trees and How They Grow (*Cassell*). — Larches in Winter.

From Camp and Tramp in African Wilds (*Seeley*).

SOUTHERN BAMBALA MAN AND WOMAN.

cannibals, but, as befits a member of the Council of the Anthropological Society, he observes everything and records for our instruction and delectation the habits, the art, the crafts, the folk-lore of his friends. And once at least he received a useful lesson in tolerance and good manners from a cannibal. Two tribes were on the point of deadly war. Mr. Torday had arranged a palaver, which lasted two whole days, and in which he was opposed by a chief who incited the tribe to fight. Losing patience Mr. Torday addressed the tribe vigorously. "Do not listen to this bad man, . . . " and gave excellent and clinching reasons for making peace. The chief said no more, and peace was concluded. But "when all was over he came up to me and said 'You have called me a bad man, because I expressed opinions with which you did not agree. I only said what I thought right. If you did not want to hear the views of people with whom you do not agree why did you call a palaver?" Mr. Torday felt duly rebuked, but the chief bore no malice, and they became excellent friends later on. The book, with its humanity, and its valuable account of the tribes and their ways, is a permanent contribution to knowledge.

STORIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

By AGNES MAULE MACHAR. With Preface by the Right Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON, D.D. Series I. and II. With 23 Illustrations and 7 Maps. 6s. (Elliot Stock.)

Miss Machar unquestionably possesses the ability to write in a manner that will prove interesting to children, for whom, we take it, her book is primarily intended. At the same time, it should not be neglected by adults—the "busy folks" of the title-page—and if, as we hope it will, the book should come into their hands, they are almost equally certain to appreciate it. Taking the two series together (the first ends with the death of Mary, Queen of Scots), a complete picture—or, better, a series of pictures—is presented of the history of this country from the earliest times until the accession of King George V. It is a varied and vivid panorama of the stirring incidents and great events that have gone to the building up of the British Empire. Miss Machar, who is a Canadian by birth, writes vividly and well, and we have no hesitation in prophesying for the book the success it deserves.

From How England Saved China (*Unwin*).

A STREET SCENE: A BARBER SHAVING.

HOW ENGLAND SAVED CHINA.

By J. Macgowan. With 38 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Mr. Macgowan's book is, as he frankly avows, one with a purpose—that of proving that the Christian missionary in China is justified of his calling. To prove his point the writer gives three examples of reforms which have been introduced by Christianity. The first and most terrible evil of which he treats is the custom—now happily discouraged by the Chinese authorities themselves—of foot-binding among the women. The Heavenly Foot Society, with which Mrs. Archibald Little was prominently associated, has now branches all over China, and it is the exception rather than the rule for Chinese women to bind their feet. The second evil against which Christian missionaries have fought with success is the Chinese custom of destroying unwanted girl babies; while Mr. Macgowan's third example is found in the greatly increasing popularity of modern methods of surgery and medicine, which has been fostered by the medical missionary. Mr. Macgowan's justification of his calling is complete and unanswerable, and his book is one which deserves to be read by everybody who is interested in Chinese questions.

THE LAND OF THE NEW GUINEA PYGMIES.

By Captain C. G. Rawling, C.I.E., F.R.G.S. 48 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

This interesting book is, according to the subtitle, "an account of the story of a pioneer journey of exploration into the heart of New Guinea." It was organised towards the end of 1909 by the British Ornithologists' Union in order to commemorate their jubilee. "New Guinea as a whole," says the author, "still offers greater opportunities for the explorer, collector and anthropologist, than any other portion of the globe," so it is not at all surprising that the Union should have decided upon this island for so elaborate an expedition. The work was undertaken in an unknown quarter of Dutch New Guinea and proved exceedingly arduous. The difficulty of obtaining supplies, the impassability of the jungle, and the terrible climate hampered them on every side. During the first year rain fell on no fewer than 330 days and on 295 of them was accompanied by lightning and thunder. Malaria, beri-beri and various other diseases accounted for many deaths. In the year and a quarter that the expedition remained on the island the vast majority of those who did not die were invalided to a healthier climate. Very few remained from the beginning to the end. And yet the results were remarkable. They can be summarised in Captain Rawling's words:—

"Close at hand for the museums were packed 2,200 skins of birds comprising 235 species, many of which were new to science; six cases of mammal skins; many tanks and bottles of reptiles; entomological specimens; quantities of ethnographical objects of great interest and value . . . a map of 3,000 square miles of a hitherto unknown land, complete in every detail. . . . But of more human interest than all these was the discovery of the Tapiro pygmies, a really remarkable find at this period of the world's history, and sufficient in itself to have warranted the despatch of the expedition."

From The Land of the New Guinea Pygmies (*Seeley*).

DR. MARSHALL (WHO IS ABOUT 5 FT. 9 IN. IN HEIGHT) AND THE FIRST TWO PYGMIES WHO VISITED OUR CAMP. THE STRING BAGS CONTAIN ALL THEIR WORLDLY POSSESSIONS.

From The Fetish Folk of West Africa (*Revell*).

SEVERAL STRIDES TOWARDS CIVILIZATION. A Group of Balu.

Captain Rawling's book, although rather difficult to follow at times, makes capital reading. The modesty and perseverance of these adventurous men is quite astonishing. Reading in his almost joking words of horrible dangers and privations, it is hard to realise what extraordinary

From The Children's Home Finder
(*Nisbet*)

difficulties they overcame. They plunged, undismayed, into the heart of the treacherous forest, a forest full of every kind of evil. And yet it was worth it all. The romance of adventure is always worth its hardships.

From California
(*Stanley Paul*).

PRESENT OCCUPANTS OF R. L. STEVENSON'S HOUSE, MONTEREY.

From Good-night and Good-morning,
by Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), of which Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing a new edition.

THE WASTREL.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

The plot of "The Wastrel" is sufficiently complicated to do great credit to Mr. Bindloss's powers of invention, but it is not so involved as to confuse his readers at any time. The story is laid in Canada throughout and it opens quietly enough. Jernyngham, the "wastrel," is threatened with a visit from a relative. Well aware that he does not do credit to his family, he induces a friend, Prescott, to assume his name. Prescott consents to what he considers a harmless piece of deception and plays his part with much success.

From Gutter Babies
(*Heinemann*).

But one thing leads to another, and before long Prescott finds himself in a particularly awkward position, as Jernyngham's suspected murderer. There is a girl also—two, in fact—so that even his love affair is not so straightforward as it might be. Mr. Bindloss avails himself to the full of the opportunities his material gives him, and he has concocted a powerful dramatic and romantic story.

From Painters and Painting. (*Williams & Norgate.*)

RAPHAEL: "LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE." (Louvre: Mansell's.

(See page 11.)

THE FETISH FOLK OF WEST AFRICA.

By ROBERT H. MILLIGAN. 6s. net. (Revell.)

This is a very good book by an American missionary; and it is valuable because of the author's long and intimate acquaintance with the people whose ways of thought and conduct are here described with great fidelity. Mr. Milligan has no illusions about the "noble savage" or the beauty of primitive man. He is fully alive to the value of all that is good in civilization, but is equally alive to the fact that for the African material progress brings "no power of moral renovation." Against the modern trader in West Africa, with his rum selling, his San Thomé slavery, and his brutal indifference to the welfare of the native population, Mr. Milligan appeals nobly and humanely. This modern European trader indeed is seen to be as callous and cruel as the average Spanish "Conquistador" of South America in the sixteenth century, and but for the missionary things would be even worse than they are for the unfortunate West African. The case against the decent trader and the government official is that they destroy all tribal authority and ancient customs without doing anything to help the African to adapt himself to the changed conditions. Mr. Milligan, a Protestant, does not do justice to the Catholic missions, but apart from that his book deserves to receive a wide and serious consideration. The stories of the West Africans amongst whom the author dwelt are both gruesome and humorous.

From Paris and her Treasures. (*Methuen*).

CLODION'S STATUETTE OF A FAUN WITH HIS CHILDREN. IN THE MUSÉE DE CLUNY.

SIGNOR TOSELLI,
who will shortly publish an autobiographical volume through Messrs. Duckworth.

GUTTER BABIES.

By DOROTHEA SLADE. Illustrated. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Dorothea Slade is one of those happy people who can find flowers growing even in the gutter. At all events she has brought from the heart of the slums some of the most delicately pathetic and most quaintly humorous stories that have ever been published. The gutter babies really live and play and work and die in her delightfully realistic book, and one feels at the end as closely akin to those small, wild people of the back streets and alleys, as if one had stolen a little of Miss Slade's deep understanding and tender sympathy. In all the sordid tales of tragedy and woe, of sin and suffering, Miss Slade never loses sight of the brighter side, and even before we are aware of it we are laughing through our tears. There is no exaggeration,

VIEW OF LONDON BRIDGE AND THE POOL · ABOUT 1616 · FROM VISSCHER'S "LONDON".

From **On and Along the Thames** (*Jarrold*).

no extravagant phrasing, no obvious desire to waken pity in the heart of the reader ; it is all told simply and naturally, and it is exactly this that makes the tales the more human and pathetic. The impulsive, lovable "Special Johnnie" lives inside the book as vividly as outside it, and his mischievous character is silhouetted boldly against the general greyness of the gutter-life—but each character is real and distinct, and for each of them one has a half tender, half amused memory. The delicate illustrations by Lady Stanley are an added attraction to an altogether pleasing and attractive book.

PARIS AND HER TREASURES.

By Ethel E. Bicknell. With 64 Illustrations, 2 Plans, and a Map. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

The amount of work which Miss Bicknell has put into this remarkably efficient little guide is nothing short of marvellous, and we have no hesitation whatever in saying that its acquisition is the plain duty of every British visitor to Paris. The feature of the book is its alphabetical list of sights—the "treasures" of the title—than which nothing could have been better done in its way. It seems to us to be absolutely exhaustive. The Louvre, of course, is treated—and well treated—but it is not allowed to swamp the claims upon the sightseer of less-known collections and monuments, while the book's minor details—a select list of restaurants, advice upon theatres and music-halls and shops, recommendations as to what should be seen during a stay of a week, an alphabetical treatment of the principal sights in the adjacent suburbs, and so forth—will be found to be of the utmost value. The book is, indeed, a complete guide minus the customary list of hotels and pensions, and it possesses the great advantage that one can find what one wants in a moment. The map, which marks the Métro routes and stations, is a good one, and the illustrations, though small, are exceedingly well reproduced. It is a model of what such a book should be.

From **The Empress Josephine** (*John Lane*).

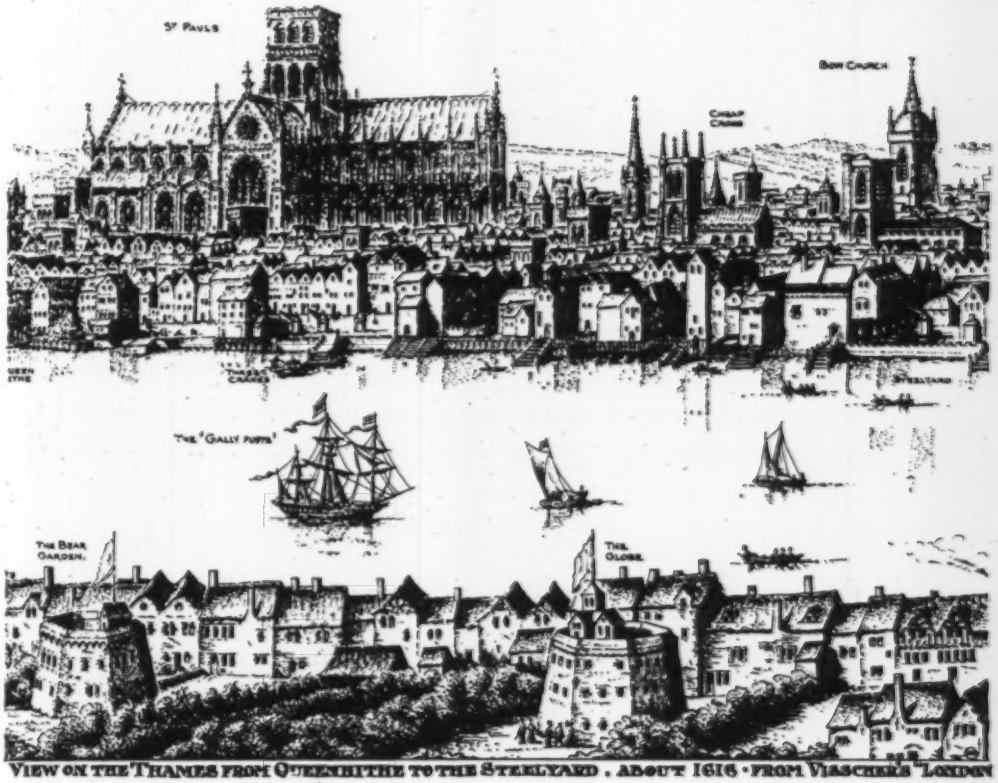
EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

(From an engraving by Delogorgue, after Lebel, pupil of David.)

ON AND ALONG THE THAMES.

By W. Culling Gaze. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

The full story of the Thames is not to be told in a single volume. Mr. Culling Gaze has, without the least prolixity, devoted the whole of this portly book to a record of less than a quarter of a century of its history during the reign of James I. He begins with an account of the towns and villages on the banks of the river from its head to its mouth, and gives separate chapters to the royal residences along its course ; to the court life, the religious life that were lived beside it ; and passes to an account of its government, its association with naval and military affairs ; its commerce and trade, its pleasure and sport, and there is a delightful



VIEW ON THE THAMES FROM QUEENHITHE TO THE STEELYARD, ABOUT 1616 · FROM VISSCHER'S 'LONDON'

From On and Along the Thames (*Jarrold*).

chapter on the water processions that used to take place upon it on Lord Mayors' Days. Mr. Gaze has done his work so thoroughly and well that "On and Along the Thames" is one of the most entertaining of the almost countless books that London has inspired. The illustrations from old views of London along the Thames about 1616 add greatly to the charm and usefulness of the volume.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

By Joseph Turquan. Authorized Translation by Violette M. Montagu. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

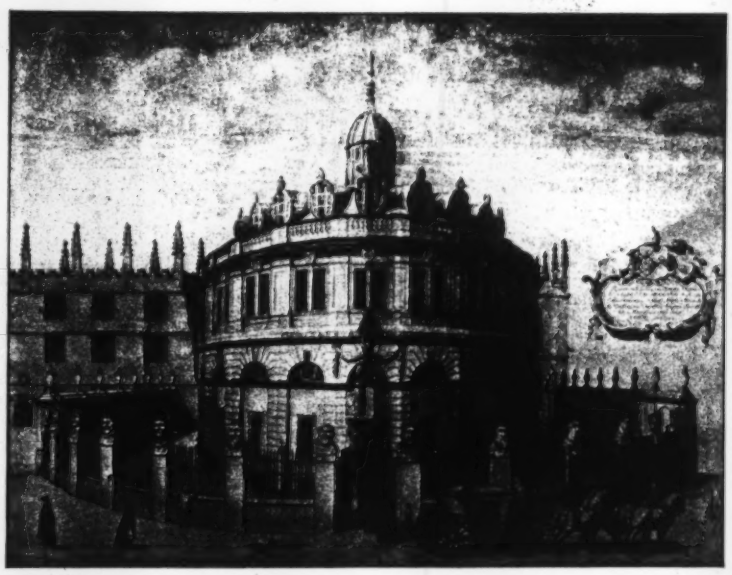
Because men love romance better than reality, the fictitious figure of the Empress Josephine will probably long maintain its place in the great Napoleonic drama as that of a heroine of surpassing beauty, noble character, and saintly disposition, who was ruthlessly sacrificed as soon as she barred the way to the accomplishment of her husband's inordinate ambition. M. Turquan claims to have demolished this fancy picture, and to show us instead the Empress Josephine as she really was. In his latest book he continues and concludes the version of her life story which was commenced in *The Wife of General Bonaparte* some two years ago. The present volume is characterised by much the same merits and defects as its predecessor. He marshals his carefully selected facts very well, and states his case with vigour and lucidity; but it is obviously the *ex parte* speech of a counsel for the prosecution rather than the deliberate summing-up of the judge.

From Stories of the British Empire (*Elliot Stock*)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Of course, it cannot be denied that the real Josephine was something very different from the popular melodramatic conception of her. She was neither a great beauty, nor a woman of unimpeachable character. Although the possessor of a wonderfully fine pair of dark, expressive eyes, a singularly melodious and caressing voice, and a supple, well-proportioned figure whose every movement was marked by a characteristically indolent Creole gracefulness, Josephine when she first emerges into the light of history appears as a widow over thirty years of age (six years older than Napoleon); who endeavoured to make up for the bloom of youth by rouge and powder, and to conceal the disfiguring badness of her teeth by a close-lipped smile. She had had no education worth speaking of, she possessed few accomplishments, and she owed her position in the anomalous society of the time to the fact, which she somehow managed to conceal from Napoleon, that she was a paid mistress of the infamous Barras. There is no doubt whatever that although Napoleon was passionately in love with her, she had at the outset little affection for him. She was cold and dilatory in her replies to his ardent letters from Italy, and hung back as long as possible from joining him at Milan. Within less than a year of their marriage she compromised herself with Hyppolite Charles, a young hussar officer; and a year

or two later behaved so indiscreetly with him during her husband's absence in Egypt that Bonaparte then had serious thoughts of divorcing her, and would have had good ground for so doing. From that date onward the fear of a divorce hung like the sword of Damocles over Josephine's head, but although he was perpetually being urged to it by his brothers and sisters, Napoleon's affection for his wife was too strong to permit of his making the wrench. After the estab



From The Life of Gilbert Sheldon (*Wells Gardner*).

THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, OXFORD.

Photo by Henry H. Burton.

THE DUOMO AND BAPTISTERY OF PARMA.

From Little Cities of Italy (*Putnam*).

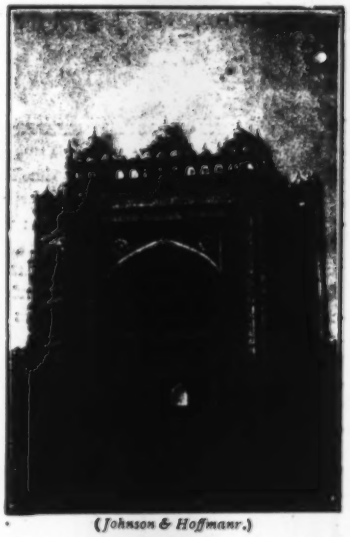
lishment of the Empire, however, another and more powerful motive came into play. Josephine was incapable of bearing a son and heir to the throne, and was asked to consent to a divorce in order that by another marriage the Napoleonic dynasty might be more firmly established. M. Turquan goes the length of maintaining that it was Josephine's plain duty to have welcomed the proposal; and, crediting her as he consistently does, with none but the most selfish motives, he alleges it was not the prospect of losing her husband which distressed her, but the thought of losing her exalted rank and of having to live on a reduced income which would not permit of the extravagance to which she had become accustomed. And he suggests that she would probably have consented readily enough if Napoleon had placed the matter on a purely pecuniary footing by promising to pay her debts, allow her an income of three million francs, provide her with a palace or two to live in, and permit her to retain the title of Empress. By suggestions of this kind, and by a too persistent and somewhat monotonous insistence on Josephine's frivolity or childishness, or selfishness, or some other undesirable quality, M. Turquan detracts from the value of what might otherwise have been an interesting piece of work. The translation is very well done, and the volume is illustrated with numerous portraits.

JOHN FYVIE.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GILBERT SHELDON

By VERNON STALEY. With 20 Illustrations. (Wells Gardner.)

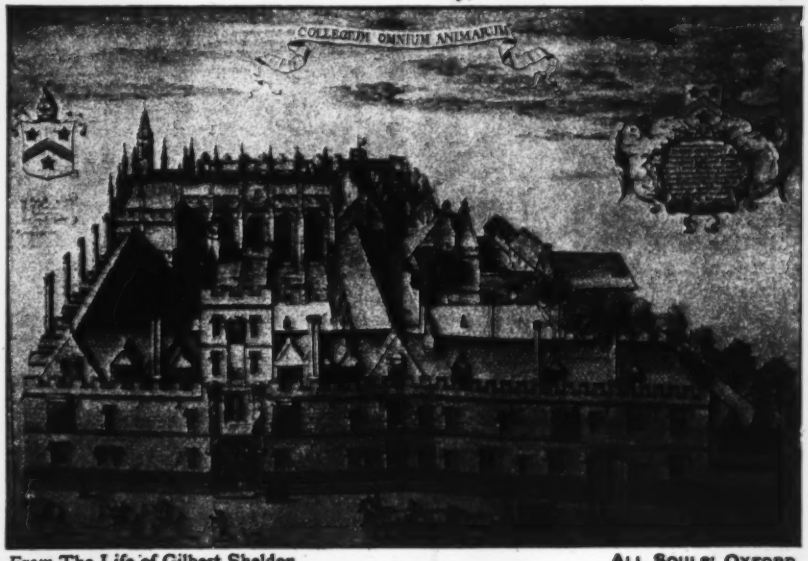
"From the death of Laud to the primacy of Sancroft," says Mr. Staley, "a most important and eventful period of English Church history, Sheldon stands out as the most eminent and capable Churchman of the time covered by the Great Rebellion and the Restoration. . . . To Sheldon and Clarendon was committed the delicate and responsible task of re-organising the English Church and Nation, after the convulsion and upheaval of the Commonwealth—a task which, when we survey the whole complicated



(*Johnson & Hoffmann.*)

AKBAR'S GATE, FATTEHPORE-SIKRI.

From Indian Pages and Pictures (*Putnam*).



From The Life of Gilbert Sheldon (*Wells Gardner*).

ALL SOULS', OXFORD.

situation created by the Revolution, and recognise the corrupt state of the Court at the Restoration, fills the mind with dismay by its intricacy and vastness." Yet until now there has been written no record of the life and deeds of this great Churchman, a man who dared to remonstrate publicly with Charles II. for his profligacy and evil life. Mr. Vernon Staley, who, as Archbishop Sheldon once was, is the Rector of Ickford, Bucks, is to be warmly thanked for having ably filled an important gap in the literature dealing with the English Church.

LITTLE CITIES OF ITALY.

By ANDRE MAUREL. Vol. II. 10s. net. (Putnam.)

Monsieur André Maurel is well known in France as a novelist and journalist, and a distinguished critic and connoisseur in painting, sculpture and architecture, and a delicate and charming writer upon the artistic and natural beauties of Italy. His "Little Cities of Italy" dates from 1890, and the appearance of the first volume was hailed

A ROCK GARDEN.

From Gardening (The Hobby Books). (*Nelson*).

with cordial appreciation from a critical public, and was crowned by the Academy and won the Marcelin Guerin prize. The present translation, of which this is the second volume, gives the work to American readers and to English. It is really a delightful book, full of impressions of beautiful and interesting things recorded by a most sensitive and discriminating mind. It wanders from town to town, leaving with the reader little vignetted glimpses for the mind's eye, little swift peeps into the lurid and tormented history of those troubled communities, tender little idylls of travel. It would make an agreeable addition to the books that are part of the baggage of the wanderer in Italy, and deserves less than most the usual fate of such books—to remain locked in a portmanteau, left somewhere to be called for later. There *might*, however, have been a map, and there *should* most certainly have been an index, the lack of which is the one blemish upon a handsome volume.

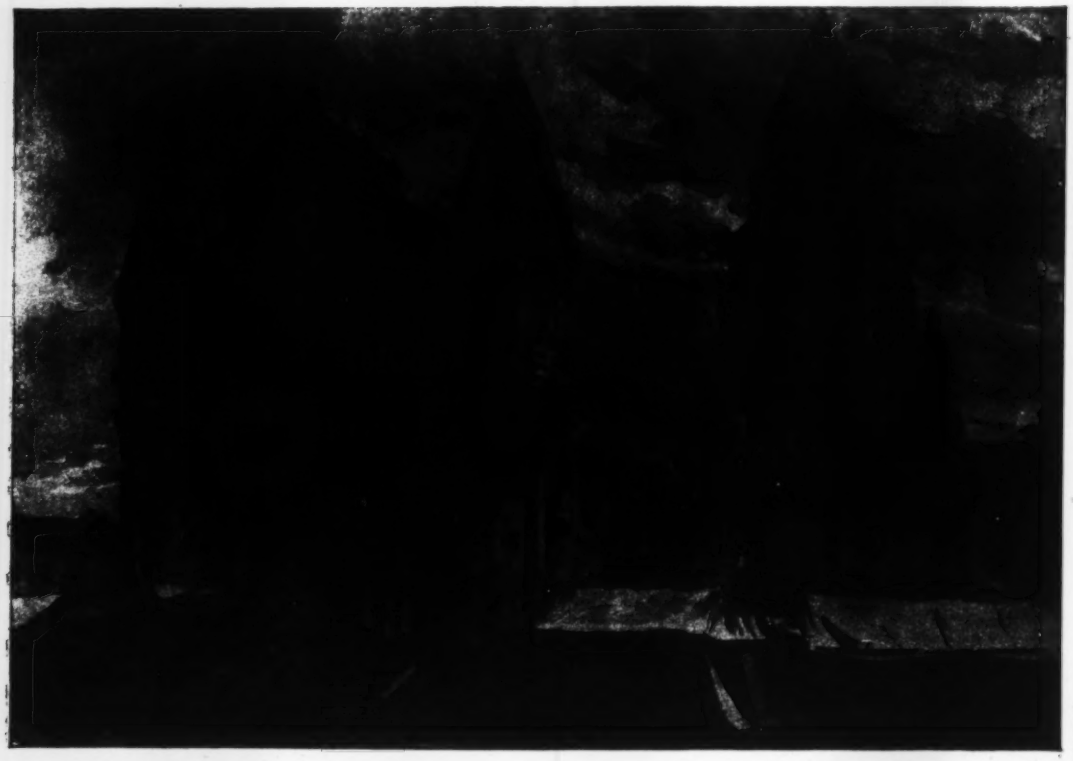
From Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country (*Elkin Mathews*).

INDIAN PAGES AND PICTURES.

By MICHAEL MYERS SHOEMAKER. With 63 Illustrations. 10s. net. (Putnam.)

Mr. Shoemaker has written a pleasant, discursive book about India sufficiently described in its title "Pages and Pictures." He is clearly an experienced "globe-trotter," experienced enough to be something more. Unfortunately it is just the something more that is lacking to Mr. Shoemaker. He writes with knowledge and in a direct, bright style that is agreeable and engaging; he would certainly be

From Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country (*Elkin Mathews*).



From **Byzantine Architecture**
(Cambridge University Press).

NOTRE DAME LA GRANDE, POITIERS.

Reviewed on page 50 of Supplement.

a delightful companion. But he never loses the globe-trotting point of view, he sees always from the outside. So it is he naïvely tells us writing of Oudeypour, as he spells it, "those old moghuls were men of taste surely." His surprise at the discovery is fresh and exquisite, and he seems to call the world to share it. A little further on he tells us gravely that the carvings on Hindu temples "upon closer inspection are repulsive, for most are of the vilest character." It is essentially of the globe-trotter to bring an unspoiled mind from his home, "*coelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*" However, Mr. Shoemaker's book gives a lively if superficial picture of Indian places and Indian life, and may be commended for its liveliness as a fireside guide to the armchair traveller for whom it is intended.

From **Byzantine Architecture**
(Cambridge University Press).

THE NARTHEX AND WEST DOOR, VEZELAY.

THE LIFE OF JOHN JERVIS; ADMIRAL LORD ST. VINCENT.

By CAPTAIN W. V. ANSON, R.N. With Illustrations, Maps and Plans. 10s. 6d (John Murray.)

Following up the well-deserved success that he gained with his biography of Admiral Anson, Captain Anson has now as efficiently turned his attention to that eighteenth century seaman whose very name seems—to those who know the history of the Navy—to spell discipline. There is an especial fitness in the author making this his second book, as

From King René d'Anjou and his Seven Queens (*Long*).

YOLANDA D'ARRAGONA (KING RENÉ'S MOTHER).
From coloured glass window, Le Mans Cathedral.

From King René d'Anjou and his Seven Queens (*Long*).

KING LOUIS OF SICILY-ANJOU (KING RENÉ'S FATHER).
Le Mans Cathedral.

he shows thus: "Put into the Navy by Anson, who was a Staffordshire man like himself, John Jervis started with nothing to help him beyond Anson's nomination, and a letter afterwards asking Saunders to look after him." "It was doubtless the hard battle he had to fight as a lad, in order to force his way up, that produced in him the stern simplicity and hard exterior (hiding a warm nature underneath) which made him feared, indeed, but respected and obeyed with all the loyalty a good and able man is sure to win from those who serve under him and trust him." It is the life of this man—without, like the oak of which his ships were built; within, manly and tender—that Captain Anson so ably puts before us, showing the great importance of the disciplinary work that was done by St. Vincent and a few of his immediate forerunners and contemporaries, and without which Nelson's victories could not have been what they were, and might even have been defeats. It is a fine and stimulating record.

From St. Augustine of Canterbury (*Murray*).

THE SO-CALLED ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAIR AT THE CATHEDRAL, CANTERBURY.

SAINT AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY.

By Sir Henry H. Howorth, K.C.I.E., Hon. D.C.L. (Durham), F.R.S., F.S.A., etc., etc. With 14 Illustrations, Maps and Plans. 12s. net. (Murray.)

The present volume—its predecessor being "Saint Gregory the Great"—is the second which Sir Henry Howorth has devoted to his study of the birth of the English Church. It cannot be said that its hero is a man in any way comparable with the great Pope to whom Christianity in England was originally due. Augustine as a Churchman was narrow and prejudiced, trained in a monkish school, and his efforts to force himself as their primate upon the British were attended with only moderate success. His mission was indeed in many respects a failure, and in the author's view, "the best that can be said of Augustine is that he was a commonplace man with good motives and high standards, set to do a work much beyond his capacity, and for which he had a very indifferent training." As a study of little known times the volume is of the greatest interest, and the various details of Saint Augustine's mission are set forth in an exact and scholarly manner. The appendices are lengthy and exhaustive, and the illustrations are well worthy of their place in the volume.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

By Clare Jerrold. With 18 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Nash.)

Mrs. Jerrold's "Early Life of Queen Victoria" was, we believe, very well received by both critics and public, and the companion volume which has just been published gives the writer an even better opportunity of displaying her capability for the task she has set herself. Queen Victoria's earlier years may have been less generally known to the public, but at least the materials for a history are available. Her married life is seen through a veil of prejudice. Prince Albert, unfortunately, aroused no enthusiasm for his many excellent qualities. The young person of the present day believes that he was dull—which he was not—and priggish—which he may have been. In many respects he was to blame for the attitude both of the past and of the present. He "kept himself to himself," as the saying goes; he had no intimate friends in this country, and he had all a middle-class Englishman's abhorrence for an exposure of the facts of his private life. Moreover, he had but little charm of manner, and he was emphatically not gracious. He was wholehearted in his determination to keep himself in the background as far as possible. "He made the members of his household promise most solemnly," Mrs. Jerrold tells us, "that they would never repeat anywhere any account of the things they heard or saw in the Royal Household, while Ladies and Maids were on their honour not to keep diaries. These promises were kept most loyally. And the result of it all was that the Prince helped to annihilate himself." Mrs. Jerrold's picture of the Prince Consort is finely drawn. Evidently she feels much sympathy for him—more than she does for Queen Victoria, towards whom she is sometimes perhaps a little unkind. But she is never unfair. She solidifies her attitude by a recital of facts. Nevertheless, in order to appreciate Queen Victoria properly it is essential that you should read this book. As a volume of popular history it is admirably done. Sometimes piquant, invariably well-written, it interests and holds the reader from the first page to the last.

From **Way Stations** *(Hodder & Stoughton).*

Elizabeth Robins *Photo by Elliott and Fry.*

From **Mary Russell Mitford,** by W. J. Russell, which will be published during the Spring by Mr. Melrose.

Mary Russell Mitford. *From a painting by John Lucas, 1829.*

WAY STATIONS.

By Elizabeth Robins. 6s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton).

When one looks at the list of women distinguished in literature, art, science,

music, who support the cause of woman's suffrage, it is difficult to understand how any man can flatly oppose their demands — how any man can, in effect, say to himself: "I am capable of voting in Parliamentary elections, but these women are not." One would think it required an almost sublime self-conceit to enable him to maintain that complacent attitude of mind. But as a rule it is not so much conceit that governs his view as a careless ignorance of the case for the other side, and all such who are wise enough and fair-minded enough to wish to be cured of that ignorance should read Miss Elizabeth Robins's "Way Stations." It is made up of articles, lectures and speeches—some of them now for the first time printed—that Miss Robins has written and delivered on the more salient aspects of the woman's movement, and these are linked together with concise historical chapters that relate the whole story of that movement and its striking developments within the last eight years. The prevailing tone of the book is so calmly and finely reasonable; its facts are marshalled so ably and its arguments advanced with so much force and such a breadth of sympathy with and understanding of both sides of the question, that it is hard to see how an impartial anti-suffragist could read it and remain uninfluenced. It is a masterly and convincing assertion of woman's claim to the common rights of citizenship; it knocks to pieces the ridiculous bogey that women are actuated in their demands by any sex-antagonism, and disposes of the suggestion that men have deliberately initiated the injustices that women suffer from, with a shrewdly imagined account of how man rose to predominance and woman sank into subservience naturally and from force of circumstances in their pre-civilized state. "Way Stations" is a deeply interesting and valuable contribution to the literature of woman's suffrage by one of its most brilliant advocates.

From The Married Life of Queen Victoria (*Nash*).

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE.
From a painting by Winterhalter.

From A Keeper of Royal Secrets (*Nash*).

MADAME DE GENLIS IN LATER LIFE.

THE WAY OF UNDERSTANDING.

By J. WARSCHAUER, M.A., D.Phil. 3s. 6d. net. (James Clarke.)

Here the author presents us with twenty-five sermons which he preached on consecutive Sunday mornings to an urban and industrial congregation in the North of England. Mr. Warschauer assures us that they are printed practically as they were delivered, therefore it must have been a pleasure to hear him. The word "sermon" usually acts as a mild panic on us moderns; but here the preacher is nothing if not manly. Take this as a sample: "Do not, I beg of you, let us identify religion with owlish and sepulchral airs, or even with particularly plain and unbecoming garb, as though an offence to taste were really an outer sign of godliness—the connection is quite imaginary. I have always sympathised with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's quaintly despairing remark when his gifted sister, Christina, became a novice of an Anglican convent at Clewer: 'Here is Christina, who has entered the religious life, and made herself look exactly like a penwiper!' And I am bound to say that one has known some excellent religious people conscientiously and deliberately affect a style that cast a chill over a summer's day. What a mistake!" Quite true. More such commonsense Christian preaching would do something towards refilling our empty churches. We recommend Mr. Warschauer's twenty-five addresses as good, straightforward, interesting talks.

SPIRIT AND POWER.

By DAVID M. M'INTYRE. 2s. 6d. net. (James Clarke.)

MR. TIGHE HOPKINS,
Author of "Wards of the State"
(*Herbert & Daniel*).

This is a helpful sort of book that has largely been made out of addresses and discussions which took place in Scotland during the summer and autumn of the past year, when there appears to have been a general desire for spiritual awakening. At the same time it is not solely a collection of conference addresses. It is an examination, as detailed as the assigned limits admit, of elements which may contribute towards a revived condition of the religious life of our own time and need. Taking the material of what he said on the platform, the author has worked out and beyond what was then said, seeing and elaborating, in the leisure of the study, points which were naturally left unnoticed in the heat of debate and the flow of platform language. Nor is he in the least pawky, feeble or sentimental in his religion; on the contrary he writes strongly, with fervour and not a little virility on such subjects as "The Outlook," "Joy in the Ministry," "Revival in the Church," "The Gospel the Preacher's Theme," "Pastoral Care," "The Missionary Motive," "The Gift of Faith," etc. Altogether the book is one that should appeal and be helpful to all who have the cause of Christianity at heart.

DR. J. WARSCHAUER,
Author of "The Way of Understanding"
(*Clarke*).

THE IMMOVABLE EAST.

By PHILIP J. BALDENSPERGER. With 24 illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

The author of this book was born in Palestine and educated with the Arabs and lived for nearly forty years among them until he settled in Nice in 1892. With his four brothers he devoted himself to agriculture, and for years travelled up and down the country carrying their bee-hives and their wooden houses on the backs of camels from hill to plain and sea-coast, following the seasons, deeply identified with the country and learning all its ways until there were few things secret from this son of an Alsatian missionary. Though he has been a regular contributor to certain journals, and has been much quoted by other writers on Palestine, this is his first book, and is a refreshing surprise to the reader of the innumerable tomes that spring continually from brief journeyings in Palestine. The keynote of the book is the immemorial antiquity of Palestine, its unchanging traditions, beliefs, manners, even geographical land marks, the persistence of the old Canaanite and his habits. When we have read, we are conscious of a profound sympathy with the people of the country, not because of their Biblical interest, but for themselves, and at the same time we feel a keener interest in the Bible story of the Israelites. The difference between this fresh, full, undidactic book and the ordinary concoction of a half-digested tour among beaten tracks is something to be very grateful for.

Frontispiece to **The Life of the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Lyall,** by Sir Mortimer Durand, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Blackwood.

SIR ALFRED LYALL.
From the portrait by J. J. Shannon, R.A., 1890.

A SON OF THE SUN.

By JACK LONDON. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

REV. D. M. M'INTYRE,
Author of "Spirit and Power"
(*Clarke*).

An iridescent fabric steeped in the intense colours and perfumes of the tropics, and thickly studded with clear-cut gleaming gems of adventure—such is "A Son of the Sun." Mr. Jack London's hero, David Grief, is a muscular trader, worth untold millions, whose delight it is to rub shoulders with fun and adventure in the course of his cruises among the fascinating islands of the South Pacific, where his multifarious interests extend from Samoa to New Guinea, and embrace pearls and pirates, buried treasure and uncharted coral reefs. Blue-eyed, with a yellow moustache, he possesses a skin with a marvellous sun-resisting capacity. "Other white men were pervious. The sun drove through their skins, ripping and smashing tissues and nerves, till they became sick in mind and body, tossed most of the Decalogue overboard, descended to beastliness, drank themselves into quick graves, or survived so savagely that war vessels were sometimes sent to curb their license." The natives of the islands are sketched with equal power, ranging from the flower-garlanded, golden-glowing men and maids of Polynesia, half-children and half-gods, to the howling savages of Melanesia, head-hunters and man-eaters, half devil and all beast. Told in Mr. Jack London's terse and vivid style and packed with a wealth of exciting incident, "A Son of the Sun" is certain to be one of the most widely read adventure stories of the year.

A HALF CENTURY AMONG THE SIAMESE AND THE LÃO:

An Autobiography: By DANIEL MCGILVARY, D.D. With an Appreciation by ARTHUR J. BROWN, D.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Fleming Revell.)

Dr. McGilvary spent fifty-three years in Northern Siam as a Presbyterian missionary, and died, at the full age of eighty-three, in the land of his adoption in 1911. When he was seventy-five years old he began to write this autobiography, the plain and grave life-story of a man of high character and purpose. Dr. McGilvary was an American, but of Highland race, and, in his own words, "a Scotsman of Scotsmen." All that he tells us of his boyhood in Buffalo, where his father was "a ruling elder" in the church, is of exceptional interest; for the "old school type" of piety that prevailed, with its nightly task of the Shorter Catechism, its "great quarto Illustrated Family Bible, with the Apocrypha and Brown's Concordance"—the only pictorial book in the house—the Fall Communion, and the Sabbatarian rule that forbade whistling even of hymn tunes on Sundays, must be hard to find in the United States to-day. "My father loved his children, but never descended to the level of familiarity with them when young, and could not sympathise with their sports," wrote

From August Strindberg BUST OF STRINDBERG.
by L. Lind-af-Hageby, a translation of which is announced for early publication by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Dr. McGilvary, calmly and without hint of reproach. After two years in Siam McGilvary married, and all the country did honour to him and to his wife when they celebrated the jubilee of their wedding in 1910. The respect was justly won, though at times the solemn, disinterested altruism of the missionary must have puzzled the lads. The autobiography is utterly free of all exaggeration, and is as modest and thoughtful as it is matter of fact.

MARRIED.

By AUGUST STRINDBERG. 6s. (Frank Palmer.)

These twenty stories of married life are some of the best things that Strindberg has ever done. When the book first made its appearance in Sweden, in 1886, its sale was prohibited; the author was prosecuted and acquitted,

AUGUST STRINDBERG, AUTHOR OF "MARRIED" (*Palmer*).

DANIEL MCGILVARY.
Frontispiece to A Half Century among the Siamese and the Lão (*Revell*).

From **The Dalesman**
(Titus Wilson, Kendal).

FARMER OR LAWYER?
Photo: Mr. G. F. Saul.

and the volume, being then republished, had an enormous success. Why it should have been censored it is a little difficult to see. The opening story, which is by no means one of the best, is the only one to which any serious objection can be taken. It is a clever enough study of a rather abnormal, unhealthily morbid youth who marries a woman older than himself and dies when he is about twenty. Again and again Strindberg ascribes much of the sin and misery of the world to the fact that men cannot earn a large enough income to be able to support a wife when they are very young; withal, most of the marriages in these stories of his turn out unhappily. They are drab, saddening, somewhat sordid stories in the main; they are ironical or grimly humorous; steeped in the pathos of disillusionment and failure, yet not without their moments of pity and tenderness and glimmerings of occasional idealism. The men and women of them may not often be pleasant persons, but they are amazingly natural; Strindberg paints life almost as sombrely as Ibsen did, though in one story he make delightful fun of Ibsen's philosophy. One wishes that the tales had a little more of the joy and sweetness of human experience in them, but of their truth, within their limits, and the insight and power with which they are written, there can be no queston.

From **Camping with Car and Camera**
(Dent).

ELIZABETHAN KESWICK.

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, M.A., F.S.A. With 15 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Titus Wilson, Kendal.)

Mr. Collingwood's most interesting work consists of a series of "extracts from the original account books, 1564–1577, of the German miners, in the archives of Augsburg." It is seldom realised that it was a German firm that developed the copper mines at Keswick and in other parts of the Lake District during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A regular German colony or settlement was then made in the district, in time to be absorbed by its English neighbours. For a while, however, it was an important concern, as is shown by numerous extracts which Mr. Collingwood has transcribed and translated. His book, indeed, is a most important contribution to the science of archæology, and nobody who is interested in that subject should err by overlooking it. The illustrations are from old prints.

From **Caravanning and Camping-out,**
which will be published shortly by Messrs. Herbert Jenkins.

A HALT BY THE WAYSIDE.

THE SAILOR WHOM ENGLAND FEARED.

By M. MACDERMOT CRAWFORD. With 13 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Nash.)

"The Sailor Whom England Feared" is an attractive and well-written account of the life of John Paul Jones, the famous "pirate" and "traitor." Although born in Scotland of mysterious but almost certainly British parentage, as a fact, Paul Jones was neither pirate nor traitor. Certainly he won fame by carrying arms against the country of his birth, but he was then an American citizen, and his sympathies were naturally enlisted on the side of the United States. His memory has suffered much at the hands of contemporary historians. Paul Jones seems in reality to have possessed a manner which may be justifiably described as charming, while he was certainly a man of personal integrity and of a courage which won the respect and admiration of his adopted countrymen. He was a born commander and a naval fighter of brilliant abilities. The story of his life and adventures reads like one of the most romantic of novels, and it is here told in a most vigorous and interesting manner. The author establishes a complete vindication of the character of an heroic and much misunderstood man.

From **The Immovable East** (*Pitman*).

A FELLAH AND HIS CAMELS, ON THE BANKS OF THE KISHON.
From a photo by J. H. Halladjian, Haifa.

From A War Photographer in Thrace (*Unwin*).

THE RETREAT AFTER LULE BURGAS: A PHOTOGRAPH AT CHORLU.

THE PASSING OF THE DRAGON.

By J. C. KEYTE, M.A. With 38 Illustrations and a Map. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For some reason or other the impression has arisen that the recent revolution in China was practically bloodless and that it was attended by but slight loss of life. That may have been the case in the coastal districts, but in the interior portions of the country it certainly was not so. Almost inevitably foreigners were involved —most unwillingly—in the struggle, and the consequences were very far from pleasant for them. It was very fortunate for Mr. Keyte's friends that he happened to be in Peking when the news reached him of the awkward situation in which they were placed. He at once set about organising an expedition for their relief, and so successful was he that he was asked by the Swedish minister to attempt the rescue of the Swedish Missionaries at their station in north-west Shensi. Mr. Keyte writes in a lively and vivacious manner (though he is not above pointing a moral at times), and as a record of travel, adventure and politics combined it would be hard to find an equal to "The Passing of the Dragon."

THE PASSING OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE.

By CAPTAIN B. GRANVILLE BAKER. With 33 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net. (Seeley.)

Captain Granville Baker's admirable book is especially useful as a supplement to the many volumes dealing with the Balkan War which have recently been pouring from the Press. The author does not appear to have had any personal experiences to record, but he was present in Constantinople in war time, and the countries of the Balkan League seem to be fairly familiar to him. The book is at once a popular and admirably condensed history of the various nations involved in the struggle, and a volume of travel sketches. The author writes with a sympathetic and understanding pen, and many clever little accounts of personal impressions—as, for instance, his acquaintanceship with Dedo 'Mitri, an old Bulgarian innkeeper—show him at his best. As a keen military man the lessons which Captain Granville Baker draws from the Balkan War are of minatory import to this country, but on the whole his is an enjoyable volume, while the illustrations—from the author's own sketches—are decidedly attractive.

From The Passing of the Dragon (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE GATEWAY AT SUITECHOU. TOWN GUARD AT GATE. HEADS OF BANDITS EITHER SIDE OF THE GATEWAY. PROCLAMATIONS POSTED UP AGAINST EACH HEAD.

A DAY IN TANGIER.

By Sir Arthur Lasenby Liberty. With 25 Illustrations by John Hassall, 17 from Photographs by Lady Liberty and others, and a Frontispiece by John Lavery. Edition limited to 250 copies. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

It is rather pleasant to find oneself in complete agreement with a publisher's puff, but it is decidedly an unusual experience. Still, Messrs. A. & C. Black are exactly right in claiming that "A Day in Tangier" "suggests the ideal way of making holiday and gleaning enjoyment from the most trifling incidents." It does. It is a slight book — one of humour rather than of travel — but it is very well worth reading and keeping, as well for the illustrations as for the text. (Mr. Hassall is, as usual, delightfully amusing.) Sir Arthur Liberty shows none of the signs of the novice, if indeed he be one—his work is as creditable to him as it will be amusing to other people. The binding and general production make the volume a thing of beauty and worthy of the taste of its author.

From **Two Years under the Crescent** (*Nisbet*).

NAZIM PASHA.
A sketch from life by the author.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN DRAMA AND ART.

By Huntly Carter. With 63 Illustrations (5 in Colour). 12s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

A guide to recent tendencies in art and the drama was badly needed, and Mr. Huntly Carter may be congratulated upon the admirably clear and readable manner in which he has set them forth. He regards the "new spirit" as it affects the art and drama of this country. "England," he thinks, "can no longer be regarded as insular in the matter of ideas. Ideas know no boundaries, and those of the reform of the European theatre and drama are at our doors." In the person of Gordon Craig, however little his work may be appreciated in England, we have supplied the movement with one of its leading spirits, and the hospitality recently extended towards, for instance, the Reinhardt productions, is to be regarded as indubitable sign of the increase of its popularity. But what is being done upon the Continent? Here Mr. Carter places before us the impressions he has gathered

From **A Day in Tangier** (*Black*).

"OUR CAVALCADE ATTRACTS MUCH UNSOUGHT ADMIRATION FROM THE CROWD."

From Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life (*Herbert Jenkins*). THE BUTTERFLY DANCE.

See Review Dancers and Dancing by George Sampson.

from a recent tour of Europe, and the result is a volume of much importance and interest. A special feature of the book is a large number of beautifully produced illustrations, five of which are effectively rendered in colours.

JOZEF ISRAËLS.

By J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN. 12s. 6d. net. (George Allen.)

When Jozef Israëls died, in the summer of 1911, he was eighty-seven years of age, and had been a painter for over seventy of them. At forty-eight, or so, he entered, by residence and full sympathy, the circle of artists conveniently known as the HagueSchool. Though absent from the beginnings,he survived the close of their remarkable "movement." He saw the stream of modern Dutch painting break back and forward into fresh beds, and himself carried on in his old course. He was developing all the time. The circumstances of his life were fortunate. At a comparatively early age he attained a world-wide popularity. As he matured he won more and more the respect of the discriminating. His old age was a revelation and triumph of personality. He became the pet of his countrymen, the smallness of his inches favouring the affectionate and intimate sentiment with which they surrounded him, and taking nothing from the authority of his figure as a great artist himself and the last (if we except Matthew Maris, and he stands alone) of a group of great artists. As a man and as a painter he was vital to the end. That was his happy fortune.

From The New Spirit in Drama and Art (*Palmer*). STUDY OF NIJINSKI, by Paul Iribe.

Israëls and his work were so variously discussed in his lifetime that there is little new to say of them now that he is dead. The facts of his life are simple and unimportant. He was born (1824) in Groningen, where his father was a stock and share broker. His parents, Jews, designed him for the Rabbinate, but he wished to be a painter, and at sixteen was having his way. For seven years or so he wasin Amsterdam,

From Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life (*Jenkins*).

THE DANCE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

working in the studio of the younger Kruseman, and studying at the Academy under the elder Pieneman. Mr. Marius says that while in Amsterdam he received a great impression from the exhibition of Ary Scheffer's "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," and that he went to Paris in 1846. There he studied under Picot, and came within the influence of Delaroche. For fully twenty years after his return to Holland, in 1848, Amsterdam was his home, but the village of Zandvoort (to which he first went in the early fifties, to recuperate after an illness) was his inspiration. It was not until 1869 or 1870, perhaps later, that he settled in the Hague. In one of his letters, dated May, 1872, Bosboom writes that he and his wife are going to call on Israëls, who has just taken the house occupied by Schelfhout, recently dead, and adds, "Israëls is very happy that he lives in the Hague . . . It is a difference—in Amsterdam and the Prinsengracht and here opposite the Acclimatie-tuin!" So he was at least forty-five before he joined the group at the Hague of which Bosboom, then over fifty, was the central figure. For the forty years thereafter the landmark dates in Israëls' career are those of his pictures and the triumphs he shared with the so-called Hague School. His part in the Rembrandt celebrations in 1906, the essay he wrote on that master (not specially for Messrs. Jack's "Masterpieces of Colour"), the personal tributes he received, and his late journey into Spain, are all so many lights on his own art and on theirs.

We should expect, therefore, in any book on Israëls now an appreciation of his personal artistic development, and a survey of his group and his particular place in it. The latter Mr. Phythian in the present volume does not attempt at all. He mentions that there are contemporaries who made common artistic cause with Israëls, and on an early page promises to take note of their art; but the kind of note he takes is that "Anton Mauve painted on the coast also—'big, broad, coast scene; boat just drawn up by horses.' . . . Inland anything sufficed him, for the poetry of light is everywhere,"—which is not a note on Mauve's art, but only at best a note (and a rather futile one) on its subject. The complete inadequacy of the book on this side of it is illustrated by the fact that it never once mentions Bosboom, and this, although pages are given to Israëls' adoration of Rembrandt, in which Israëls was Bosboom's successor. Other pages are given to discuss Millet's influence on Israëls or Israëls' on Millet, but nowhere is there a hint of the breezes that were stealing into Holland from Barbizon long before Israëls settled at the Hague, and that were blowing in Paris when Israëls was studying there and painting, say, "The Bather," which was shown at the French Gallery last spring. As far as Israëls' contemporaries go, Mr. Phythian's pages are uninforming and uninformed.

From How to Listen to an Orchestra (*Hutchinson*).

THE MODERN ORPHEUS: PAGANINI
From a contemporary photograph.

Mr. Phythian prefers to treat Israëls as individual and apart from his countrymen and townsmen, and that is not a bad, nor need it be an unilluminating, method of studying him. Israëls possibly held himself just a little aloof; his art, at any rate, can be understood without reference to theirs. He worked out his own salvation. The steps towards it might have been shown more definitely than in these pages; for example, there was beautiful painting done at Zandvoort, and in what may be called the Zandvoort period, which deserves greater consideration than our author gives it, if only because it points to how much the artist deliberately jettisoned in the larger aim of his later

years. The progress from the Academic canvases to such a work as "The Sick Neighbour" has been fully displayed in London picture galleries this year, but it may very well have been found impossible to acquire for this volume a similarly complete and adequate series of illustrations. The usefulness of those which do appear would have been greater had they all borne the approximate date of their painting and the place where they can be seen, and been backed somewhere in the text by notes towards a catalogue. Still, in a general way, the reader will gather from these pages the circumstances of Israëls' development and the canvases he painted in the course of it. He will nowhere be led to an understanding of how he painted them. Israëls' art is never really discussed. Mr. Phythian confines himself to an analysis of its subjects. He cannot get away from the idea of sentiment as at once the end and the measure of art. He is persuaded that a return to contemporary life was the secret of the Hague "movement," of which the initiator was Bosboom, who not six times perhaps touched in a figure later than 1700. As if it were the contemporariness of Mauve's "Ploughing" or Maris's "Amsterdam" that is its essence! The one and the other and Bosboom's "Alkmaar" in the Mesdag Museum approach Rembrandt in the quality of painting reaching out after spirit, and so does Israëls' "Son of the Old Folk," quite irrespective of its subject. But, according to Mr. Phythian, summing up that relationship, "the single word that serves most aptly to describe the difference between Rembrandt and Israëls is that the latter was the more homely of the two, both in his art and in his interpretation." A less imaginative artist, he thinks, might have given the picture, "A Son of the Old Folk," the title "A Jewish Pawnbroker." A less sophisticated artist also might.

From **Wayfaring in France,** **A GORGE IN THE CORRÈZE.**
By Edward Harrison Lacker, a "recasting" of which will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan.

From **Life and Evolution,**
A new and cheaper edition of which is announced by Messrs. Duckworth.

Israëls was the coolest-headed of men, with a playful, slightly malicious, and cynical humour towards a brother sentimentalist. Mr. Phythian perhaps is not aware of all the circumstances of the congratulatory dinner at Scheveningen, when the painter made the confession of the bewitchment of lines and colours and a denial of the sentiment in his pictures, both of which, very rightly, Mr. Phythian refuses to take too literally. A company of Americans had gathered to do the artist honour. One, a millionaire, was grateful, because in the nerve-racking wearisome hunt for wealth beauty and exaltation were yet revealed in such immortal work as his; and another, a theologian, rejoiced because the artist as well as the preacher had a special mission in life—to proclaim the beautiful and to incite their neighbours to reflect—and Israëls had realised this calling. A guest who was present at that feast recalls how the painter thereupon ascertained from the menu that the meal was really ended, drained his glass of champagne, and carefully, like a connoisseur, selected a cigar. And then he replied. It was, he said, very gratifying to see that an idea which one has painted so strikes the heart of the spectator that he, forgetting the art of painting, sees the poet in the picture. "But as for me"—and then followed the confession and the denial that trouble Mr. Phythian. That was Israëls' mocking, humorous reminder to those who discuss his work and forget the art of painting.

D. S. MELDRUM.

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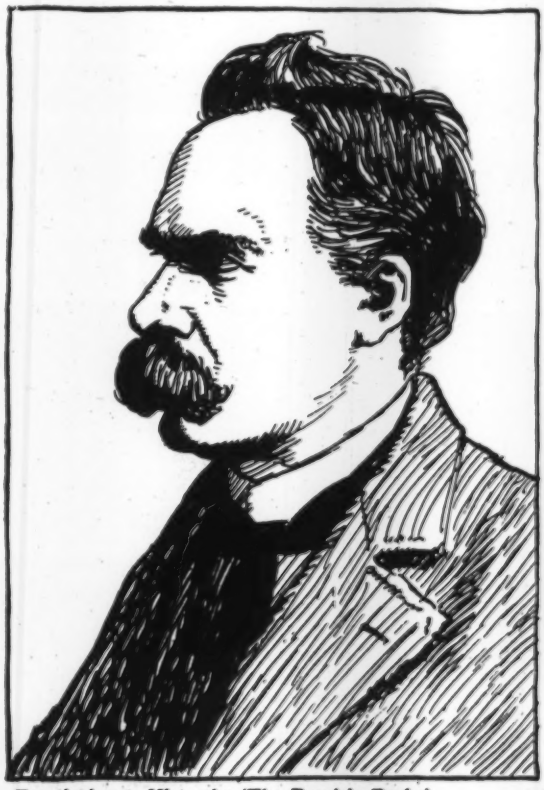

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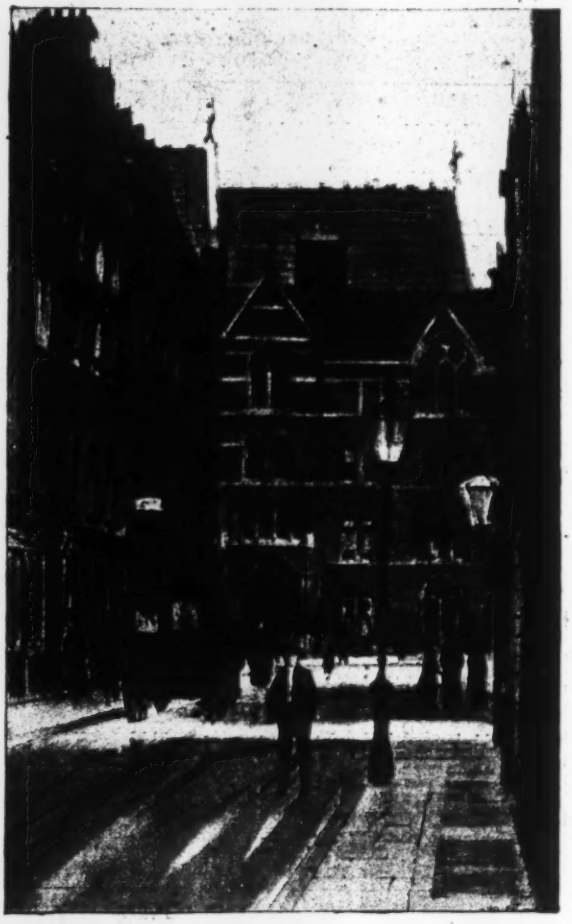

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In the first chapter Mr. Primrose gives his attention to the origin of the place name of Glasgow, and destroys our cherished delusion that it was formed of the two Celtic words "glas" and "cu," meaning "the dear green place." The oftener we visited Glasgow the stronger grew our conviction that someone had blundered. In Mr. Primrose's opinion "Cleschu" signifies "the dear church," and was a term of endearment used by Kentigern on his return from exile in Wales. The foundation of the Cathedral is a landmark in the history of Christianity in Scotland, a far greater landmark than St. Andrews or Edinburgh. Indeed, Dr. Robertson has written, "Here the cross was planted, and here the ground was blessed for Christian burial by a Christian bishop, while Iona was yet an unknown island among the western waves, while the promontory of St. Andrews

From The Berwick and Lothians Coast, to be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin. ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL AND STATUE OF CHARLES II. FROM ARCH OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE (SOUTH SIDE).

was the haunt of the wild boar and the sea-mew, and only the smoke of a few heathen wigwams ascended from the rock of Edinburgh." In his second chapter on Bishop de Bondington who built the Cathedral, the author introduces an ecclesiastic too slightly known in Scottish history, but an interesting and dignified character rendered all the more conspicuous in a century of tarnished ideals.

A chapter is devoted to that Bishop Wishart (1272–1316), who gave absolution to Bruce after the murder of Comyn, and furnished him with coronation robes. He suffered imprisonment at Porchester, was sent to the Pope, and only returned to Scotland in 1314. That he took a leading hand in the struggle for independence has made his name to be worthily linked with those of Bruce and Wallace.

The founding of Glasgow University under Bishop Turnbull forms one of the most engrossing of the remaining chapters, but the final contributions on Glasgow Castle and the Market Cross are excellent in every way.

Mr. Primrose is to be warmly congratulated on his masterly treatment of what might, at first sight, prove a tedious chronicle to the general reader. That the book should be scholarly and yet so full of charm is all to the credit of the author. F. W.

From **Cambridge from Within** (*Chatto & Windus*). **SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE.**

CAMBRIDGE FROM WITHIN.

By CHARLES TENNYSON. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

To have an individuality and give it play appears to be essential for a book on such a subject. There have been so many other books. And happily this time we are not treated to a disquisition on the bricks and mortar; we are not, which is much more unbearable, assailed with college-bred superior facetiousness. Mr. Tennyson is an observer and a moraliser; he is serious and speculative, humorous and properly fantastical. We have the pleasure of listening, and sometimes, at the same time, of disagreeing; but we flow from page to page. He cleaves a little closely to his own college, King's, and to Trinity; but, after all, he knew them best, and this is the jolly book of an individualist. He does, indeed, in one or two passages, mark the rising, or rather the renaissance of Magdalene, which, in the present writer's day, lived chiefly on its Pepys and one undergraduate who was alleged to keep four horses. Oliver Cromwell, of course, ensures a mention of Sidney Sussex, but Jesus surely should not have been passed over. It has a character of its own—somewhat similar to that of the Hall—and it has a Don who would have figured worthily in Mr. Tennyson's gallery of eccentrics. It is interesting how all the colleges save Trinity undergo changes; and perhaps a chapter on the characters of all the colleges would have but a fleeting value. But if there is another edition of this book, or if Mr. Tennyson writes a companion volume, we suggest that there are various themes he might include. For instance, the life of non-collegiate students, the tragedies of failure and success, the Union, the Athenæum, the Indians and other exotic persons. His philosophical account of the surrounding scenery is excellent, and in the style of Alice Meynell. As for the illustrations by Mr. Harry Morley, the market-place lacks some of its celebrated "beefiness," but is otherwise satisfactory. "The Roofs of Cambridge" is quite as good as Yoshio Markino's pictures in the Oxford volume, and the various pictures of "The Backs" will be a delight to all Cantabs.

FANNY'S FIRST NOVEL.

By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In these days of advanced womanhood one feels, in reading of Fanny Burney's literary struggles, that one is indeed probing into dim and dusty corners of the past. Fanny herself is like a poor little fly trying desperately to free its wings from the cobweb of convention. The book is interesting in many ways; not only as an entertaining story where people who belong to actual history figure prominently and talk and act as if they were still something more than mere names; it is interesting too in showing how the world in general has progressed and how many of her fetters woman has shaken off. The penalties that Fanny had to suffer for being a woman, and in spite of that fact daring to write and publish a novel, seem absurd enough nowadays; but Mr. Moore has not exaggerated biographical truth. "Fanny's First Novel" is much more than an ordinary tale; it is history dramatised—or novelised—history cast in its lightest, most entertaining mould, and it makes the Fanny Burney of history, and her family and friends, all very real and living personalities.

From **Mediæval Glasgow** (*Maclehose*).

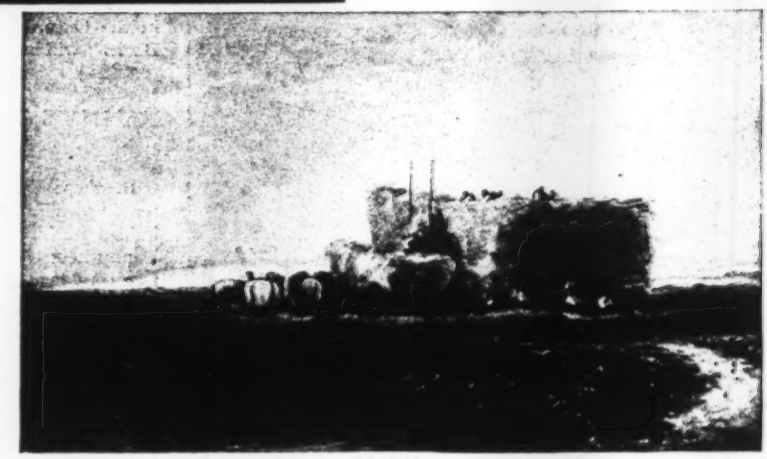
GLASGOW CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL IN 1790.
The Beaton Tower in front of the Castle, with the Cameron Tower behind, and the Gateway. The N.W. and S.W. Towers of the Cathedral in the background removed *circâ* 1848.

From **Early English Water Colour** (*Methuen*).

BYZANTINE AND ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE.

By THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, R.A. Illustrated. 2 Vols. £2 2s. net. (Cambridge Press.)

It is with architecture as with literature—as, indeed, with every form of art: a mere imitation of yesterday's achievements is as stultifying as mere ignorance of them. Progress is not made by slavishly copying the art of the past, but by drawing inspiration and new suggestion from it. "Art to be worth anything," as Mr. Jackson has it, "must be modern and express its own age and no other. It has always been so in the past, and it must be so in the future. Imitation, necessary at first, has done its useful work, and the blind worship of precedent is now only capable of doing harm. . . . Consciously or unconsciously we form our views from our experience; and our ideas are inevitably shaped in a greater or less measure by what has been done already. But while an architect must take archæology to some extent into his service, he must beware lest it become his master. He must study the art of the past—neither as a subject of historical research, nor as a matter for imitation—but in order to learn its principles, taking it as his tutor rather than his model." That is the only right and wise attitude for the teacher to adopt, and in these handsome volumes, which are largely based on a course of lectures he delivered to the Royal Institution and afterwards to the University of Cambridge, Mr. Jackson describes and explains the development of architecture from style to style since the decline of classic art in the third and fourth centuries down to the dawn of Gothic architecture. He sketches ably and concisely a history of Roman architecture, and shows how it decayed and the Byzantine and Romanesque styles grew out of it, and thereafter traces the progress of the new art in different countries, with an eye not only to the main current of the movement, but to its irregular and local advances, and to the subtlety with which it developed a distinctively national character in each country that adopted it throughout eastern and western Europe. It is a full, careful and luminous study in a subject of the deepest interest and importance to archæologists and architectural students, and it is the more valuable because Mr. Jackson combines with the capacity for patient original research the ability to impart clearly and attractively the knowledge he has gathered. He is that rarity the technical expert who can write like a man of letters, and as an architectural text



From **Early English Water Colour** (*Methuen*).

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From **In the Lap of the Lammermoors,** "WHERE THE STREAM SINGS TO THE HILLS." by William M'Conachie, B.D., which will be published shortly by Messrs. Blackwood.

From **Early English Water Colour** (*Methuen*).

book that is also a history of architecture his work is sure of a permanent place in our libraries. Some three hundred excellently reproduced drawings and photographs illustrate the changing characteristics of the Byzantine and Romanesque styles in Greece, Italy, Germany, France and England, and a useful and well-arranged chronological table of architectural examples is supplied at the end of the second volume. There is a good index, and one must add a word of special congratulation to the Cambridge Press on the beauty and artistic taste with which the books are produced.

TRAVEL PICTURES: THE RECORD OF A EUROPEAN TOUR.

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His Highness says: "The impressions left on my mind by a prolonged tour in Europe are given to the world with considerable diffidence." But there was no need for any such diffidence. Sir Bhawani made his tour with eyes keen for the unknown, a receptive mind, no small stock of observation and insight, and a readiness to see and know the essentials of what passed under his notice. Hence it will be seen that his record is by no means commonplace; moreover, it is written in so unaffected a manner that, unpretentious though the writing is, there is a charming personality running through the book, which pretty well covers most of the well-known places in Europe. It was originally written for Sir Bhawani's own people's enlightenment in European matters; but as friends advised a wider publication, and as the King graciously accepted the dedication, the author rightly decided to let Great Britain see what he thinks of Western things and notions.

PRINCESS AND QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

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Not the least misunderstood of English sovereigns is Mary II., to whom Miss Sandars's scholarly and well written "Princess and Queen of England" is devoted. Yet she was lacking neither in ability nor charm. Probably she was always overshadowed by the greater figure of her husband; but of the two she was the more generally respected and liked by her subjects. Comparatively few "Lives" of her have been written during recent years, and as a good deal of fresh and important material has lately come to light, Miss Sandars's work is all the more welcome. She handles her subject in a manner which is altogether efficient, and when occasion demands she can "let herself go" in pleasant pieces of descriptive writing. Mary possessed neither the saturnine virtues of her father, James II., nor the riotous vices of her uncle, Charles II.; the best of the Stuart qualities of mind and heart were combined in her. "Princess and Queen of England" is an attractive, even important, book.

From **Travel Pictures** (*Longmans*). **Amsterdam: a Canal.**

From **Changing Russia,** by Stephen Graham, to be published shortly by Mr. Lane.

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This is an ideal book for reading after you have put on your slippers and settled yourself in a comfortable chair by the fireside—a book of good gossip about the literature and society of the Thames-side. You pass from a consideration of whether Pope was a poet and an admirable study of his character to a dissertation on "Optimists and Pessimists," which takes you away from the Thames Valley; but with articles on Lady Mary Wortley Montague, on Horace Walpole, Gray and his haunts, and other such, you are back again in the neighbourhood of the river. There are pleasantly informing essays on Hannah More and the Garricks, on the Richmond palaces, and on some minor celebrities of Twickenham. It is inevitable that Mr. Hodgson travels over a deal of ground that has been well trodden, but he knows his subjects thoroughly and has the great gift of being interesting. He is a reliable and most companionable guide, and we have read his book with complete enjoyment. The portraits and sketches that illustrate it are well chosen and well reproduced.

From **Princess and Queen of England** (*Stanley Paul*).

PORTRAITS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND THE PRINCESSES MARY AND ANNE.
From a picture by Sir Peter Lely. In the collection of Viscount Dillon, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

From **Louis V. and Charles the Bold** (*Stanley Paul*).

CHARLES VII.
From the Louvre picture.

LIFTED CURTAINS.

By Edward Noble. 6s. (Constable.)

In these ten stories of the sea Mr. Noble maintains the conspicuous place he has won for himself as a writer about those who "do business in great waters." His deft use of the technicalities of seamanship, and vivid descriptions of storm and calm in strange seas, as usual enhance the tale he has to tell of men whom to read about is to be thrilled with pride in their manhood and daring. "The Bladder" envisages with terrible reality the hardships of the crew of an undermanned tramp steamer,

From **Thames-Side in the Past** (*Allen*).

ST. EVREMOND.

and we hope its underlying purpose will not be lost on the official mind. "Quid Glorialis" is tinged with some of the occultism of the day, and one cannot rest content till the mystery surrounding the strange passenger known as the Cynic is unfolded. But not all the stories are concerned with the stern battle with the elements. In "Their Obvious Duty" a rich vein of humour is revealed. The encounter on the high seas between Captain Ritchie and the Irish skipper of a broken-down steamer contains the very essence of salt-sea comedy. The kind of sentiment possibly most in demand at the circulating libraries is represented by "Baby Walters' Lapsus Linguæ" and "The Chief as Medical Officer." Every story has distinction and atmosphere, and shows a remarkably fine sense of character.

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LE DUC DU MAINE ET MADAME DE MONTESPAN.

Madame de Staal Delaunay, author of the memoirs on which Mr. Lombardini has based this interesting volume, entered the service of the Duchesse du Maine some four years before the death of Louis XIV. in 1715. She was young then — whether eighteen or twenty-five is uncertain — but she rose superior to her surroundings and became one of the most favoured companions of the "Queen of Sceaux," who "masqueraded through life . . . and forced into her masquerade all those who came into contact with her. She also dragged them into a conspiracy, which has its place in history, yet savours more of a comedy than of a political undertaking, dragged them incidentally into prison, and having herself emerged from a 'cruel' captivity without having learned anything therefrom about the realities of life, she went back unchanged to her absurdities." The companion of the Duchesse's troubles, the unfortunate Mademoiselle Delaunay was doomed to more of her own in a wearisome and distasteful marriage — arranged for her by the Duchesse. In spite of her strong sense of humour, therefore, her diaries are not always cheerful reading, but her very considerable powers of observation at least invest them with considerable interest. Mr. Lombardini has done well to introduce them to the English public in this convenient and easily readable summary.

PEERESSES OF THE STAGE.

By CRANSTOUN METCALFE. With 24 Portraits. (Melrose.)

It is our present purpose only to make a preliminary announcement of the recent publication of Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe's new book, with which we propose to deal more fully in a subsequent number. The examples of the actress-peeress selected by Mr. Metcalfe extend from the beginning of the eighteenth century until the present day, and, so far as we can tell from a hasty glimpse, the book should be as popular for the vivacity of its style as for the piquancy of its subject.

From Peeresses of the Stage (*Melrose*).

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF DERBY. *Photo: Rischgitz.*

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By MORICE GERARD. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Mystery Car" has an ingenious, well-constructed plot, and is full of adventure and excitement. The attention of Lord Straffer is attracted one night to a car that is numbered XYZ747, and driven by a man who is incapable of driving it. Some curious impulse urges him to follow in his own car, and, luckily for the girl who is knocked down by the other and left stunned by the wayside, he acts upon that impulse. He renders her assistance and conveys her to her mother's cottage; and even in that brief, bewildered moment, amidst the alarm and hasty excitement, they are instinctively drawn to love each other. But things do not run smoothly: there are many difficulties in the way, enemies to be outwitted and overcome, shadows to be swept from the path. Mr.

From **With the Bulgarian Staff,** by Noel Buxton (*Smith, Elder*).

DIRECTING THE BATTLE OF CHATALJA.

Gerard knows how to keep his mystery in hand, and the reader remains on tenterhooks of uncertainty, only sure that the end is going to be what it should be when the rush and excitement is beginning to slow down and the end is in sight. We congratulate Mr. Morice Gerard on the writing of one of the best and most stirring stories of adventure that we have read for many months.

TO MENELEK IN A MOTOR-CAR.

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In April, 1907, Mr. Bede J. F. Bentley started on his self-imposed mission of delivering a motor-car to the Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia. His intention—which subsequently he carried out—was to take a boat from Marseilles to Djibouti, and thence to drive the car to Adis Ababa, Menelek's capital. As a plan it was simple enough, but it was very far from being easy to carry out. In that part of the world there are no roads whatever, but there is desert, largely composed of soft sand, through which it is impossible to drive a motor-car, or rock of a puncturing quality that no known tyres can resist. There are also hostile natives who have a very particular objection to railways and are inclined to confuse motor-cars with trains. So Mr. Bentley had an exciting time. But he did what he started out to do, and triumphantly presented the car to Menelek, whom he also instructed in the art of driving. The adventure is all the more creditable in that Mr. Bentley was accompanied by only one white companion—a mechanician named Wells—without whom it is safe to say that it would have failed. Mr. Hallé, who is responsible for the chatty and well-written account of the affair that now appears in volume form, has taken the story from the hero's own lips and has made a very readable business of it. He may be warmly thanked for this lively record of a very modern romance.

OF SIX MEDIÆVAL WOMEN.

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The six ladies with whom we are here concerned are Roswitha, a tenth-century Benedictine nun of Germany, and a dramatist; Marie de France, a twelfth-century romance writer, and lady at the court of Henry II. of England; Mechthild of Maydeburg, a thirteenth-century mystic, beguine, and nun; Mahant, Countess of Artois, a fourteenth-century art-patron and philanthropist, great-niece of St. Louis; Christine de Pisan, a fifteenth-century feministe, an Italian, at the court of Charles V. of France; and Agnes Sorel, the wise counsellor of Charles VII. of France. Let us say at once that of these Agnes Sorel alone is conspicuous in popular history, and that we are all indebted to Mrs. Kemp-Welch for bringing to our notice the other five notable women. The picture we get of the life of Mahant, Countess of Artois, is particularly good, and the writings

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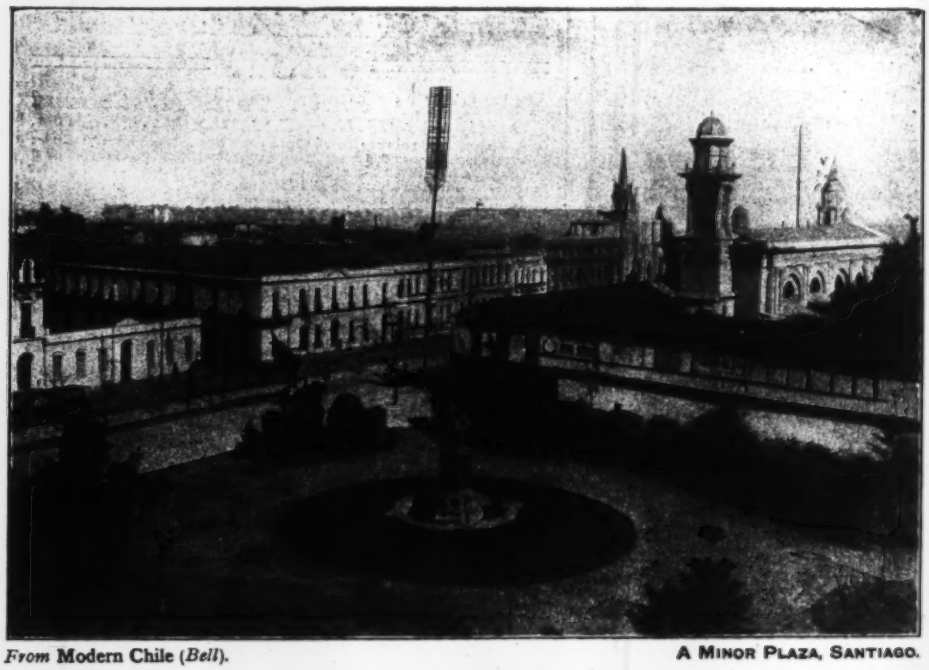

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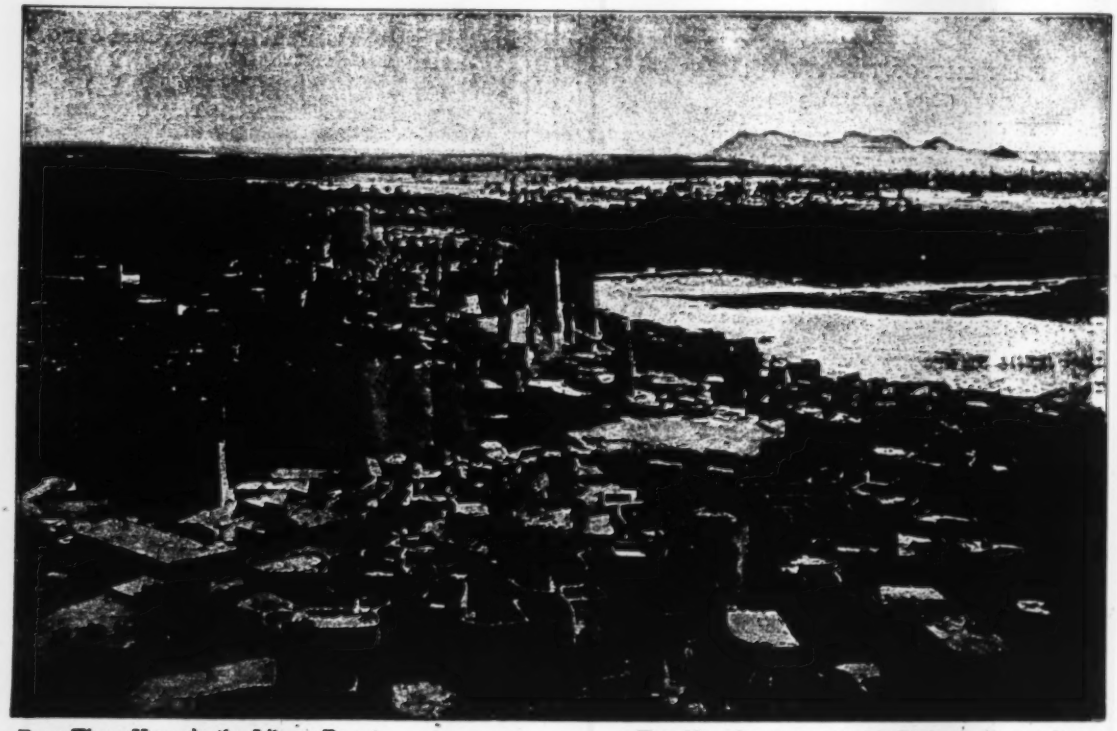

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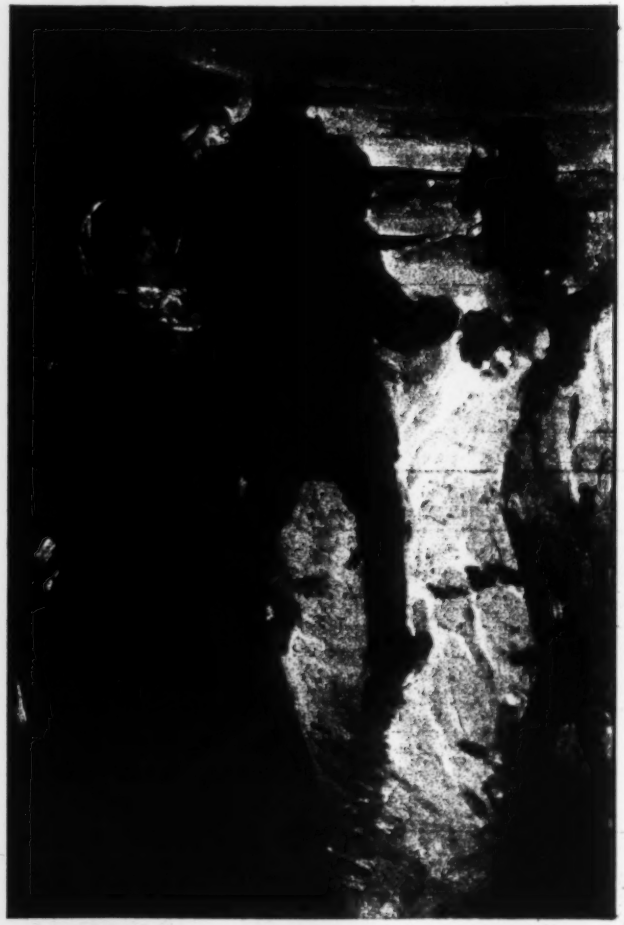

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By REGINALD JACOBS. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Of the making of books about London there is no end—nor do.s there yet seem to be any reason why there should be. Each suburb, every pa·ish has its own history. Many of them have already been writ!en, but many still remain to do. It would be easy enough to write a book about each separate street in London, therefore Mr. Reginald Jacobs has found no difficulty in doing it about Covent Garden. Apart from a brief account of certain business aspects of the Garden today, he has devoted himself to unfolding a topographical and historical record of the district. He has touched only lightly on Lamb's connection with it, and makes no reference to that part of the amazing story of "Janus" Wainewright that properly belongs to it. One or two other such omissions there may be, but there are bound to be such in every book of this kind, and the author, whose personal preferences might have led him to say something of Donne's sojourn in Drury Lane, would probably have left out something else that would have been of greater interest to the majority of us. It is wiser to be grateful to Mr. Jacobs for the good work he has done, for the mass of useful and interesting information he has included and the quantity and variety of local historical romance he has compressed into his two hundred pages. He relates the story of Covent Garden more fully than it is possible to give it in books that take all London into their scope; it was well worth telling, and he tells it remarkably well. The numerous illustrations from old prints are excellent.

THE LAND OF ZINJ.

By CAPTAIN C. H. STIGAND. Illustrations and a Map. 15s. net. (Constable.)

This is "an account of British East Africa, its ancient history and present inhabitants," and as such it will be of interest to a good number of readers. Capt. Stigand has a wealth of knowledge at his disposal, and lavishes it upon us with both hands. In main, perhaps, a book of history and information as to races of men, it is also a book of travel and topographical description. Ancient history takes up the first hundred pages, then come chapters on the Arabs of Mombasa, the Swahili, and (further on) the Masai. There are also chapters on the Lamu archipelago, the Coast Belt, the Uganda railway, Masailand, Mount Kenya, Lake Victoria Nyanza, and so on. The book lacks atmosphere and real distinction, though there is almost a superfluity of detail. It is by no means a piece of book-making, for it is in its own way really valuable and full of first-hand knowledge; but all the same, it has not the one thing needful for a book of this sort—the touch of arresting personality. Unless we can be made

THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT.
From The Abbé Edgeworth and his Friends (*Jenkins*).

From Covent Garden (*Simpkin, Marshall*).

almost to feel the glow of the equatorial sun in a work on the tropics, what good are all the facts in the world? They miss the mark, for without that something else they are lifeless. This criticism applies, of course, only to the actual descriptive portion of the book. The other parts are, no doubt, of much superior merit.

From **A Queen of Shreds and Patches**
by L. Gastine, which will be published by Mr. Lane during the spring.

THREE YEARS IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.

By J. C. Ewald Falls. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. With 61 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Unwin.)

Herr Ewald Falls was a member of the Kaufmann expedition to the tomb of St. Menas, an Early Christian ruin in the Libyan district of Egypt, and this very readable translation of his story of his experiences is well worthy the attention of those who are interested in archæology. At the same time we are bound to admit that the writer's account of the excavations made by the expedition suffers somewhat from being swamped by a plethora of rather ordinary travel impressions. Seeing that the tomb is situated within the Egyptian boundary, it is not extraordinarily difficult to get to, and the writer's prejudice against the British occupation seems rather absurd when one takes into consideration that the proposed Kaufmann expedition to Cyrenaica was quashed by the Turks for no particular reason at all, and the Menas expedition would likewise have failed had it been excavating upon Turkish soil. However, Mr. Falls is interesting, which is the main thing. His photographs are very good indeed.

PANAMA AND WHAT IT MEANS.

By John Foster Fraser. With 48 Illustrations and a Map. 6s. (Cassell.)

That experienced and most observant of travellers, Mr. John Foster Fraser, here sings the epic of the Panama Canal—and, incidentally, of the American nation. If you want to understand just exactly how big a thing it is which the United States has undertaken to do in Central America, you should read his book. There you will find statistics of the most picturesque variety, a little criticism, and a very great deal of entirely merited praise, for it is not exactly a simple thing to cut a 50-mile canal through one of the unhealthiest bits of country in the world. And Mr. Foster Fraser does something more too—a very useful thing. He gives a detailed account of the history of the undertaking, a story which is almost as remarkable as the building of the canal itself. It is all done simply, pleasantly, and readably, and it makes a most attractive book. The illustrations, too, are well worth all the attention you can give to them.

From **Dame Fashion** (*Sampson Low*). **1807**

From **The Land of Zinj** (*Constable*).

DOORWAY OF OLD PERSIAN MONASTERY AT LAMU.

QUEBEC: THE LAURENTIAN PROVINCE.

By BECKLES WILLSON. Fully Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Beckles Willson is a great lover of Canada—her history in the past, her story in the making to-day, and her great hopes for the future. He has written many books on this theme, all with "fluency, fervour and zeal," and among recent contributions to historical biography his work on Wolfe, the young general whose audacious victory at Quebec gave Canada to the Empire, must be given a high place. The present volume describes the province of Quebec, and is rich with information for anyone who is interested in a country to which so many people go yearly from the United Kingdom to become citizens of Canada. In area some 350,000 square miles—large than France and Germany combined, a fact we seldom realise in glib speech and loose thinking—Quebec has a population of just over two million souls, four-fifths of whom are of French origin. This fact lends a special interest to the province and offers certain problems to the Dominion Government. Mr. Willson has avoided everything that can be politically controversial; his task is sympathetic and interpretative; he takes the reader through every part of the vast province, showing him its natural features, its cities, towns and villages; its institutions, its commerce and industries, and the character and peculiarities of its people. And he presents to us a noble picture of a country well advanced on the first stages of the road to greatness.

From **India and the Indians** (*Murray*).

YARANDAWANA CHURCH FROM A DISTANCE.

From **Panama and What it Means** (*Cassell*).

A BEND IN THE CULEBRA CUT, JUNE, 1912.
The steam shovel in the foreground is standing on the final bottom of the Canal, 40 feet above sea level.

MOZART'S OPERAS:

A Critical Study. By EDWARD J. DENT. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The operas of Mozart, the perfection of comedy in music, deserve the best of commentaries, and receive it in this volume by Mr. Edward J. Dent. The author is already well known for his efforts in connection with the revival of "The Magic Flute" at Cambridge, and he here extends his researches over the whole series from "La Finta Semplice," to "La Clemenza de Tito." His general method is to discuss the circumstances of each production, to indicate the predecessors that influenced it (such predecessors as those, for instance, from which Don Giovanni's band derived two tunes for performance at the tragic supper), and then to discuss the principal features of the completed work. This he does in a fashion so clear and so free from musical pedantry (the worst kind of pedantry) that every person with sense enough to appreciate a pretty tune like "Batti, batti," can follow everything he says without difficulty. And, really, every listener is the better for having his ears guided by a cultivated intelligence. Let us hope that this book may lead to such a general interest in Mozart that managers may even take down "The Magic Flute" from the shelf where, so far as London is concerned, it has reposed for nearly a quarter of a century. There is, of course, always the difficulty about a theatre. Covent Garden is really too vast for the delicate, intimate comedy of Mozart; even His Majesty's was too large, as we found it during Mr. Beecham's season, when no less than four Mozart pieces were produced with such capital spirit. But that is merely a mechanical detail. Mr. Dent mentions some interesting facts in connection with the tenor air "Im Mohrenland," from "Die Entführung." Has he ever noticed that, in its turn, it is the probable source of inspiration for the tenor air "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," by the Mozart of these islands? Hearty thanks for this readable, informing volume, with its portraits and abundant musical illustrations.

From Quebec (*Constable*).

A MILL ON THE MAGOG RIVER, SHERBROOKE.

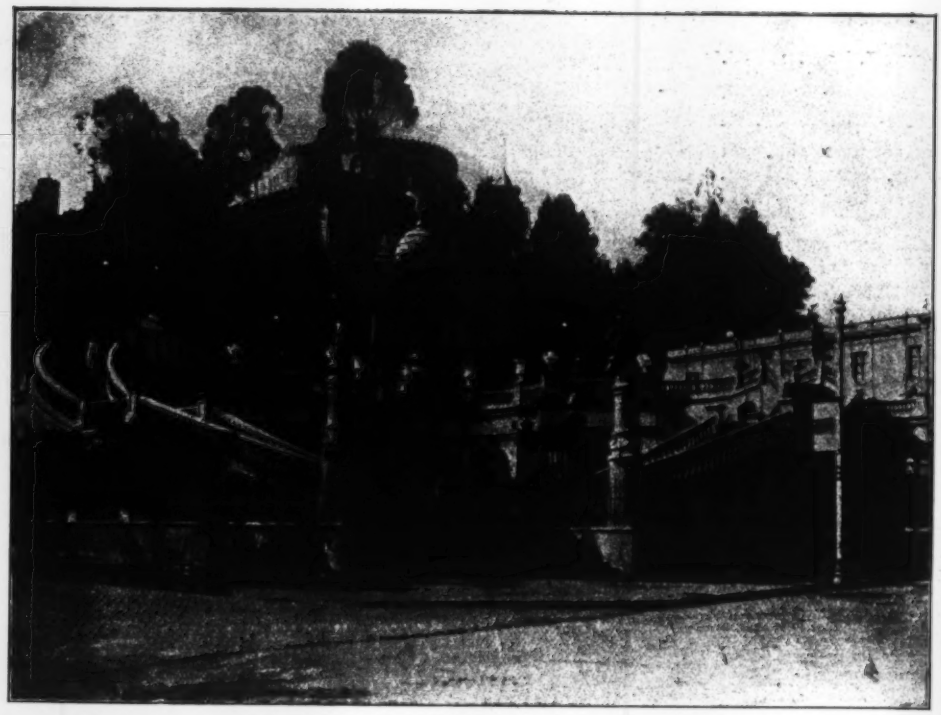
MODERN CHILE.

By W. H. KOEBEL. With 28 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

Among modern writers upon South America none has a wider acquaintance with his subject than Mr. W. H. Koebel. He has a catholicity of outlook, a keen sense of humour, and an acute critical power, that combine to make him an ideal writer of travel books. In Chile he finds a subject particularly well suited to his temperament. The reader will find much in the book that is amusing, as, for instance, in the description of the "astonishing automatic

From Mozart's Operas (*Chatto & Windus*).

THE SUMMER HOUSE USED BY MOZART.



From Modern Chili (*Bell*). MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CERRO SANTA LUCIA.

piano" at the Hotel de la France at Concepcion, or in this little sketch of a Chilian waiter which immediately precedes it: "When a waiter has come bustling up with a dish, and has laid it tenderly on the table, you need not be surprised if he pauses for a while to gaze in triumphant admiration at the work of the *chef*. Then his feelings will overcome him. 'Nothing could be better done!' he will ejaculate, and, having thus vindicated the quality of his freight, he will depart in search of something equally admirable for someone else." Although he does not consider the country incapable of improvement—even our own country has not yet reached that happy state of perfection—you can tell that Mr. Koebel liked Chile very well. Anyhow, he has written a book on the country that the general reader will find attractive, while we have not the least doubt that the traveller and the business man will find it useful. We must add a word of special praise for the illustrations—an excellent series of photographs most excellently reproduced.

From The Duab of Turkestan (*Cambridge University Press*). THE LABIHAUZ AT BOKHARA.

THE DUAB OF TURKESTAN.

By W. RICKMER RICKMERS. With 207 Maps, Diagrams, and other Illustrations. 30s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

It is difficult for us to indicate the scope and variety of this remarkable travel book in the few lines which, unfortunately, are all we can spare for it. But it is quite clear to us that the author's own remarks on his book err greatly on the side of modesty. Mr. Rickmers informs the reader that his book "is an attempt at combining a record of exploration with the teaching of a little elementary physiography. Facts newly observed and theories of my own are also woven into the general description of a characteristic region. May the difficulties of the experiment in some measure reconcile the general reader desirous of hearing something interesting or amusing, and the critical scholar in search of information. The style of the book sufficiently accounts for the omission of an incubus of footnotes and literary references. I have absorbed the writings of others, not quoted them." The district of Central Asia of which the author treats is the land between the Amu-darya and the Oxus and Jaxartes. This area he calls the Duab; and it "contains everything that is typical of and common to various overlapping or subdivided conceptions" of Turkestan, which, as he explains, is an atmosphere rather than a locality. Within this district the author has travelled elaborately, and has gathered facts—and photographs—which are at once of the greatest scientific value and of much general interest. The style of the writing is not unduly technical, and the author has spared no effort to make it readable. The volume is one which does the utmost credit both to Mr. Rickmers and to the Syndics of the Cambridge Press.

MAIDS IN A MARKET GARDEN.

By CLO GRAVES. With 16 Illustrations by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. 2s. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

"Maids in a Market Garden" shows Miss Clo Graves in a mood very different from that which has brought her her greatest popularity under the pseudonym of Richard Dehan. It is short, slight, and humorous—the account of the adventures of half-a-dozen young women who have decided to make their living by market-gardening. It is an attractive little story—exceedingly well illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen—and it is pleasant to hear that it has run through a considerable number of editions in more expensive form. At two shillings it should have a new lease of life before it.

NELSON IN ENGLAND:

A Domestic Chronicle. By E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Surely there is a place on the Nelson shelves for this book; crowded as they are, and more crowded as they are bound to grow, there is a vacancy which this book must fill and keep for itself. We are told, and pretty truly, that "no living writer knows so much about Nelson as E. Hallam Moorhouse, and she has here a theme untouched by historians." The book explains itself in its title; it is largely a chronicle of the national hero's domestic affairs and movements in England here. But the public and the general things appertaining to him on his returning from victories do peep in now and then, such as the crowd taking the horses from his carriage on Ludgate Hill and drawing it themselves to the Lord Mayor's banquet, when he was driving there after the battle of the Nile; or his seeing in the crowd at Salisbury, while on his way from London to Fonthill—with the ever-adorable Emma and her husband—a sailor who had fought on his ship in the Nile engagement, his speaking to the man and giving him a present. Here is another incident that shows how he was loved by those who served with him. A man in the crowd was shouting hurrah above all the others; Nelson, recognising his face as that of one who had been present when his arm was amputated, called him closer and gave him a guinea; whereupon the sailor whipped "from his bosom a piece of lace which he had torn from the shirt sleeve of the amputated arm as a token in memory of his gallant commander." The book is illustrated; it is put together with that care and continuity of story which always mark Miss Moorhouse's work, and it contains a reproduction of a portrait of Nelson as captain of the *Agamemnon;* the original is in Norwich Castle Museum, and has not been reproduced till now.

From **Mexico, the Land of Unrest,** a new book by Henry Baerlein, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Herbert & Daniel.

THE CATHEDRAL AT MEXICO CITY.

W. HEATH ROBINSON.

By A. E. JOHNSON. With many Illustrations in Colour, Half-Tone and Line. 3s. 6d. net. (Black.)

The latest addition to the Brush, Pen, and Pencil Series forms one of its most attractive volumes. Mr. Heath Robinson's art is the subject of a brief but well-reasoned appreciation by Mr. A. E. Johnson, and the remainder of the book consists of reproductions of the artist's sketches and drawings, chosen with a view to the exhibition of all sides of his talent. In the case of Mr. Robinson this is rather a large order, for perhaps no modern artist is more versatile. That the attempt has been successful may be laid to the credit of the publishers of the volume, who have been remarkably generous in its illustration. And it is as cheap as it is delightful.

A SUMMER IN SKYE.

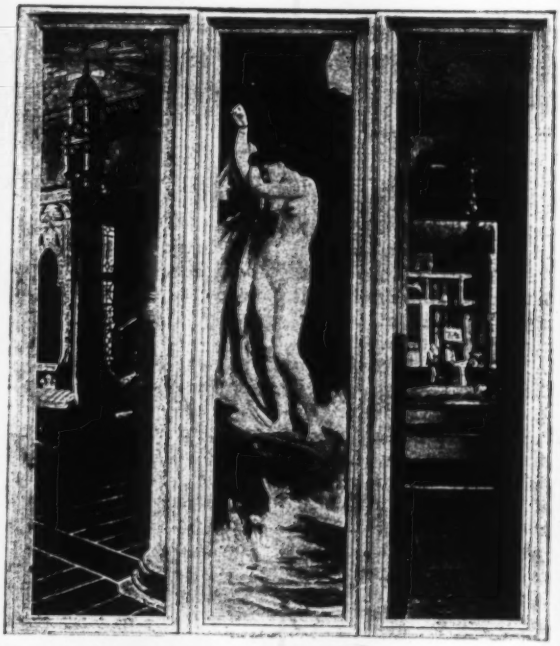
By ALEXANDER SMITH. Illustrations in Colour by JOHN BLAIR. 6s. net. (Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell.)

There is only one possible objection to this charming edition of a charming book, excellent in its snowy paper, its clear type, its worthy margins, the shape and spacing of its page, its strong binding in blue buckram—the best of all plain bindings. And that is, it is too large, too thick, too heavy for the pocket. For "A Summer in Skye" is emphatically a book to pull out of your pocket when you are deep in heather, or high on a hillside, or in a cliff cranny.

From **A Queen of Shreds and Patches,** by L. Gastine, which will be published by Mr. Lane during the Spring.

From **W. Heath Robinson** (*Black*).

As for the seventeen essays that make up this delightful, immortal volume, they show an exquisite style—a style that once gave Alexander Smith a high place in the world of letters, a place that is now forgotten somewhat except by the few, but which will certainly be re-discovered and assured to him. Discursive in the treatment of their various themes, they give an unforgettable impression of Highland life and ways, marvellous character sketches, pages of description as vivid and as felicitously worded as any of Stevenson's, and without showing so much the labour of the file and the polisher as Stevenson's often do. It is impossible to attempt more than a hearty recommendation of this volume, one of the two (the other being his "Dreamthorpe") by which Alexander Smith still survives among the public of to-day. Forgotten, and too carelessly forgotten, are his "Life Drama," his "City Poems," his "Edwin of Deira," that rightly charmed our mid-Victorian forbears, but the "Summer in Skye" maintains its popularity. Hasten, you that have not already discovered its enchantments, to buy and revel.



From **A History of St. John's Wood** (*Chapman & Hall*).

THREE TOWNSHEND HOUSE PANELS.
1. A corner of Sir L. Alma-Tadema's studio
2. A beautiful St. John's Wood model.
3. Lady Alma-Tadema's studio.

A MODERN PIONEER IN KOREA: THE LIFE STORY OF HENRY G. APPENZELLER.

By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D. 5s. net. (Fleming Revell.)

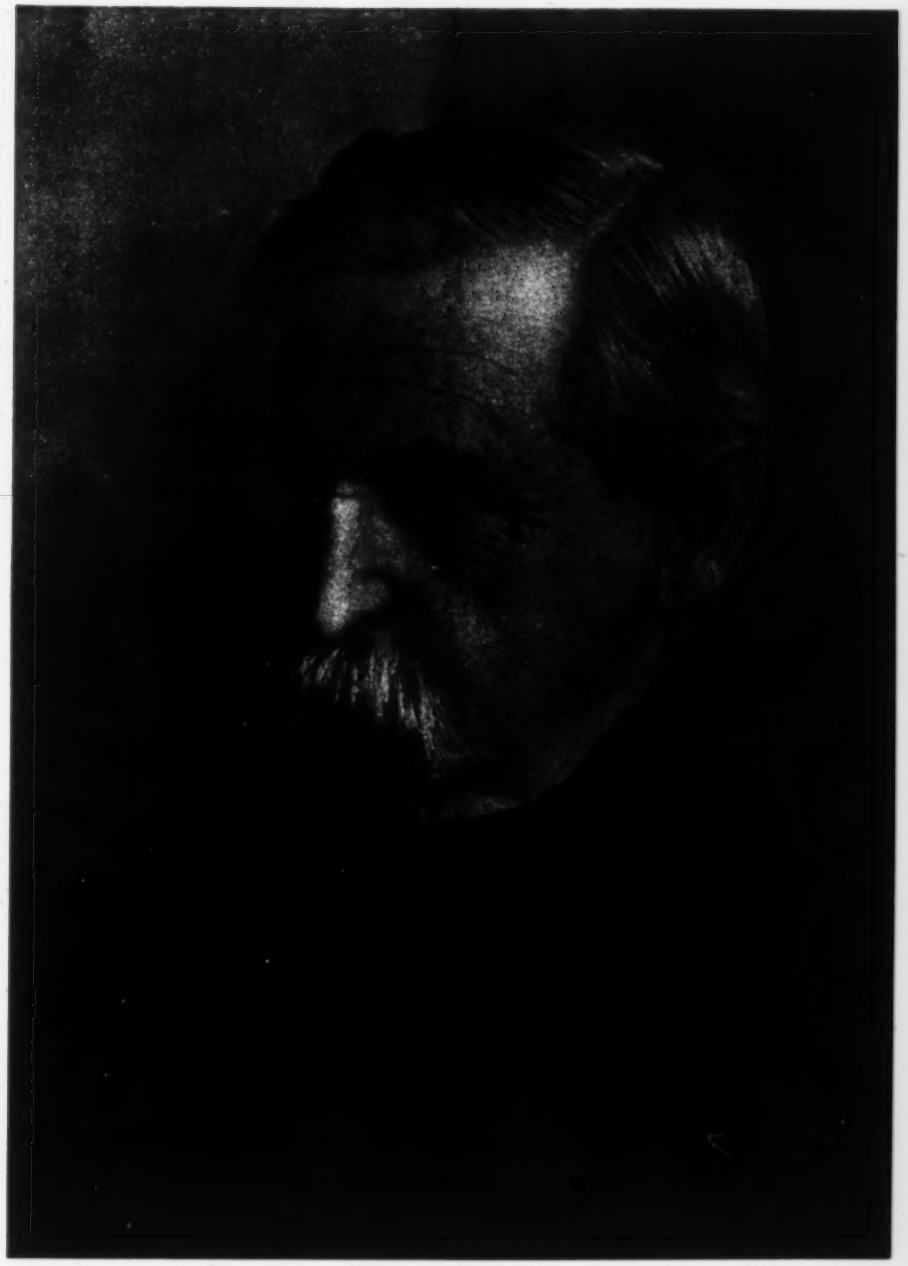
Mr. Appenzeller (known as "Appie" to his intimate friends) was an ardent American Methodist who laboured for many years as a missionary in Korea, and was drowned at sea in 1902. He has found an enthusiastic and entirely sympathetic biographer in Dr. Griffis, and the result is an unusually vivid picture of modern missionary enterprise, American, and thoroughly up to date. Appenzeller was clearly an attractive and high-minded man; energetic, too, and courageous. With his wife and family and happy domestic surroundings in Korea he was naturally without any particular liking for the methods and *personnel* of the older Roman Catholic missions in the country, and his point of view is fully shared by Dr. Griffis. A top note of glowing optimism and complete assurance is over all the book, and the author has a vigorous confidence in all things American. For those who can accept the author's style and opinions a good deal of interesting information concerning Korea and the Methodist foreign missions may be found in this life of Henry G. Appenzeller, and it is worth while getting used to his style in order to arrive at his information. A number of photographs, very well reproduced, are included.

Cover-design of **A Summer in Skye** (*Nimmo, Hay & Mitchell*).

POND LIFE.

By the REV. CHARLES A. HALL, F.R.M.S. With 8 Illustrations in Colour, 14 in Black and White from Photographs, and 28 Drawings in the Text. 1s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Messrs. Black's "Peeps at Nature" Series receives a welcome and valuable addition in the Rev. Charles A. Hall's latest volume. The author is skilled in the writing of books of popular science, but he has seldom done better than in "Pond Life," which supplies the reader with an extraordinary number of facts in very handy form. The book is one which is primarily designed for boys and girls, but it should appeal also to the general reader who is anxious to improve his knowledge of a very fascinating subject. The illustrations are both helpful and plentiful, and the book cannot but strike one as remarkably cheap.



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AUSTIN DOBSON

FROM A PHOTO BY E. O. HOPPÉ SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR THE BOOKMAN

PRINTED IN THE CITY OF LONDON AT THE EDINBURGH PRESS